LUCKY BAG 1979

Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

Lucky Bag

YEARBOOK

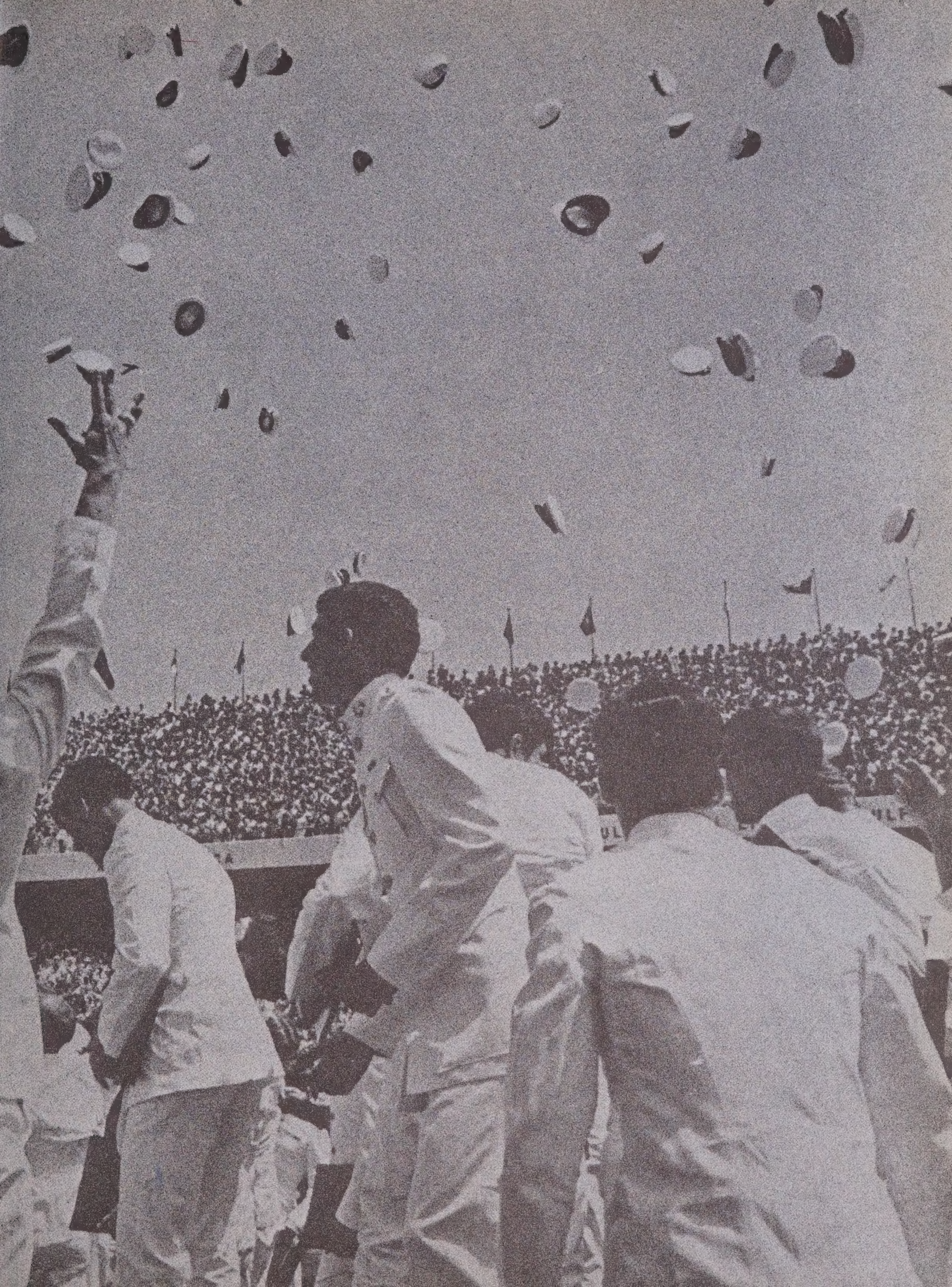
Office of the Commandant
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, MD 21402

1. After publication of the 1982 Lucky Bag, several discrepancies were noted. The enclosed sheets are for insertion in the 1982 Lucky Bag.

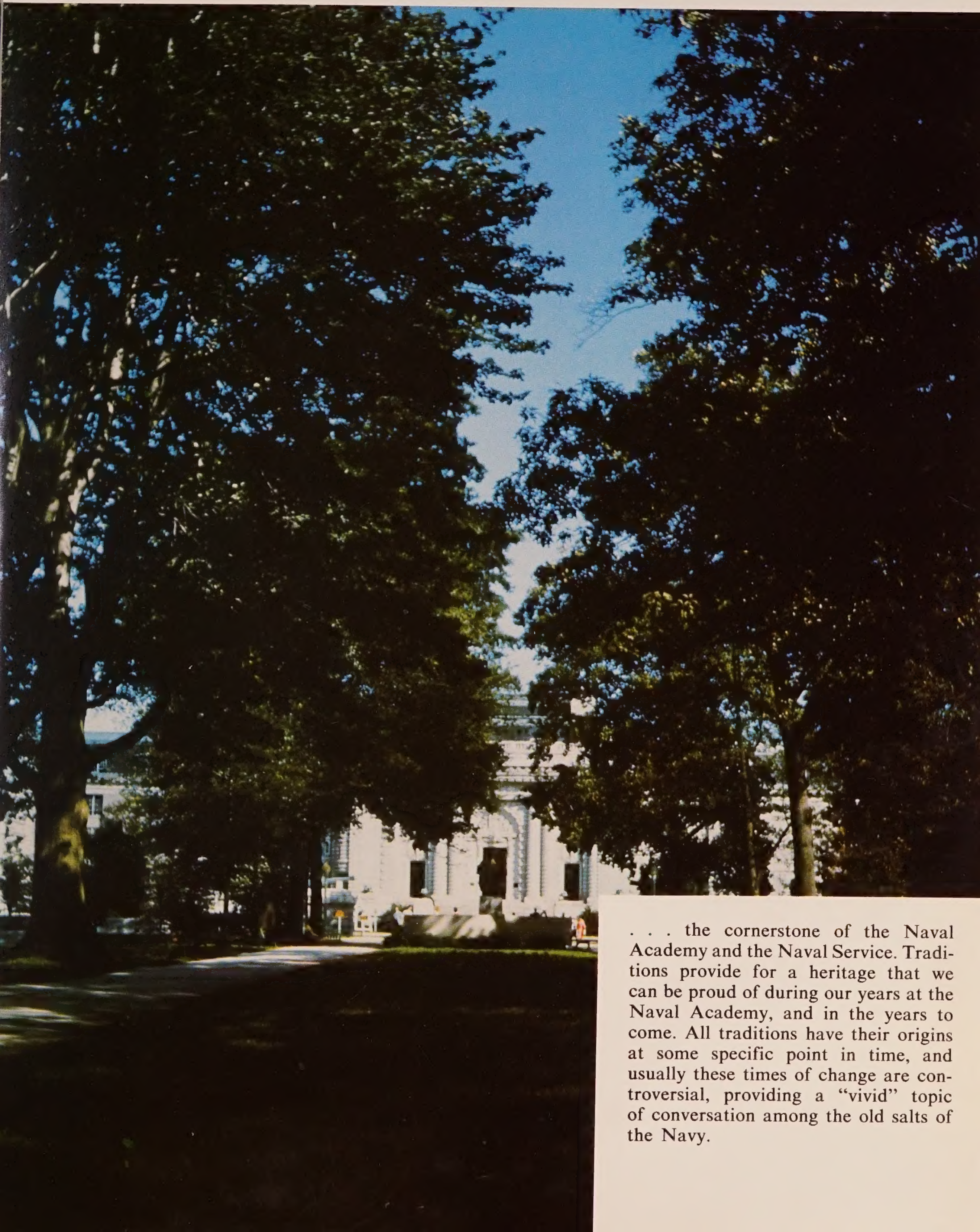
2. Correction page number 216A should be inserted after page 216. Correction page number 396A should be inserted after page 396. To insert these pages dampen the green area on the correction page and press this firmly along the inside edge of the following page.

3. Cut out all biographies and the Vanden Berghe heading so that all will fit in their allocated positions. Dampen the corrections and place them as follows: Flynn over Gill on 215, Gill over Flynn on 214, Poole over McDonnell on 417, McGuire over Michaelson on 417, Michaelson over McGuire on 417, and McDonnell over Poole on 417. Lastly, place the Vanden Berghe heading over "V. Berghe" on 382.

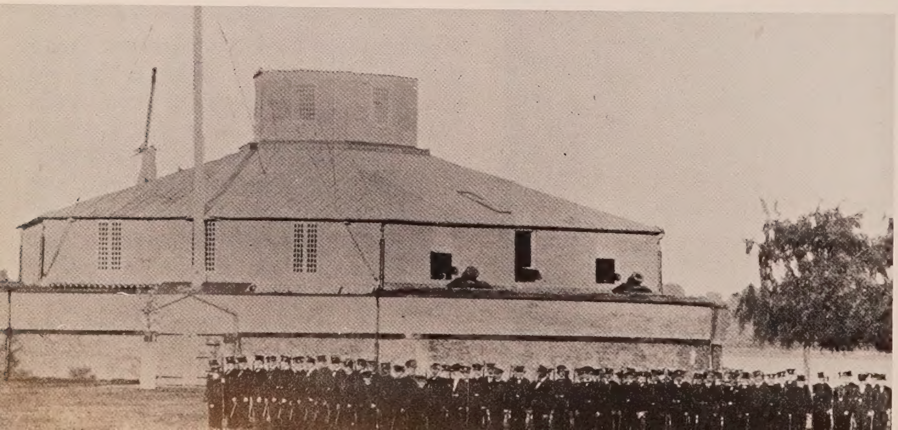
Changes in place, 9 January 1984. pjs



TRADITION . . .

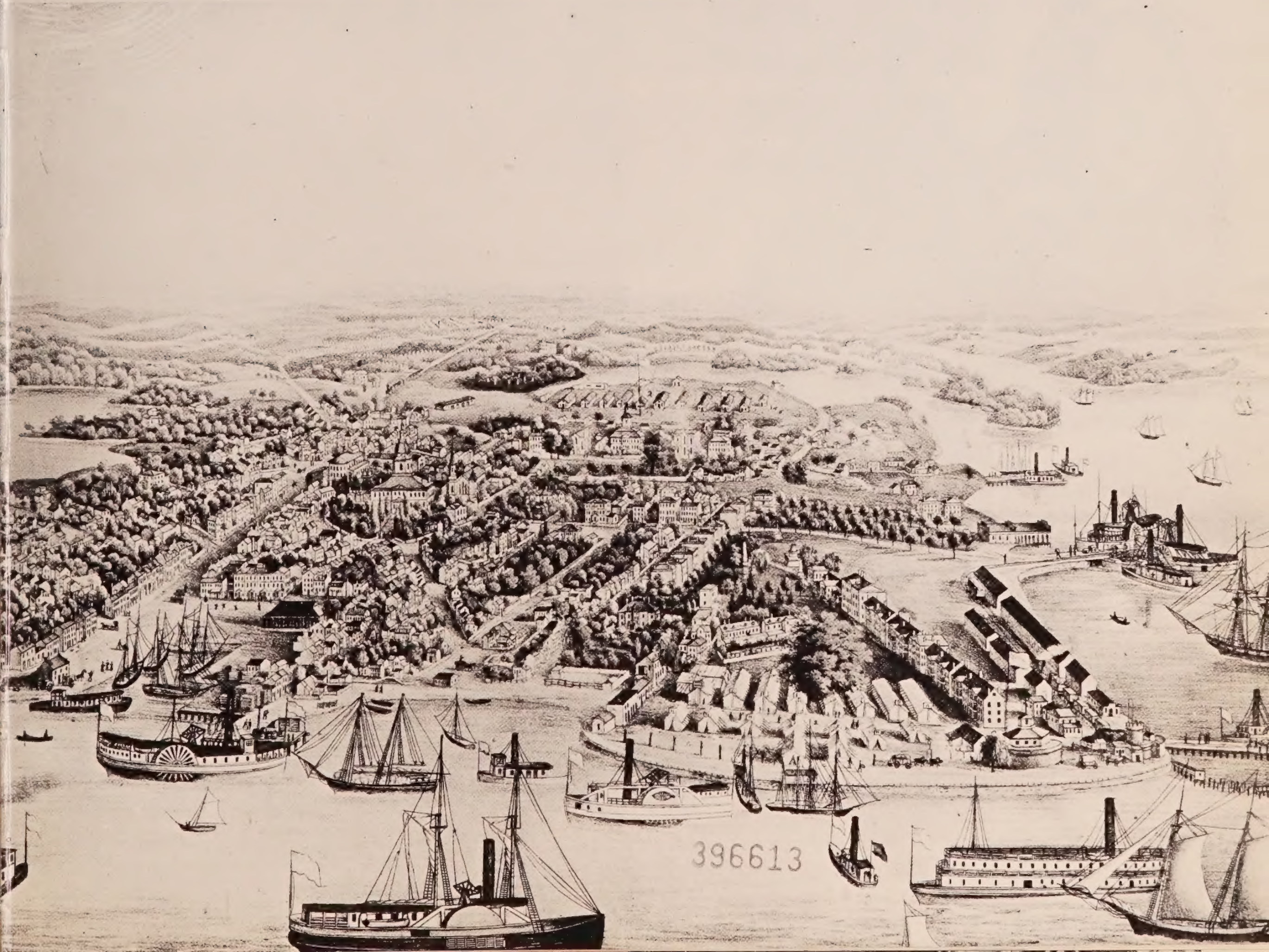


. . . the cornerstone of the Naval Academy and the Naval Service. Traditions provide for a heritage that we can be proud of during our years at the Naval Academy, and in the years to come. All traditions have their origins at some specific point in time, and usually these times of change are controversial, providing a "vivid" topic of conversation among the old salts of the Navy.



"The want of a Naval School . . . Corresponding with the Military Academy at West Point, for the formation of scientific and accomplished Officers."
John Q. Adams, 1826

Take for example the establishment of a school for the training of Naval Officers. As of 1813, midshipmen served as a regular member of a ships crew, and after a period of apprenticeship, were promoted to become officers of the line. Each ships' Captain was responsible for the education of these young men, which left a great deal to be desired for standardization of training. This system worked well it seemed for those officers who had risen thereby, and they were disgruntled by the very thought of a Naval School. In the words of Naval Academy historian Thomas G. Ford, on the task assigned to the first Superintendent, "Commander (Franklin) Buchanan well understood that the experiment entrusted to his hands was opposed to the traditions and practices of his own day, and that it was looked upon with mistrust by almost all old officers." Thus the first period of change in the Naval Academy's history occured prior to its official establishment on October 10, 1845.



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In itself, the Naval Academy has acquired many traditions and customs in its 134 years, which provide the color and enthusiasm we have come to know. Who knows why, when the Brigade used to ride the trains to the Army-Navy game, they pulled the window shades down each time they passed through Baltimore? Or how and when did it become a midshipman's duty to collect a kiss from the person who would don their cap? Mysteries such as these might just remain as such forever.

Though it did not mean the loss a traditional event, changing the title of June Week to Commissioning Week was indeed necessary, due to the shifted academic year which now ends in May. And on the subject of Commissioning Week, what about the traditional Color Parade and Color Girl? Both the Color Parade and Girl were established in 1871 to increase the midshipmen competency in drill, by Captain Samuel P. Carter, then the Commandant of Midshipmen. On the day of the parade, the midshipmen would drill before a group of judges who selected the best company, and then the Color Girl would present the award. The first such winner was "C" company and the first Color Girl was Grace Worden, daughter of RADM John L. Worden, who was then the Superintendent.

'June Week' Falls By The Wayside

ANNAPOLIS, Md. (AP) — Another tradition has gone by the boards at the U.S. Naval academy. No longer will the graduation parades, parties and ceremonies be known as June Week.

The new title announced by academy officials Monday is Commissioning Week.

The reason for the name change was simple. Because of the revised academic schedule put into effect this year, classes now end in May, and June Week falls in May and not in June.

Rear Adm. William P. Lawrence, superintendent of the academy, said Monday that the new title "places proper emphasis on the single purpose of this institution — to graduate and commission professional officers in the naval service."

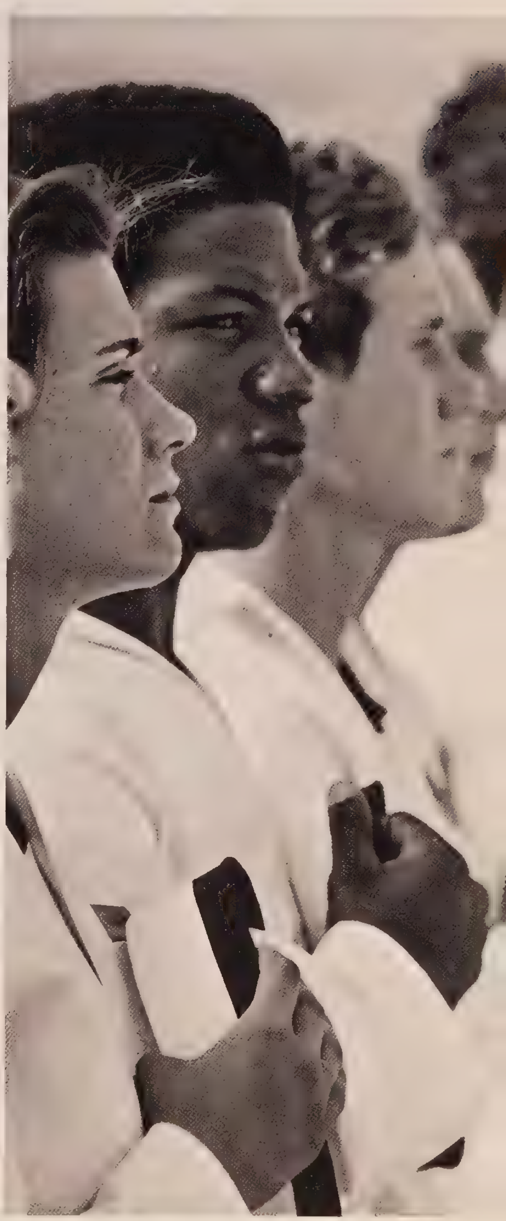
INDUCTION DAY, 1845

The government, in affording you and opportunity of acquiring an education so important to the accomplishment of a Naval Officer, has bestowed on you all an incalculable benefit. But few, if any, men in service, have had the advantage that you are about to receive.
Commander Buchanan, Oct 10, 1845

The heritage of the Naval Academy rests not so much on the traditions which abide within its walls, but in those men who have gone forth to become leaders in all aspects of our country's endeavors. These persons, by their dedication and perseverence, bring a great credit to this institution. For of what use is this Academy if the graduates it produces do not rise to the top of the ladder, or strive to obtain such a goal.

"To prepare midshipmen morally, mentally and physically to be professional officers in the Naval Service," such is the mission of the Naval Academy. A corollary to this mission has proven to be that Naval Academy graduates will assume a leadership role in the civilian world when they retire from active duty. Neither statement mentions that they must be male or female, black or white, but that they will assume a leadership role, and be professional in every aspect. The issue is not that the Class of 1979 is all male, or that the Class of 1980 is the first to graduate women, but that as the Navy and the Nation change, the Naval Academy too must alter itself to meet the needs of both. True, the traditional all male class will be no more, but traditional Naval Academy graduates will still be heading to the fleet.

"A thousand youths, of as many minds, have been brought together to be molded into one professional cast and one professional principle of duty."
Elihu S. Riley, 1907



and in keeping with an 85 year tradition of our own . . .

The Class of 1979 Proudly Presents Its Edition of the

LUCKY BAG

the annual publication of the Brigade of Midshipmen

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This, the 87th edition of the Lucky Bag is dedicated to the Officers and Enlisted of the United States Navy and Marine Corps who have given us the heritage we pride ourselves in.

. . . . . as a tribute to these persons, we have highlighted each of the seven sections with a Naval Academy graduate who in his own way, has left a mark on the Academy, the Nation, or the world. As we, the Class of 1979, step into the fleet to assume our own position of responsibility and leadership, we only hope that we can contribute as much to the nation as those who have gone before.

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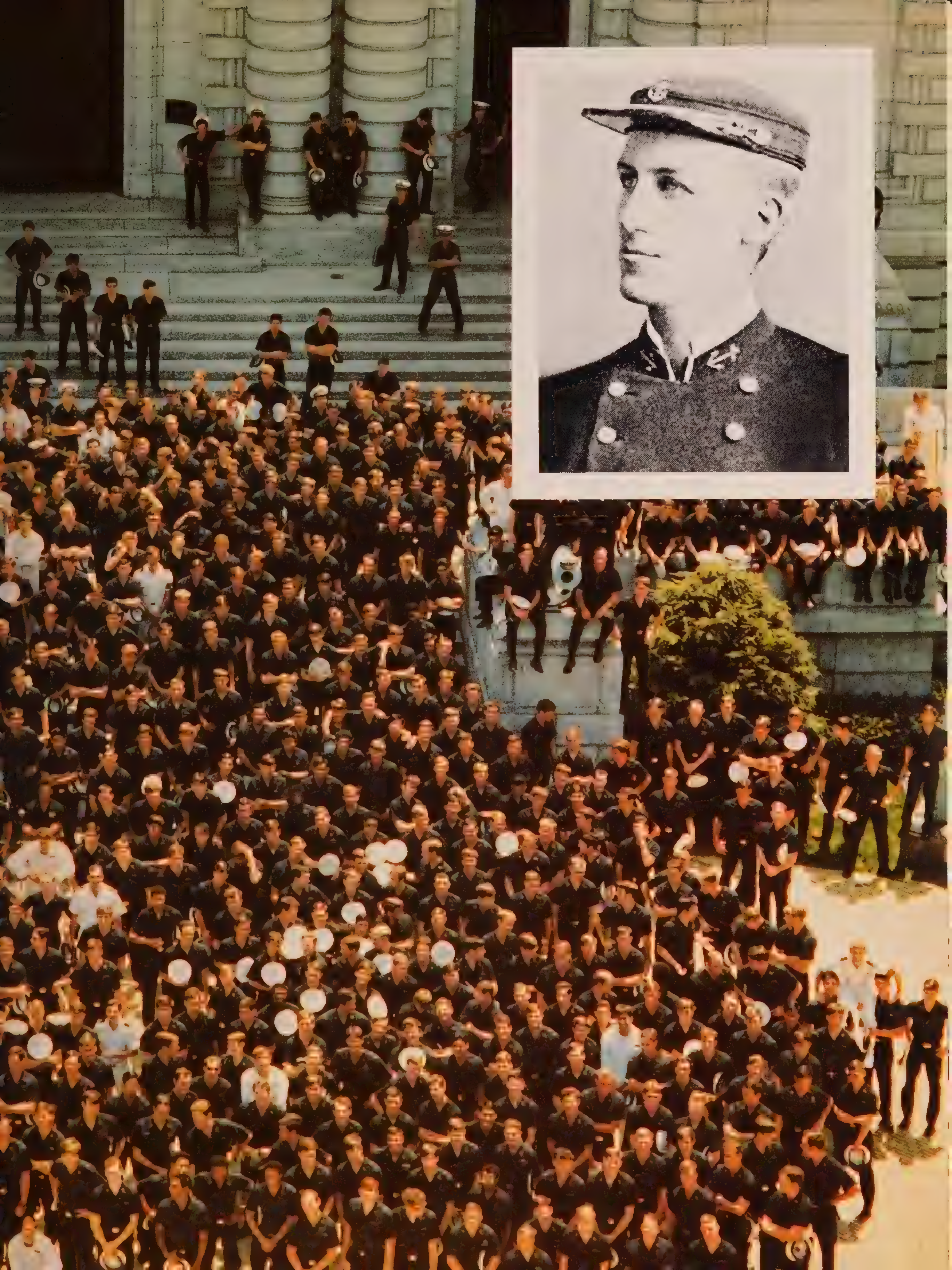
THE CLASS OF '79

PHILO N. McGIFFEN '82

Born in 1860, Philo McGiffen came to the Naval Academy as as Naval Cadet in 1878. A rugged individualist, his actions soon established him as such. It could be said that he typified the mischevious youngster that is in us all. For example, he used to roll cannon balls down the barracks steps at inappropriate times, and once wrote a report on "imaginary" weapons under the Navy's control. He did not do well in academics in general, although he did well in his professional courses and really enjoyed them.

Upon graduation in 1882, he was not offered a commission due to a lack of billets for passed midshipmen, and later obtained one in the Chinese Navy. He then went on to establish the Chinese Naval War College and also introduced the Chinese Navy to the holiday observance of Thanksgiving.

Although unable to serve in the U.S. Navy, McGiffen's dedication to service is representative of the highest professional standards of the United States Naval Academy. McGiffen died in 1897 from wounds he received while commanding the CHEN YUEN in the battle of the Yalu.



INDUCTION DAY

JULY 1975

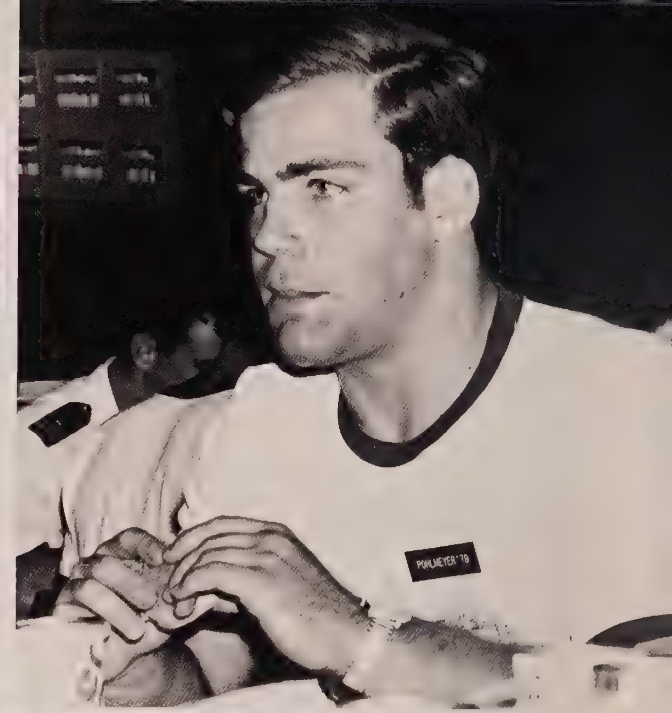
WELCOME
CLASS OF 79
AND PARENTS

NITED STATES
ACADE
GATE 1

Permit me to introduce myself. I am O.M. Nesviri, the Spirit of '79, and this is my story about the Class of 1979. You might say I am a part of every young man that graduated, and a little bit of all those who didn't make it to May 30th, 1979.

I came to be July 7, 1975 as the class reported for induction. I came from just about every place you could imagine in the United States and around the world. It was a lonely feeling, walking through that gate for the first time. They knew their life was about to change, but had no idea how drastic it would be.

Many men came together to become one, and immediately there was a feeling of unity, even with those who had not yet reported. They were all in for the same excitement, the same discipline. As they started on their first day as a class, we soon became well acquainted with each other.

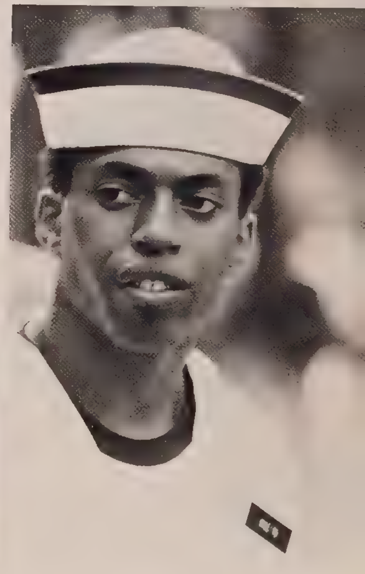

POHLMEYER '79

Some brought long hair, and the haircuts were ragged that day as they passed through the doors of Navy. It seemed those barbers butchered their hair all their four years as midshipmen, forcing some to the midnight barbers of Bancroft.

That first meal, a cold sub and some brownies, with some firstie telling them that the things they took for granted were now privileges they could not usurp. Elbows did not belong on tables, backs on chairs, and eyes did not belong out of the boat! What was this guy talking about? In the words of one 79'er, "I knew the Navy had ships, but I hadn't seen one all day!" He, along with his classmates were soon to learn.

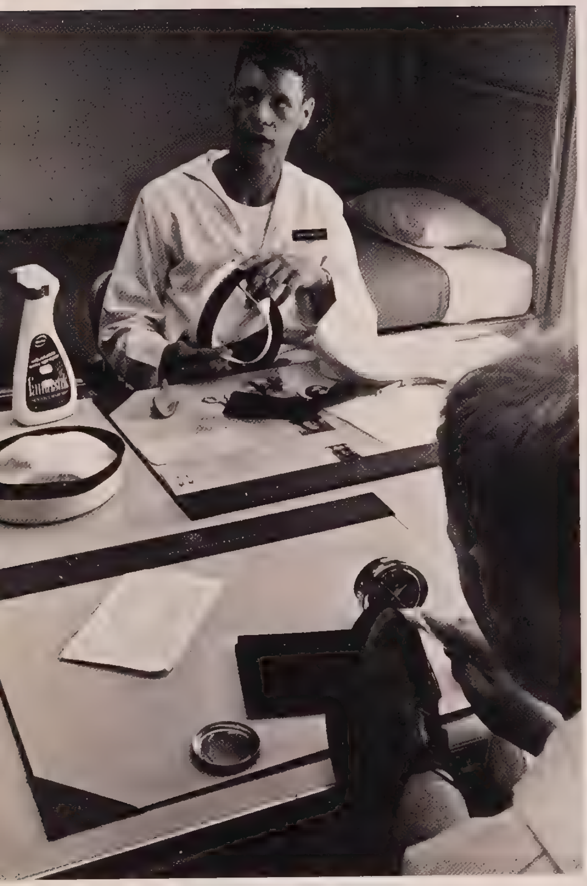
They they formed up and marched to a place where they came together and were united as one. Capt. Forbes gave the oath and Vadm. Mack some words of wisdom. He said they were about to embark on four years of hard work, toil, and sweat, and though battered along the way, would emerge ready to serve their country. A challenge indeed.

"I, having been appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without and mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So help me God."



They took the oath and sang the Blue and Gold for the first of many times.

Now time to say goodbye, it was tough for some and harder for the rest. No personal contact with family, friends, or the outside world for the next two months. Many must have thought it a foolish thing to do, but if they were to be Naval Officers, it had to be done. So they were anxious to get started, for it would end that much sooner. And they began.



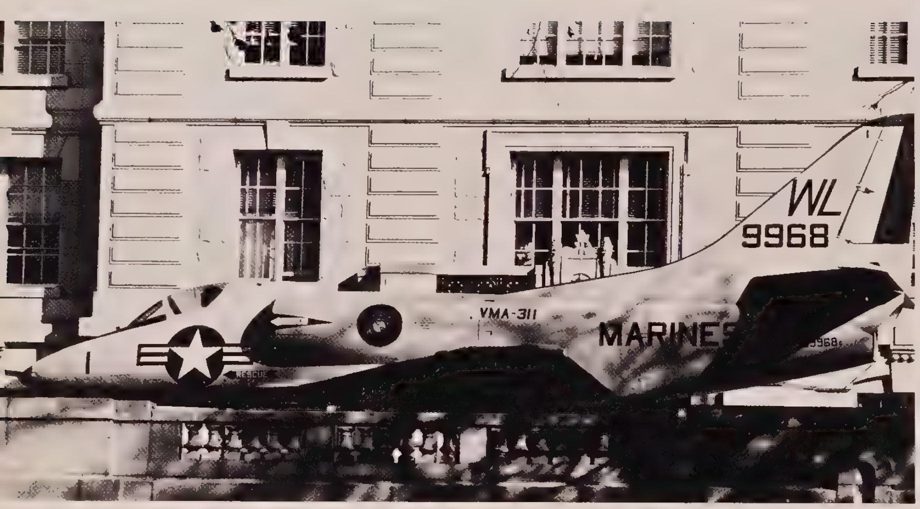
Those hot days of July and August. I don't think I have been so tired for so long in all my days. Excuse me, I should say the Class had not been so tired, for I had only been around since the 7th of July. They worked hard, and were proud of their accomplishments. They took pride in themselves, their class, and in the Naval Academy. They knew that they must be ready to answer the call, and not fail when it came. For those of you who never had to memorize them, I cite the fifth Law of the Navy:

On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when thou may'st be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!

A chain they formed, strong at every link, and they were to be equal to the task.

When the day for the field meet arrived, the class was psyched, for it signalled the end of the summer, and Parent's Weekend, with all its enjoyment would soon be theirs.

I don't think those girls knew too much about softball, but I heard no one complain.


WL
9968
VMA-311
MARINES
RESCUE

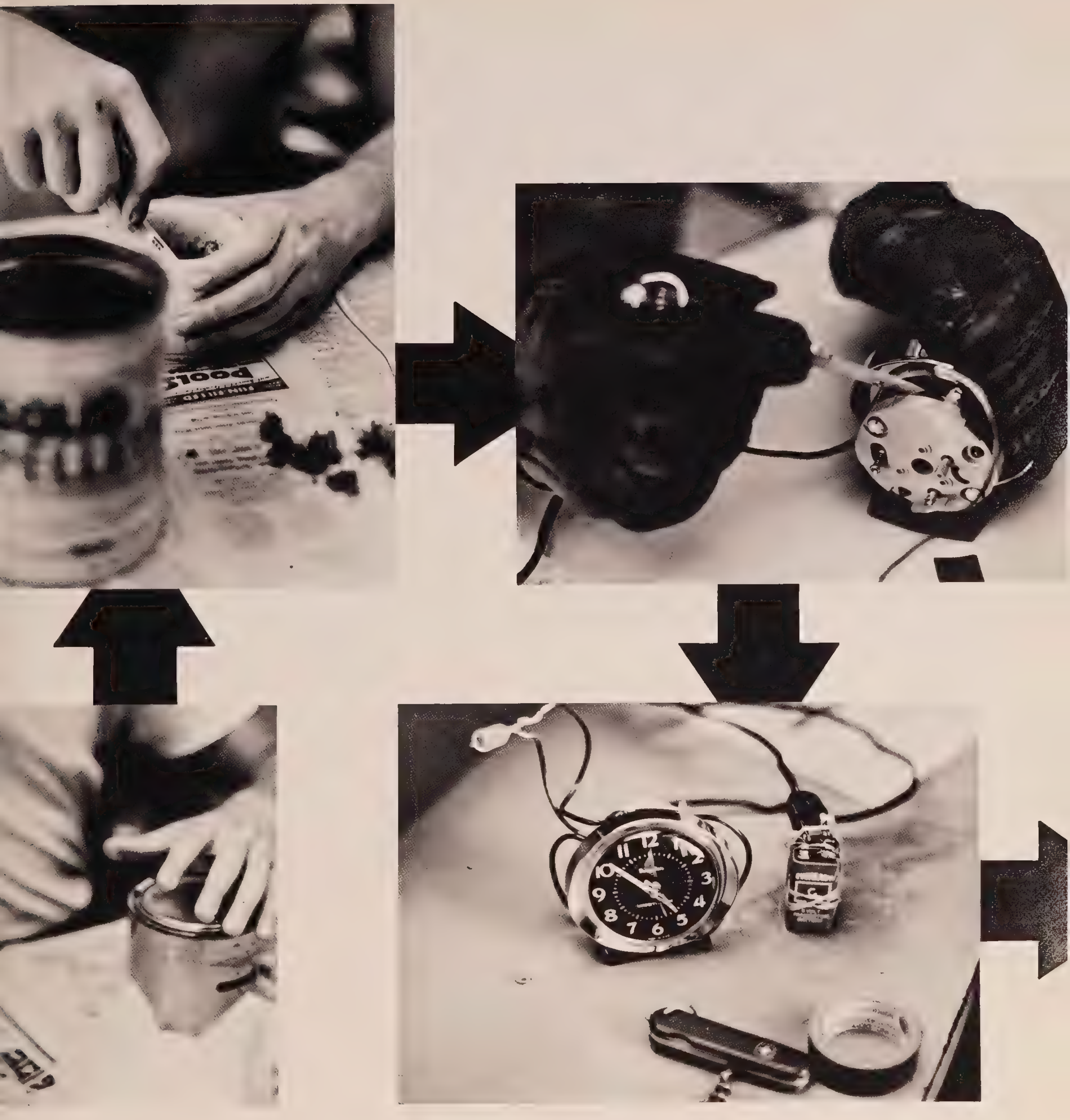
When the Brigade returned, things got tough. No longer was it a question of 12 plebes against 1 firstie, but rather 3 upperclass against 1 plebe! It was to be a long year with many ups and downs. Mostly downs. Those guys had a typical plebe load of 18 hours a semester, but that didn't include a 3 hour no credit course entitled "The Plebe Professional Program". Their upperclass expected them to get 110% on each pro-test, and that meant studying about 4 hours a week extra. But plebes are plebes, and it was all part of the game.

Like I said, plebes are plebes, and '79 had its share of antics. They were probably the last class to endure an entire season of football rumbles, oops, I mean pep rallies, the night before each game. They also saw to it the A-4 and F-4 still got their underway hours. I think those jets have seen more action since coming to Navy than they saw in the fleet.

The year passed quickly though and they soon had only one more task to attempt: HERNDON. '76 did it up right, and without the dry run scheduled for the night before, they attempted the climb. They got close a couple of times early on, but I helped to bolster their confidence and enthusiasm, and together we made it in just under an hour, a modern day record which, after observing this years performance, might stand a long time.

Having gained so much professional knowledge, '79 anxiously awaited their chance to show the fleet what they knew. Armed with dungaree shirts and utility trou, these mis-matched youngsters left for some high seas adventure. How 'bout all those exotic ports; Charleston, Little Creek, Mayport, not to mention those around the world like Naples and Subic Bay. An interesting time indeed, and many took advantage of the opportunity to learn, travel and enjoy. Others, sad to say, let the opportunity take advantage of them.

SOLIDOX PELLETS
TYPE A-819 LARGE



Sporting that fancy slanted stripe, and the experience of the real Navy under their belt, '79 was reunited in the arms of Bancroft for another year of fun and excitement. You can see here that one youngster got a little hands on demolition training during the summer of '76, and tried to see if he could apply some at the 'ole Alma Matter.

Compared to plebe year, youngster year was cake. The academics were about the same, but now without all those "plebe" responsibilities, life just seemed to be so much easier. 'Tis a shame that too many took it too lightly, and wound up talking to the 'Supe at the long green table.

The year also brought the feminie touch to Navy, thus dubbing '79 as the last all male class to enter USNA. I would have said graduate, but they were still a long three years from tossing their caps, and alot could have happened between then and now. They saw their way through that year, and soon found themselves embarked on the cruise to top all cruises, NS 300 and Protramid '77.

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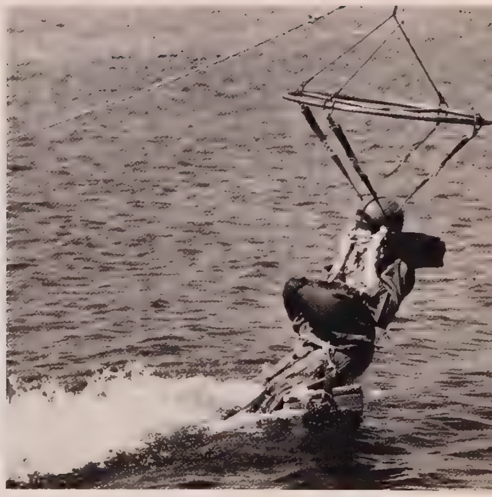

Blue Angels

For myself, cruising the Chesapeake with the ships of the Naval Academy Defense Force wasn't bad, mostly because I never ended up smelling like a drum of diesel fuel, or had to battle the bay squalls with a broken radar, but I felt for those 79'ers! I also never had to worry about not finishing as "E" boat and having to take the final at journey's end.

I really enjoyed Protramid too, and I could see that the guys had alot better time as well. They got to do many nifty things like picking ticks off their bodies and playing grunt in Quantico. Those marines did it up right, and I was amazed how they always got it to rain on the evening of the night attack each week. There was also Newport where they told '79 they would be treated like officers in every respect, and New London, where they finally did. Each stop had its own lures, parties and good times to sway a person to their side. After all, what could be more appealing then a three day sub cruise, complete with movies and a continuous flow of ice cream!

And then there was P-cola with its beaches, girls, suntans, and a chance to check out the friendly skies of Navy. They were very cooperative toward the Class of '79 and everyone was given a chance to fly both jets and helos, with of course the approval of mother nature. There were no holds barred, and they could take up just about anything that wasn't nailed down. One guy even tried to check out in a fancy blue one, and was quite taken when they informed him he was in the wrong hanger and had to fly . . . . . .

this one instead.

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Segundo year brought '79 many new responsibilities as they finally had bought into the Naval Academy, and were committed for the entire program. I saw alot of guys jump out in that summer, and felt my strength ebb every time one did. But for all that remained, I was renewed by their professionalism and dedication, and knew that they were the real Class of 1979.

They got their first real shot at the helm in October when the Bus Drivers from Colorado came to town. '79 showed themselves well, and they were commended for it. They even picked up a victory on the foot of Bob Tata, which proved to be the only Service Academy victory for Navy that year, as '79 witnessed its only loss in football to Army.

As June Week approached, each man awaited his chance to don for good that ring of gold. They had sweated long and hard, and finally their turn came.

AVY MILO
THE FALCON'

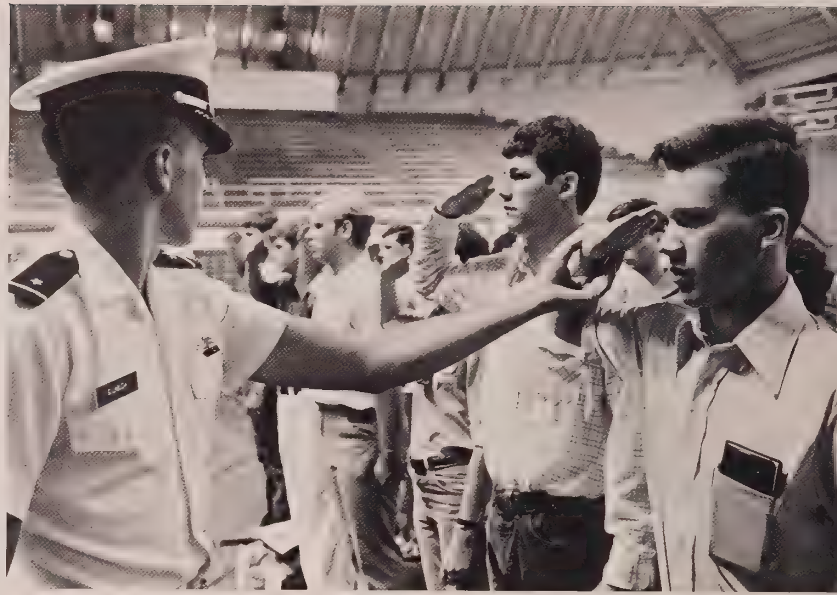
Ring Dance, Class of 1979

ANNAPOLITAN I
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

For most it was the chance to receive the ring and a kiss from their favorite companion. But for some, they gave a ring in return.

ANNAPOLITAN I
NAPOLIS, MD.

Ring Dance brought not only the passing of Second Class year for '79, but also the passing of their time as a follower, for they now had command. They were to set the goals, and the sights for the Brigade to acheive. '82 found that they were knowledgeable and understood the system well. From day one they marched and drilled the plebes, and told them of the school known as the Naval Academy. Not a civilian college or to be mistaken for one, but an institution to be proud of.

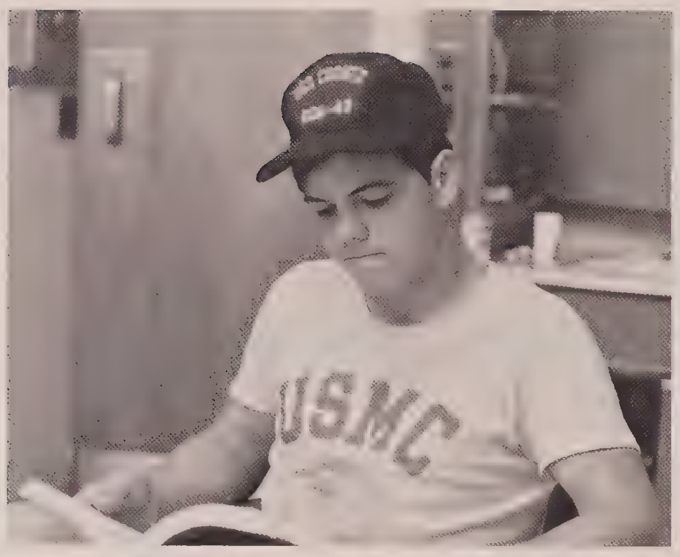


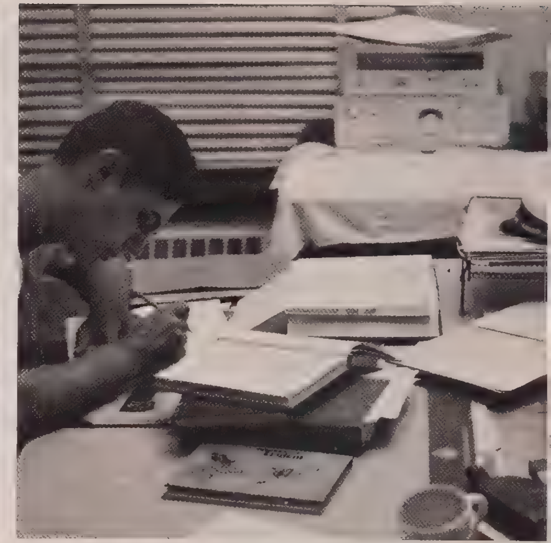
Led by Bob Walters and Dave Prothero, '79 took '82 by the scruff of the neck and transformed them into a single unit, living and working as one. After the drills and parades, the inspections and inquistions, '79 emerged with a leadership experience that its participants would value greatly. The plebes emerged only with an experience . . . .

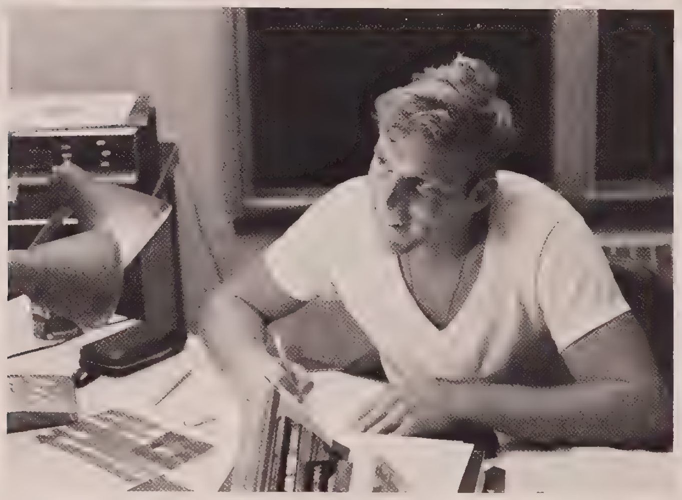
'82 HAD A PLEBE SUMMER!

SCHILLINGER '82

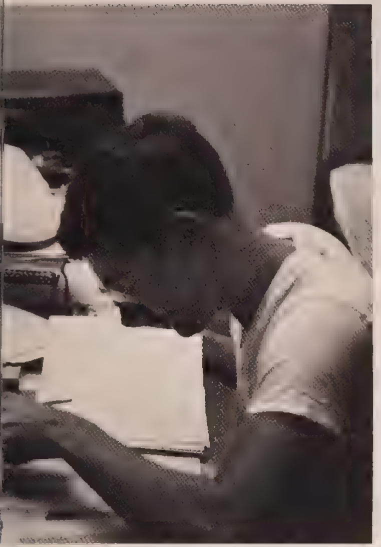
As the summer ended, '79 took up a real leadership challenge, that of the entire Brigade. Russ Keller was appointed to start the show, And Rich Reynolds took up the post of Class President. Between them both they tried many ideas and many projects. One that didn't end up in the victory column was a challange tennis match against the 'Supe and the 'Dant. Russ and Rich gave it their best shot, even had a 79'er keep score, but the administration prevailed. After all they wanted to graduate too.

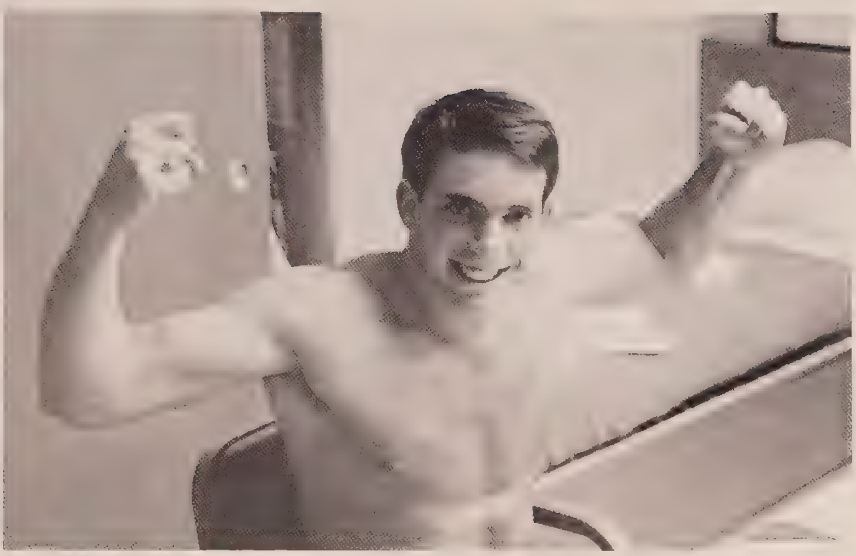




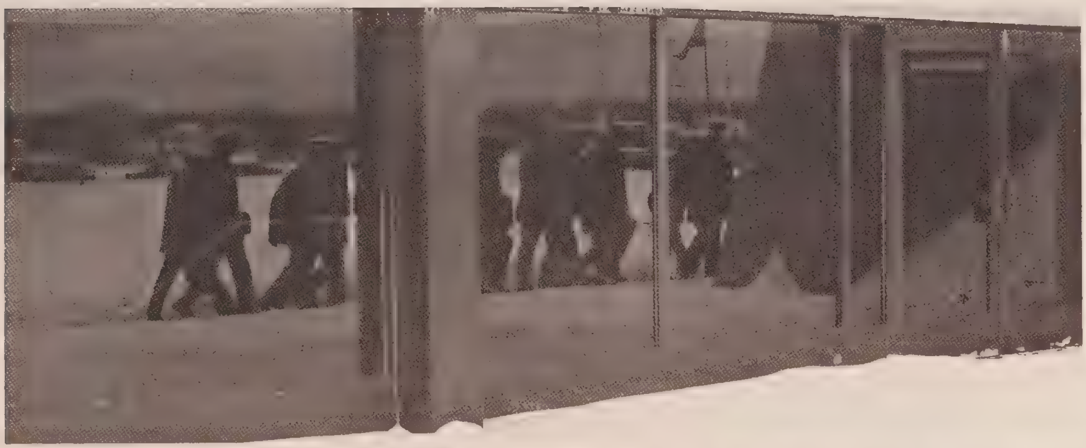


79's next challange was that of the Professional Competency Review. I had been with these guys for three and a half years, sharing their classes, drills, and experiences on cruise. I knew better than anyone just how much they knew about Wires and Steam, not to mention Nav. Based on that information I almost considered the exam to be a lost cause, and that they should have started preparing for the re-take, rather than the first exam. But they pulled out the labs and p-works and those all too familiar wires books, and began to prepare. In their most professional manner they persisted and burned the midnight oil, some finally acheiving the confidence they seeked. Others banked on the theory that they could survive with the knowledge they already had and the thought that "Well rested, best tested".





and off they went.



The last class of many things, '79 didn't know at the time they were to be the last class with a PCR that covered all four years. Pro Dev knew otherwise however, and they prepared a special all-star PCR, with the greatest hits off all the previous exams rolled into one giant blockbuster. An imaginative bunch, '79 found the answers and passed the exam with a minimum number of casualties. This was the spirit that makes me proud to be part of the Class of 1979.

RICKOVER HALL

Typical Examination Questions.

Time allowed for five—two hours.

I.

Prove that in rolling contact the velocities are inversely proportional to the radii, and assuming their incorrectness show that if a fusee be wound up to its extreme tension a reciprocating motion will be given the Cronan wheel in an out-of-date spinning machine. *(Steam.)*

II.

1. Take any two models from the school of mines bearing on the manufacture of rope, and show that the Edison method of removing ore with the aid of electro-magnetism is a special case of $PV\,{}^{17}_{16} = c$.

2. Design a set of boilers for a battleship. Data: speed, 27 knots; horse-power, 23,000; revolutions, 40 per minute; salt water to be used alone; pressure, 900 lbs. *(Steam.)*

III.

Sketch a five furnace, three-ended, box-boiler, two smokestacks, furnaces expanded and ferrules inserted, common combustion chambers, sinusoidal tops; show all stays and put sizes on angle irons. End and longitudinal elevations, sections properly projected. *(Steam.)*

IV.

1. Make a rough sketch of the North Atlantic Ocean, show location of all cables, and explain how to tack ship with a sea anchor.

2. Make a plan of the inner bottom of the "Indiana." Show eighteen strakes and two stealers, four longitudinals and vertical keel. Show plainly all butt straps and edge strips, and put in all rivets. *(Seamanship.)*

V.

1. Make a working sketch of a statical moment.
2. Define the following: Foot-inch-ton; hyperbolic dyne; gadgette; dipsey lead.
3. Describe a bucket of water.
4. Why will water from the sea not flow into compartments above the water line? *(Seamanship.)*

VI.

Give the definition of every British C.G.S., and electrical unit you ever heard of. Tell all the ancient history bearing on polarized heat. Theorize on theory. You are given a small electric bell (not to be removed from exam. room); make it ring. Given a piece of cat's fur, one quart of H_2SO_4, and a mile and a half of telegraph wire: Derive chemical reactions and reasons for same. How many quarts of heat will be elucidated? *(Skinny.)*

VII.

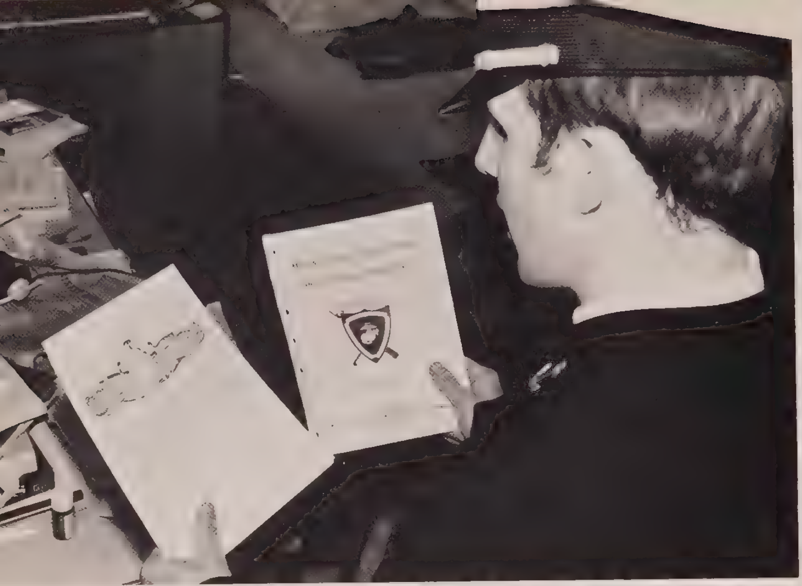
1. Take an observation of the lower limb of Jupiter. Determine rotundity, and obliquity of the orbit. Show how to compensate for nutation and diurnal inequality. Determine phase and periodicity. From these determinations find your latitude and longitude and yearly income; also freeboard and metacentric height. What is length of radius vector?

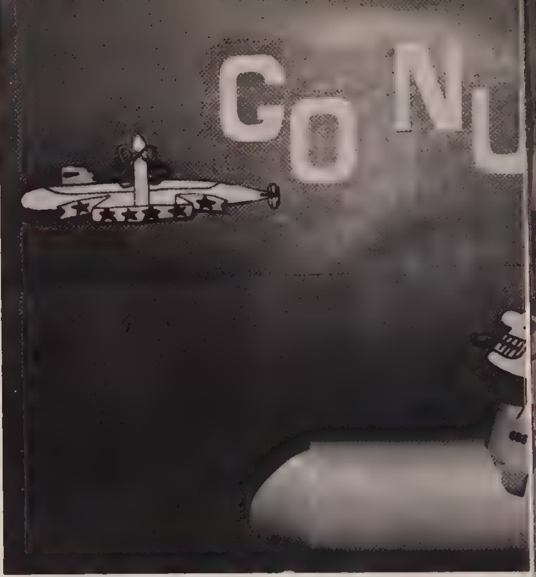
2. Knowing that the moon revolves around the earth once every once in a while, that Maine is local option, and that Hank Williams comes from Baltmoh, construct a Mercator's Chart with lines drawn every which way and plot on it an indicator card from the U.S.S. "Santee." Find course and distance to North Pole, and show expression for longitude. Correct for freeze outs, freeze ups, and hand outs. *(Navigation.)*

79

With the PCR out of the way, '79 had only Service Selection and finals to deal with before arriving at their four year dream. Many a good time was had along the way, and I have seen them all. Perhaps the one I remember best occured with the count being only

DAYS





Service Selection proved to be the last great event for the men of '79, not including Commissioning Week of course. After four years of lectures, updates and the flipping of coins, it was now time to choose between the ships and subs, planes and grunts. For many the choice had been made when the entered in July of 1975, and they had just to wait for their turn. A few however made their choice on their way down to sign up. And then there were the surface line guys who thought they had made their final choice, only to find a bus ticket to Crystal City included in the deal.

Service Selection was a sad time for me because I knew that our four years together where the Severn joins the tide were soon to be through, and everyone would go their seperate ways. I was proud though, to know these guys were about to finish the course, and that they had done well.

The class had many talents and aspirations, and many took the literary form of expression. I watched the Phantom create this prose and thought you might like to see it too. I'll say no more for I think it stands by itself.

I will talk now of ancient things, remembered here by few
Beyond those here in '75, before even '72
When many things we now enjoy had not yet come to pass
Which makes some writing on our walls to me seem sort of crass.

No one denies that '39 has seen its share of war
And won it, with the help of classes after and before,
For this they surely rated cars, and clothes, and striper libs
But did not get these things that our own Dant now freely gives.

And will you now with '68 your parking places share
Those that died in Viet Nam, its jungles and its air?
And will you of your weekends give to those of '49?
Who in the mountains of Korea formed the battle line.

Why did you come here? I must ask when loudly sounds the whine-
To learn to serve your country well, or to have a real good time?
Time enough to party when the battle has been won.
A quiet duty weekend? Your task has not begun.

Think you now to punt the quiz, or maybe get the gouge.
Never wonder whence it came, never figure how?
Learning just what you must learn, forget it after test?
For your class gets priviledges not granted to the rest!

So straighten shoulders — stop that whine, you're in the Navy now.
That uniform upon your back, to wear you should be proud.
And maybe with some honest sweat you'll match the blood of war
And leave a record standing with the men who went before.

Phantom of '79

When Commissioning Week arrived, the Academy took on its new life. After watching the Classes of '76, '77, and '78 move on to the fleet, '79 was finally to get their chance to celebrate. Tecumseh was painted in grand style, and the boys in 18 took care of Herndon. It was a memorable week, one to cap several memorable years . . . .

7
9
OMNES VIRI

TRIDENT SCHOLARS

The Class Of 1979

Alan B. Whiting

The Effects of Electrostatic Fields on the Orientation of Reacting Molecules in a Chemical System

Advisor- Assoc. Prof. C. Rowell

David A. Beam

The Kinetics of Ion Motion in Calcium Fluoride During Annealing

Advisor- Assoc. Prof. D.J. Treacy

Michael K. Smith

Dipole Structure in Rare-Earth Doped Alkaline-Earth Fluorides

Advisor- Asst. Prof. J.J. Fontanella

Stephen R. Weis

Development of a Programmable Read Mostly Memory Using Amorphous Thin Film Devices

Advisor- Prof. R.P. Santoro

Robert V. Walters

Microprocessor Control of Low Speed VSTOL Flight

Advisors- Asst. Prof. E.E. Mitchell
CDR M.D. Hewett
Asst. Prof. K.A. Knowles

Charles R. Wright

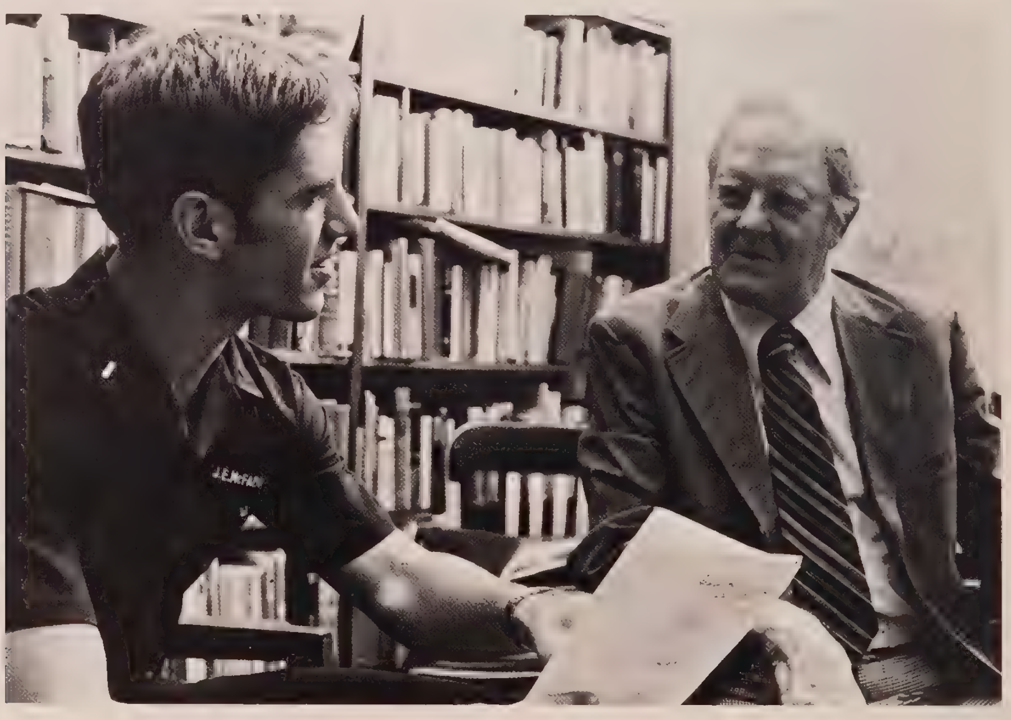
U.S. Security Policy in East Asia: The Japanese Factor

Advisor- Assoc. Prof. R.L. Rau

Jeffrey E. McFadden

Chivalry and the Military Officer: An Historical and Literary Inquiry

Advisor- Prof. W.L. Heflin



Those Graduating With Distinction

The Class Of 1979

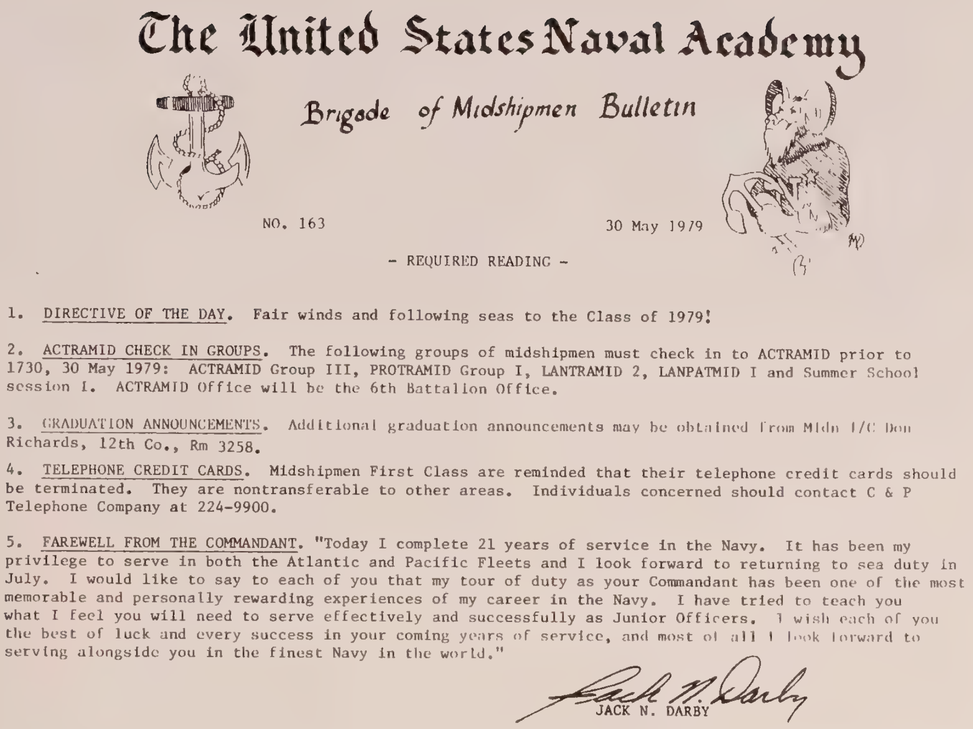
Almond Jerkins Drake III
Stephen Ferrel Clark
Robert Stephen Weis
Robert Victor Walters
Samuel Ceraso Sichko
Michael Keith Welch
Gregory Thomas Hutto
Brian Lee Pooler
Frank Gifford Scholley
Wayne Alan Elmer
Paul Thaddeus Hanrahan
Russel Carl Keller
Kevin James DeLaney
David Lee Spain
Raymond Robert Trombadore, Jr.
Gary Steven Fleshman
Thomas James Facer, Jr.
Daniel Wheeler Bursch
Theodore Joseph Wasylkiw
Jerry Dwight Hedden
Michael Anthony Hecker
William Kendall Gray
William Henry Borger III
Mark Robert Winsor
Joseph Michael Fallone
Robert Joseph Engel
Jeffrey Edward McFadden
William Todd Harris
Robert E. Lee Bond
Edward Joseph Mitenius
Sean Gerard Joseph Stackley
Michael Kimbro Smith
Carl Wayne Dahmer
Michael Jordan Beauchamp
Peter Leigh Carrier
John Edward Jolliffe
David Stanley Kolk
Duncan William Richardson
Richard Kevin Boyd
Stephen Gerald Gabriele
Alan Bruce Whiting
Howard Malcolm Green
Peter Downes Lloyd
David John Norton
Christopher Wheeler Cable
Michael Duffy Johnson
Charles Robert Wright

Thomas Stanley Wetherald
Robert William Eadie
James Michael Chimiak
Richard Chaska West
Erik Nelson Doyle
Roger Wayne Sassman
Michael James Szostak
Bruce Bennett Brittain
Philip Hart Cullom
Richard Dean Peck
Richard Burwell O'Donnell
Michael Larry Williamson
Thomas Walter Arenz
Joseph Patrick Mulloy
Stanley Davis Clark, Jr.
Kenneth Alfred Holder
James Eugene Staudt
Joseph Eugene Johannes, Jr.
David Alan Beam
David William Prothero
Robert Gordon Graham
Randall John Belles
Mitchell Nelson Shipley
Stephen Lee Mason
Mark Wilson Decker
Thomas Patrick Phelan
Cory Richard Lane
Randel Don Compton
Grant Blount Thornton
Michael Stephen Slaughter
Henry Frank Burns
Robert Joseph Ginsberg
Thomas Joseph Herrmann
Lawrence David Leiter
Timothy Robert Blue
Mark David Seaman
Jon Gahan
Dale Martin Nees
John Barry Matthews, Jr.
Paul Michael Price
Roy Harvey Harkins
Michael Gerard Knapp
Douglas Stephen Foreman
Mark Fredrick Dancer
Britt Carl Skogstad
James William O'Connell
David McDonald Morriss

When May 30th arrived, 914 proud young men marched into the stadium, ready to take their place alongside all the Alumni who had gone before. They were all qualified to assume their position of leadership, and anxiously awaited the chance to sing the Blue and Gold one final time as midshipmen. They had sung it when they entered and it would be fitting to end their time with one last chorus. With a tribute to Paul Darring and a toss of the cap, it was done.

I had an enjoyable time watching these guys grow and mature into competent young men. The bonds of friendship and trust developed since July of 1975 will be lasting, and as long as two or more shall meet down the ways, I will be there to join them in fellowship. The class will stand forever, and I am proud to be the Spirit of '79.

Omnes Viri



The United States Naval Academy

Brigade of Midshipmen Bulletin

NO. 163

30 May 1979

- REQUIRED READING -

1. DIRECTIVE OF THE DAY. Fair winds and following seas to the Class of 1979!

2. ACTRAMID CHECK IN GROUPS. The following groups of midshipmen must check in to ACTRAMID prior to 1730, 30 May 1979: ACTRAMID Group III, PROTRAMID Group I, LANTRAMID 2, LANPATMID I and Summer School session I. ACTRAMID Office will be the 6th Battalion Office.

3. GRADUATION ANNOUNCEMENTS. Additional graduation announcements may be obtained from Midn 1/C Don Richards, 12th Co., Rm 3258.

4. TELEPHONE CREDIT CARDS. Midshipmen First Class are reminded that their telephone credit cards should be terminated. They are nontransferable to other areas. Individuals concerned should contact C & P Telephone Company at 224-9900.

5. FAREWELL FROM THE COMMANDANT. "Today I complete 21 years of service in the Navy. It has been my privilege to serve in both the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets and I look forward to returning to sea duty in July. I would like to say to each of you that my tour of duty as your Commandant has been one of the most memorable and personally rewarding experiences of my career in the Navy. I have tried to teach you what I feel you will need to serve effectively and successfully as Junior Officers. I wish each of you the best of luck and every success in your coming years of service, and most of all I look forward to serving alongside you in the finest Navy in the world."

Jack N. Darby
JACK N. DARBY

EXIT
79
MILE
7
9

THIS SAYS IT ALL!

The Navy Girl

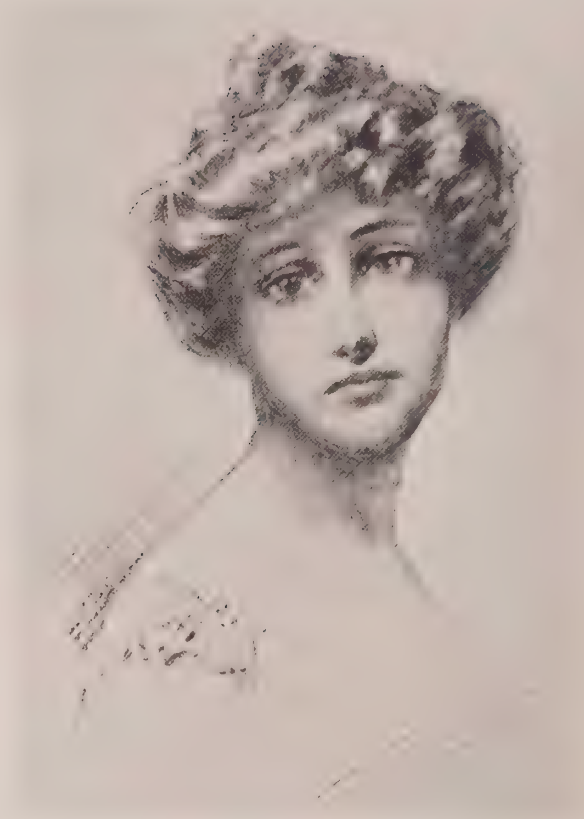
Heart so brave and loyal,
  True whate'er befall;
Mien and carriage royal,
  Holding hearts in thrall.

Eyes so loving, tender,
  'Neath unruly curl;
Waist so trim and slender-
  That's the Navy Girl.

Loving, gentle maiden,
  'Cross the rolling sea,
Gay or sorrow-laden,
  Thou our guide shall be.

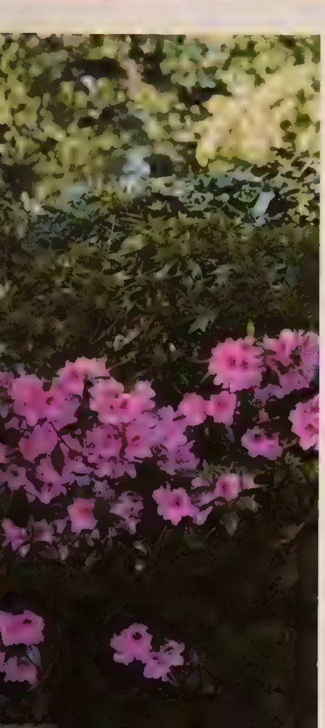
Dignity alarming,
  Every movement grace,
Manners just as charming
  As the winsome face.

Lift the cups together
  Hark ye to the toast;
"The Navy Girl forever,
  The Navy's proudest boast."



1898 LUCKY BAG

In the days of sail, the time required to cross the oceans was quite long, and as a result, the ships would spend a great amount of time at sea. As they journeyed, their crews would dream of the girl they had left behind and would not see again for many months. Often a symbol of courage and strength, many a loving word was spoken, or a teasing image dreamt, such as appeared in the 1898 Lucky Bag. As the Navy changes, and women join the men at sea, these thoughts may not take the same form, though the meaning will be the same. We would like to honor on these pages those women who have mean't so much to all who have sailed the seas, and to those persons who will be a part of our future sailors' lives. With this thought in mind, we present two young ladies, selected by the Class of 1979, to represent our "Navy Girls."



Karen Peterson

Andrews AFB, Washington, D.C.

Tina Phipps

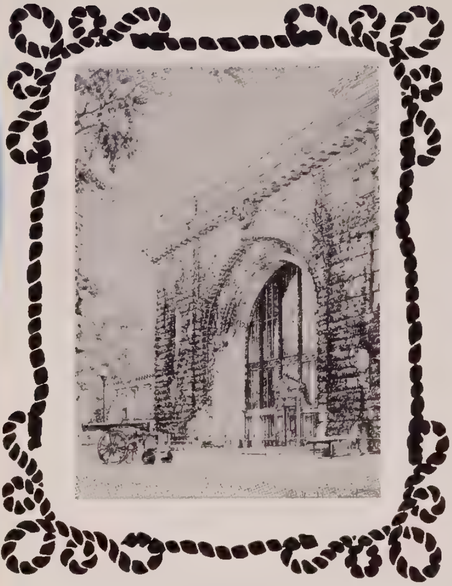
Homestead, Florida

SENIORS

CHESTER W. NIMITZ '05

Fleet Admiral Nimitz graduated 7th in his class at the Naval Academy, and went on to be one of the leaders in Naval Affairs, especially during World War II. In his career he had many outstanding achievements, such as introducing the circular formation for tactics to the Pacific Fleet. At the same time he served as Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet during World War II and soon followed with a tour as Chief of Naval Operations in Washington.

During his naval career, Admiral Nimitz had the opportunity to command more ships, submarines, and airplanes in battle than any other Naval Commander in history. Nimitz was also one of the foremost authorities on the use of diesel engines and advocated their use in the submarine fleet. His career was always not so spotless however, for as an Ensign he commanded the USS DECATUR which he had the misfortune of running aground.



DAHLGREN HALL

1ST COMPANY

B.D., an Air Force junior, can call almost anywhere home - but usually it depends on which young lady he is talking to at the moment. He never was one to miss a party or a good time and "The Great Brandini" leaves a reputation that stretches from Goucher College to Mary Washington and beyond. He lived his four years at USNA by the motto, "Never let your schoolwork interfere with your education." One of the first in the company to get his car, he and Sheila (his car) travelled far and wide in search of that education. B.D. was one of the founding members of "The Commancheros" and together, he and the one other member would rampage the Wardroom. Thus, having laid an early claim there, it was natural that he should be elected Wardroom President, a title he immediately changed to Wardroom Czar. Blaine is obviously going afterlife with all the enthusiasm he can muster and if the big man keeps it up he'll go a long, long way.

BLAINE DOUGLAS BRANDON

JUSTIN LEE ASCHENBRENNER

Ash came to fun one from the wild plains of Wyoming and soon earned the nickname "Cowboy." He convinced everyone, including "Moon" and the shrink how crazy he was by threatening to kill his squad leader plebe year.

Youngster year brought a lot of good times for Ash - he was always a hard partier and a hit with the women at "Disco Dahlgren."

On leave, Ash could be found cruising out to Wyoming in his '65 Mustang with the needle pinned at 120, Jimmy Buffett blasting on the stereo, and a cold beer in hand with plenty more in the cooler. What is it that crazes this cowboy so? "She's prettier than a speckled bird dog puppy in the sunshine."

A regular at Tabers' Tavery on 2/c friday nights, Ash, an M.E. major was the only guy we knew who could go out and get smashed the night before his Thermo final, heave 3 times during the test and still raise his "D" to a "C." Ash will always "come out smelling like a rose" no matter what.

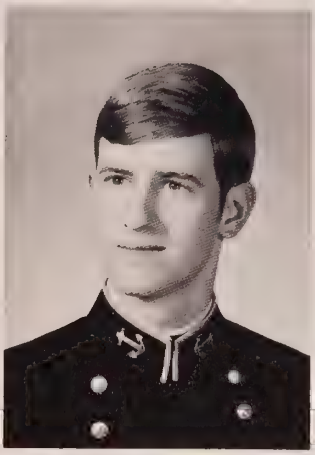
1ST COMPANY

Chan came from Massapequa Park, Long Island with lax-stick in hand ready to charm the world. And that he did! With his curly locks and easy-going personality this All-American was a hit with the ladies on and off the field. It would be far and few between that a weekend would come by that Chan was not seen escorting some lovely around town. During the week you could find him in the rack (studying hard of course) or munching out in the Steerage. He was always out to have a good time and a strong believer in doing as little as possible and getting the most out of it. Chan is looking forward to an exciting naval career and then maybe try his hand at coaching. Whatever path he chooses we all know that he'll be one of the best at it!

MICHAEL F. CHANENCHUK

TIM KIERNAN CONLAN

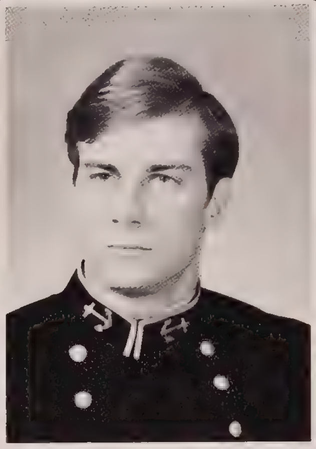
Timmy has been one of the real marvels of his class, excelling both academically and athletically having maintained over a 3.0 average and lettering for the tennis and squash teams. Tim is still striving for bigger and better things; that is, unless a rack happens to be nearby. As a matter of act, anyone wanting to see Tim could most likely find him in the rack, in the Chem Lab, on the tennis courts or driving down the highway. But make sure if you're looking for him driving down the highway that it's a decent time of day like 3 a.m. in the morning. Love those relaxing early morning drives, huh, Tim? Heaven only knows that the future holds for Timmy but most likely he'll fall by the wayside and go nuc-power. "You know" says Tim, "I actually had a good time here!" Sure Cone!



ALMOND JERKINS DRAKE III

Al arrived at USNA direct from the "Tobacca" fields of A.J.'s farm back in Pine Tops, North Carolina. Plebe summer no one could understand what he was saying with that thick Southern drawl but it is believed he said something about "not going to learn all this Reef Points stuff." The Company Commander soon addressed the problem and, from then on, "Ayal" never suffered from lack of motivation. That talk must have really made an impression on him because it carried him right through to a job as Battalion Commander, graduation at the top of his class (with a 4.0 average) and a candidacy for a Rhodes Scholarship. Still he found time to be a basketball manager, and was named Head Manager as a second class. And he continued on in that capacity as a firstie. Along with the possibility of medical school after graduation came Al's new nickname, "Doc," and it was frequently heard in the hall that "I'd let ole Al operate on me anytime." We are confident that whatever Al does, he will always do his best and that he will always end up at the top.

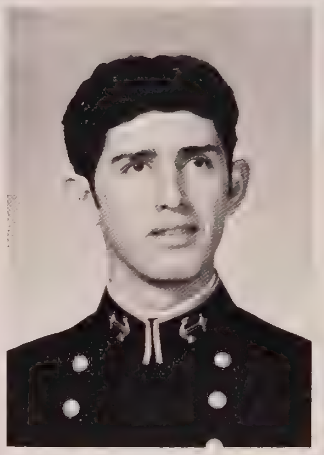
1ST COMPANY



JOHN MICHAEL FLYNN

Flynn came to the capitol city on a lark but found that he fit right into Academy life and so decided to stay. After playing basketball that first year for the Big Blue he decided he could find more happiness on the streets than on the courts and so began to establish his reputation as "The Wildman." If you couldn't find John within the seven mile limit you could bet he was either down at Alfredo's or in F-burg raisin' hell with Seth. Second class year John-boy broke his leg. It wasn't enough to cramp his style but it did slow him down enough for a certain co-ed to nab him. Although still the "Head Sickie," Flynn calmed down quite a bit during first class year. He leaves USNA with visions of "the perfect life" and a great future ahead of him, providing he doesn't let his blind ambition overcome his intuition.

. . . John, you've been had! (signed) The Commancheros . . .

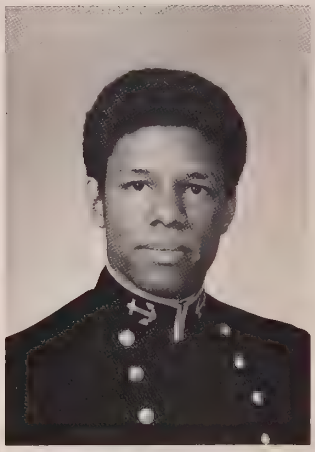


GARY JOHN FRESQUEZ

Raton, NM, gave up one of its finest sons (probably its only son) when Gary Conan Gor roamed to Annapolis - with a stop at Newport, R.I. Gary points with pride at his great Plebe Summer creation-the ruthless thinking machine from Pinetops. We wondered if a brain transplant was involved. Fresky moved on to bigger and better things youngster year - Noa's Ark, skull sessions in Timmy's, and the 127-lb Class 1977 Brigade Boxing Championship. Along came a man named B.D. - and Fresky became only the second "Comanchero" (that means Wardroom terrorist in Spanish). Leaving the boxing ring, he soon found himself at home in (or the victim of) many fun one wardroom brawls. Fresky also succumbed to formula fever like most everyone else. He also became the evil maker of the dreaded "Whet Whillie." After losing the coin toss on his aviation eye test, Gary wants to become a back-sea Comanchero in the real Navy. Good luck, noble Transman of Gor!

"Nate-the-Skate" came to us from the beautiful Puget Sound town of Tacoma, Washington. After a short stint as a Aero Engineer, he finally saw the light and joined the crew of Noa's Ark. As a second class, his warm personality earned him the nickname "Acetylene Green." An avid fan of scuba diving, he was only mildly surprised to return one day and find fish in his rack. No biggee. He even endured the raton-terror, the Gueek, and Bo giving him flak about his door wedge . . . Uh . . . TR-7. On weekends, Nat could always be found at Donettellis, Hood College (one of the few who stayed out of the Dixie Cup Club), or in his room studying and listening to his David Bowie collection. (Poe little Greenie!) Nat was always one of the best dressed of "Fun One," and this was one of the contributing factors which forced a name change from "The Myth" to "The Truth." Whether he chooses surface line or the Marine Green, Nat will always be remembered as a professional.

NATHANIEL BURTON GREEN, JR.



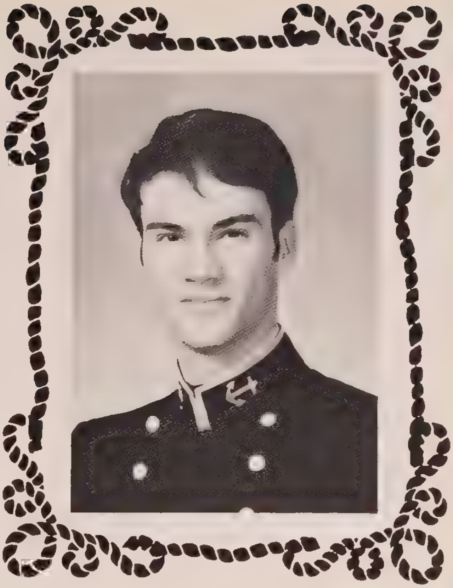
1ST COMPANY

Commander Timothy Ervin "Toad" Junette arrived at the Naval Academy from San Clemente, Calif., a city known for its sun, fun, and certain unmentionable person. Tim, true to his introverted nature, for the first two years at USNA was aloof and rarely seen; however, during his second class year he made the mistake of opening his mouth and from then on he became the mouse that roared. So, considering his great desire to become a Marine and his booming voice, his classmates appointed him Company Drill Officer, which turned out to be a wise choice. As for his major, Tim entered the bizarre and magical realm of Mathematics. Tim's athletic interests were in the areas of Batt. Track and cross country, and, though a sprinter by trade, he was appointed coach of the great 1979 (0-10) Batt. Cross Country Team. So, if you should be driving down the highway and see a green BMW 2002 with Calif. plates containing a lone individual listening to Chicago, you will know who it is.

TIMOTHY ERVIN JUNETTE

FRANK VALENTINE KLEIN

To the sickly shores of 'Nablis town
Our gator-boy one day came down;
150's football he did try
But being meat squad made him cry.
Moon and geekdom he did endure
But sailing and barleypop became the cure;
Youngster year and the Maryland Inn gang,
And the "B.D. Brandons" with whom he sang.
K-cup, Mac cup - second class year
Then came Timmy's and too much beer.
M.E. sure was filled with chores:
Maybe soon it'll open doors.
"Red dog one, this is Red Dog Leader:
Justin, what's a centimeter?"
A Pontiac formula he did get,
'Cause he could not buy a 'Vette.
First class year and company sub,
'Cause Szostak's favor he did rub;
Deathsport soccer he then did play,
3 sets of shades he smashed one day!
Gator's gonna go P-3's
'Cause life is better o'er the seas,
And nothing much will feel as grand
As puttin' that bird back down *on land!*
It feels good, it's just fine
To be the youngest of '79
Why is that, someone might say?
He's 21 graduation day!



LINDSEY BO KNUTH

"Slow Bo," as he was known by some, was snatched from the warm beaches of Southern California and discovered a cold variety of snow here at USNA. Being cursed with an over abundance of common sense, this boy had to struggle early to adjust to Bohica doctrine. But, after almost being eclipsed by the moon, and after surviving an attitude check youngster year, Bo decided to go through Navy part II "low key." Never one to waste a chance to party, Bo was always discovering some girls college every weekend. Of course he soon found out that the other five days were good for partying too and we never saw Bo again. Finding Mexican food to his liking, Bo chose Navy P-3s 'cause there's lots of "tacos." "What a long strange trip it's been," eh, Bo?

1ST COMPANY

DAVID LAWRENCE KRUEGER

Blowing in from the plains of North Dakota, Dave turned down Colorado Springs and the Long Grey Line for a first hand look at the "Annapolis 500." After recovering from his initial shock Plebe Summer, Gar surfaced, only to founder in plebe year academics. Opting for FPI and the rack, he raised his QPR high enough to earn a permanent wardroom seat and a slide into first class year. Dave's known for throwing himself from perfectly good airplanes and staying with perfectly un-seaworthy craft (yard patrol type). Further mental instabilities were shown by his surrendering five weeks of summer leave for airborne and army jumpmaster training. Aspiring to command of the YP Squadron and Military Parachute Club was his goal, finally realized first class year.

When not at Donatelli's with Nat, Dave and the Gar-Van could be seen cruising to the DZ, in hock, and full of beer, babes, and good times.

Dave plans to try his luck with the No-Fo's and his North Dakota grease girl.

DAVID WAYNE McLARNEY

Dave is the man with many names, Mac, Plug, Commander, Huggy, Chowhound, Moon's Son, and more. He came to the Academy as an Air Force brat from all sectors of the world, but claims Louisville Kentucky as his home. Mac's the only guy to beat his bookie, win the company pools, beat the horses, and still manage to win Chan's and Flynn's money every week. Mac and J.J. survived plebe year with many demerits from Blair, Wade, and Ortie, yet maintained above average marks in the double major, Management and Technology. A member of the wild gang with his own television and popcorn popper along with Dale's movies until pretty Mary swept him off his feet. Mac was very active with the car club, giving officers hell, drinking with Wardie, and late movies with Starsky, Kojak, and Huggy Bear Flynn. After graduation, Dave plans wedding bells with Mary, flying for the Air Force, graduate business school, and a financially rewarding business career. With Mary's charm, his strong desire and a little luck, he may well reach his goals.

T-bird Mac came to the Academy straight from the Garden State. Tom's transition from civilian to military life was like salmon swimming upstream. But change he did. Plebe year was a great year for academics and "hard" squad leaders. Youngster year created a resurgence in "dead bugs" and the "youngster" syndrome. Second class year saw Tom's battle with the Route 50 bridge but besides episodes of the lighter side, this was a year to work. Finishing second class academics was better than climbing Herndon. Tom was also a P-rade judge and a 2/c squad leader. During first class year, Tom enjoyed the liberties of being on Batt. Staff. The liberties might have been great but so was the work. He enjoyed it all. His sports career at the Academy was spent playing intramurals.

How would you sum up Tom's character - work hard, play hard, and rack hard.

Good luck in surface line.

THOMAS ARTHUR McLERNON

1ST COMPANY

Our misplaced Guam-maniac from Quartz Hill, California was even more misplaced here on the shores of the Severn. Sensing a mistake, he reacted by attempting to break every bone in his body, setting the world's record for the excused squad. His best attempts at killing himself occurred on the intramural soccer field where he camped for four years (no one had the heart to tell Muk-Loo he was not any good).

After starting out as a derelict, Guack decided life in the tubes wasn't cool - so he geeked out in the Math Department and made himself a leading candidate for a Hyman Trophy (given annually to the outstanding collegiate Nuke-Puke). Making his grades good condemned him to being academic officer. We've all felt the pinch of Cap'n Bligh's policies.

On the lighter side, Tony has finally stumbled over the girl of his dreams, and she makes him. (What, of course, we'll never tell!)

Well AJ, it's time to "take her down" best of luck to the next millionaire fish (head) monger. "Fishheads and rice forever."

ANTHONY JOEL MENDIOLA

PETER SCOTT PARSONS

Pete's single philosophy for getting the most out of life at USNA was: "You gotta work hard and you gotta play hard."

When this conservative prep came down from traditional Boston, he was already well acquainted with the first half of the above adage. Therefore, it made sense when he signed his free time away to the Mechanical Engineering Department here at USNA. Burning the midnight oil became a common occurrence, not that Pete turned totally into a hall-rat. He was never without the company of his southern belle when it came to home football games, concerts, or formals. That's where the playing hard came in.

A disciplined guy who can be counted on to give his best at every turn, Pete is assured success and happiness in the future. After a mid-June march to the altar with Melinda, Pete will be returning to the books - this time in Orlando as a nuclear surface type.

JOHN ANTHONY PASKO

John, better known to friends as Little Buddy, backed into Annapolis on pretty much a dare. He found it extremely hard to believe that someone who lives only 30 minutes away in Catonsville could have such an erroneous impression of life in the Blue and Gold. Convinced that hard work was the only way to succeed he quickly succumbed to the ranks of Geekism. Two years later J.P. failed to renew his lease on the big G.. Slowly the real Little Buddy began to emerge. With the help of his roommate, John realized that there was more fun to be had then that which E.E. had to offer. One new Firebird and few teeth later he decided to give up L-Ball. But the knack of nonmarching will linger with him forever. He aspires to enter the ranks of the ocean borers for some TAD on his way to becoming a civilian. And to you John, may your future be "casual."

1ST COMPANY

JOSEPH JOHN ROMANO

No one really knows what brought Joe Manna here from Bethpage, N.Y., and no one really cares. All we know is that J.J. was determined to right the wrongs of the conduct system and spent many an early morning marching and watching the sun rise.

Youngster year came mercifully and Joe soon became the "Defender of Freedom." Riled by a couple of "longhairs" in Burger King, Joe could stand no more abuse from their insults and flying french fries and promptly resorted to tossing the rowdies through the front window. And so began the legend of "The Battle of Burger King" and forever immortalized the "Boys of Fun One."

Joe moved on to second class year and after a semester of beading, boxing, and Army Party I, he was dragged out onto the battle-lax field to abuse his talents and eventually lose his teeth.

First class year brought Joe stripes and long weekends but unfortunately not his car. Anyone want to buy a Formula?

Fun One will miss the Italian Stallion and Christmas will never be the same without the "Singing Mate." Best of luck, Joe.

ROGER R. ROYSTON

Plebe summer was a lark for Rog and so, wishing he was back in the wilds of Kansas, he started hunting local big game in his spare time. His full length mice fur coat was nearing completion when the summer ended. Then academics started taking his spare time. He still found time his first two years to keep his marksman's eye sharp by shooting for the rifle team. His natural ability to max the P.E. test without trying led him to work with the conditioning squad of which he took control. In the middle of 3/c year he met a cute little girl from Baltimore who "domesticated" him. His hair grew longer and his phone bill jumped (1/c year he found that by driving 23.2 miles he could call for 15"), Aring appeared at the Ring Dance as the change was completed. With graduation Rog returns to the Marine Corps. We wish him the best of luck and who knows, maybe more crazy 'ing nuts will return to USNA in years to come.

Dale was a local boy, born in Annapolis and raised in Severna Park. He entered the Academy with hopes of becoming a Mechanical Engineer, but his first three semesters were quite rough, so he got smart and leaped for Noa's Ark.

Dale didn't spend much time in the Wardroom because he had his own entertainment center. His home movies kept the boys of fun one warm on those cold, lonely, winter nights.

Being a short person, he was able to keep a low profile and was successful in staying out of trouble, until his big mouth almost landed him 105 and two months. Dale made the bad mistake of saying something to a midshipwoman and ended up facing her two midshipmen boyfiends. Unfortunately one of them happened to be a midshipmen commander. Since then, of course, he's been as "Pure as the Driven Snow."

First class year finally came and the long hard struggle came to an end. Now, Dale can be found pursuing another career - skywriting. Good Luck, Dale!!!

DALE LENWARD RUGIERI

1ST COMPANY

Skip is one of those crazy guys who gave up the sunny skies of Pasadena, CA. to become one of "America's Finest" at U.S.N.A. Skip started out playing tennis at N.A.P.S. But when he arrived at U.S.N.A. he traded in his tennis racket for a squash racket, and has been hitting little green balls ever since. Skip was fond of fast cars, good music, dancing, cute girls, working out, and playing guitar now & then. Skip's greatest joy was in serving and worshipping his Lord, Jesus Christ. Being vice-president of the O.C.F. was only the tip of the iceberg. Skip was always encouraging those around him and he always took the time to listen & give an encouraging word. His friendly, outgoing personality made him a welcome member of "Fun One."

Hebrews 10:24-25 "Let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds. Let us not give up meeting together but let us encourage one another, and all the more as you see the day approaching."

WILLIAM LAIRD STEINWEDELL

MICHAEL JAMES SZOSTAK

Hailing from the back streets of the Jersey Shore, the Stak confused us all with what we thought was an upside-down nametag. After a year in the clouds of academic and trackademia, he crashed into youngster year at Burger King with a cast on his hand. After a summer of scaling walls during ACTRAMID, Stak was sent to Woopieland for rehabilitation. He was sent back labeled as hopeless - so Navy made him a Company Commander 1/c year. His only socially redeeming value was introducing us to Marion and Don, who later came to be First Company's parents. Two time battle-lax rookie of the year, Stak also held two 100-mile run world records. Stak was also one of the few who booked passage aboard NOA's Ark from the beginning and managed his grades by getting shirts with smaller collars. We can only wish the best for the Polish prince. Nasz-Dorovye.

RAYMOND ROBERT TROMBADORE, JR.

Bob Trombadore comes to us from Boundbrook, New Jersey. Being quiet, but determined, his transformation from sand blower to mini-hulk gave the First Company the pep competition champion. His Honda accord took him away from the high academic standards found in the Chemistry major. On the Supt's List or Dean's List every semester, a "N" winner, a member of the Phi-Kappa-Phi Society, "Trombaneck," as he is sometimes affectionately known, is going to join the Marine Corps and claims a 50 plebe/pep rally record.

The most important aspect of his life, however, is not found in these talents or achievements, but rather in a relationship with Jesus Christ by faith. How exciting it is to watch Bob growing in his Christian faith. "One thing he asks of the Lord, this is what he seeks; that he may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of his life, to gaze upon the beauty of the Lord and to seek him in his temple." (Psalm 26:4) Hebrews 13:20-21

1ST COMPANY

JAMES ANTHONY WARD

From PA. Jim was not quite sure why he was here "I" Day "75." Jimmy wrestled for Navy and did a number in the smoker. He is a frustrated stock expert (mostly from lack of funds) and spends a lot of time in Bowie for some unknown reason. Jim is a good student and is known for his consistency in getting things done with a flare. There are times Jim has gone out with "the boys" and partied with the best of them.

Jimmy generally a good kid until he moved in with Mac and with the help of 'Jack' provoked a case of Book 'em' Danno," breakage and many loud nights. Many laughs with the guys and Mac in Brock's class and all those June Week happenings. We all hope Jamie gives him a little free time; so he'll stay in touch. No one will forget that haircut he showed up with Plebe Summer.

DEVERTT DEWAYNE WOOLWINE

Dev landed here from the high plains after applying for the Air Force Academy and getting on the wrong train. After barely making it through plebe summer he spent the next two years on Moon's (black?) list . . . (didn't everybody), and putting up with jokes about Kansas. Being a Systems major, he wasn't happy unless he was complaining about how much work, or how little sleep, he had, although he never seemed to be in his room during study hour. A hopeful for Rickover's Florida Prep School, he should do well in the submarine force.

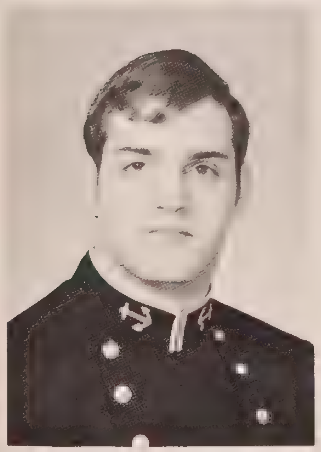
HUBBARD HALL

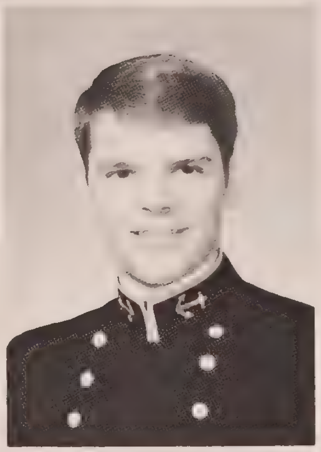
2ND COMPANY

"Well Fed" Ted, local hero of the thriving metropolis of Crestline, Ohio, showed up at U.S.N.A. in his jeans, flannel shirt, and worn out sneakers. Although he has acquired a new pair of sneakers, the rest of his wardrobe has remained the same. When he arrived here he was amazed that men actually went out with just one girl. After almost visiting "Tango" company on several occasions, he decided that USNA was for him. Youngster year was a turning point in Ted's life (bad or good has yet to be decided). After a brief, but very active service in the 2nd Co. Garden Club, he filed for his reserve status due to a medical discharge (severe whip marks), which he has yet to recover from.

After checking in at a trim 180 pounds, he has absorbed 20 more through prolonged hours of rack, regardless of time or place. "Well rested" Ted plans on a large family if he can keep both of them working.

TED ALGIRE





GEORGE H. BAKER, JR.

Plebe year was Plebe year. He had a sore tooth once, but that went away overnight. Youngster year was the first time that he had ever opened his eyes to what was going on around him. He met the toad who turned him on to high volume stereo. Then the bear walked in carrying an electric guitar. That was the beginning of the midnight band.

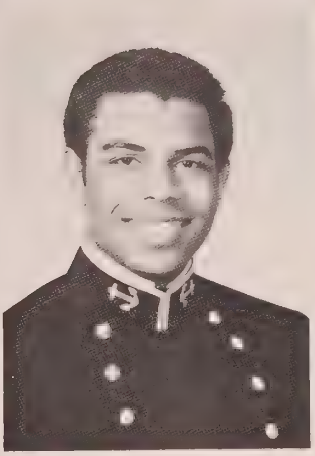
2/c year saw the birth of Gandalf. (who?) Just ask the Garden Club; they were there. That spring brought his first original song, and with it came the lady that it was about. What the hey! So he hastily wrote subsequent songs but the chicks never appeared. I guess they're limited only one to a customer . . .

1/c year brought burnouts on everything from skateboards to Harley-Davidsons. The skateboard got him 15, the Harley got him 30.

Oh well, he came here looking for the dark side of the Moon and found it thru the people that he met. He majored in music and moonlighted in E.E., and he made it.

And so he wants to dedicate this one to all the people who helped him make it thru, who helped him make a stand . . .

Thanks.



WALTER WILLARD BALLARD III

W.W. Ballard, known by his company officer as "Boogie Ballard", came to Crab Town on the Bay from the majestic mountains of Colorado. If by chance you saw a burgundy Z-car passing you on the shoulder of the road, it was Boogie. Yes his motto "We Came to Play" expresses his true love for strapping himself in the cockpit of his 280Z and just cruising down the road with his cassette blasting (Rick James of course) and his speedometer reading three digits. Though he enjoys the feel of the cockpit his inability to differentiate colors, namely red and green traffic lights, probably will make him NPQ. Boogie either holds or shares several USNA speed records: fastest time from Takoma Park to USNA, fastest time to and from Philadelphia. With one totaled Z to his credit, Boogie has occasionally come close to establishing another record. His favorite pest time was spending weekend around Marymount College in Arlington. He has spent a few study hours there also. After spending three summer cruises together, who knows maybe I'll see you out in the fleet. Good Luck!

2ND COMPANY

CARL W. DAHMER

Carl had a tough time settling into life at USNA after the long trip and cultural shock from his home within the 50. Knowing a good deal when he saw it he managed to get his "sister" here almost every weekend. He avoided studying, claiming that plenty of rack time a little tube and a lot of food fights was the way to a higher level of cosmic awareness. Looking for the straight and narrow path to an easier way of life he joined the Glee Club and spent more time away from his room than anyone else. But why would anyone want to stay away from the room that looked "too much like home?" He managed to set an impressive record with his letter for being on the plebe drinking team, camp counselor for "Dahmers Bombers," and "Spiritual" leadership for the Glee Club. He leaves with us with a guitar under his arm, *HERR-R-R* in his heart and dreams of CEC in his head.

BRIAN NELSON DECKER

Following in his father's footsteps, Decks came to the U. of Boats from Kingston, New York. Being the All-American boy that he is, playing Navy for four years came very easy to Brian, as did just about everything. His dreams of rowing on a national champion crew team faded third class year when he realized that he valued his health and weekends more than that "N" sweater. B.D., as many of his classmates know him, could never be classified as a "sweat" but could frequently be found studying for lack of anything better to do. When not looking at a book to the tune of one of his many classical records, he could be found playing his guitar, working on the Trident Calendar, or planning his next trip to New Haven, Connecticut to see the wife. Although he was a conservative in a company full of crazies, Brian was one of those guys that could never say "No" to anyone and you could always depend on him for anything. Its been good times Buddy. See you in Pensacola.

The Toad came to the Boat School full of ambition to succeed. He lettered plebe year (even if it was a black "N") and was able to hold off the pad monster until the middle of youngster year when he hung up his crew oars. A devout Masochist at heart, Paul chose Mechanical Engineering as a major. EME helped Paul build up a tremendously rapid learn-flush rate as well as helping him get closer and closer to unsat. The endless weekends the Toad spent at Navy instilled in him the true value of the real things in life: "Her", rock-n-rock and gettin outa hea. Upon graduation the Toad plans on doing it deeper - below the lilypad so to speak.

PAUL DIRITO

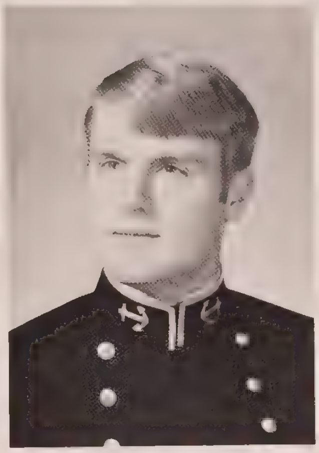
2ND COMPANY

Gabe came to the Academy from the small town of Chester, New Jersey. Despite several semesters of English, and constant harassment from his classmates, Gabe persisted in speaking his native tongue — Jerseyian ("knawk it awf"). Always ready with a joke or a one-liner, Gabe's sense of humor made his stay here a bit more bearable, and his classmates' stay a bit more unbearable. Indeed, Gabe was one of few Mech. E.'s to escape with at least some degree of sanity. After rowing on the plebe lightweight crew team, Gabe decided that water skiing and parachuting were more his speed. He was also active in the Big Brothers organization and the Officer's Christian Fellowship. Failing eyes, along with a semester with the fly-boys at the Air Force Academy, convinced Gabe that nuclear power was for him.

Gabe attributes his survival and success at Navy to those special people who faithfully supported him in prayer, and the following Proverb: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your paths." Prov. 3:5-6.

STEPHEN GERALD GABRIELE

MICHAEL J. GAULT



GREGG THOMAS HANOLD

Gregg (Sparks) Hanold showed up at USNA with his mind and body in perfect shape - for nothing. But being determined he threw all his weight into life at USNA. He had a minor setback plebe year when his parents moved, but with the help of a private investigator he managed to find them before Christmas. By the end of plebe year he had run out four roommates and started on his never ending quest for the perfect stereo. Being frustrated with what he found, Gregg decided to become a trouble - E and build his own. It was hard picking albums though since the only group he knew of was John Denver?! With the help of his roommates he expanded his musical and social horizons. Over his four years at USNA while sharpening the mind that was oft referred to as an infinite resistance. Good luck with Nuke Power Gregg and we'll remember you just the way you always were, calculator in one hand, pilot pencil in the other and graph burns on the side of your face.

2ND COMPANY

LAWRENCE WILBUR HARRISON

Boots Harrison, also known as Harry, Hohm Dv, Bootzilla, etc., came to the naval institute of higher learning from a large thriving metropolis located somewhere in the deep South. No one knows whether his incomparable enthusiasm for the military was installed during his pre-Navy days or during his brief stay in Newport. At any rate, Boots was to be disturbed while at the Academy only by the fact that weekends are separated by five long days. After a short tour with the track team as a pole vaulter Boots decided to spend much of his time on the basketball court. Here he spurred company and battalion teams on to great feats. His first class year he served as company basketball player/coach and led his team into post-season playoffs. Other interests include skiing, tennis, greenalerts, and "wires." Boots will be remembered running out to his car, walking into formation two seconds early, as the Wardroom King, Brigade Gouge Rep, and one who provided a sense of casualness to Second Company.

ROBERT STILES HARWARD JR.

Never being one to take plebe summer seriously, Bob spent much of his time spitting on firsties. Youngster year Bobby turned his attention to more serious endeavors. Having decided to pursue a challenging academic curriculum Robert immediately grabbed at Phy Sci. Youngster year was also the last time anyone saw Bobby with a textbook. Second class year. However, Bob took a brief shot at a career in Aero, beginning with flight test on Rose's albums. Throughout his career Bob has maintained a perfect conduct record by employing one of his famous rules of life - never get caught. Bobby will be best remembered for his athletic feats - maxing every physical test ever devised, running wild on the varsity lightweight crew team beating marathoners, etc.

Bob may tell you he's headed for Nuc Power, but we all know where his heart is. Once he had a taste of UDT/BUDS second class summer, Bob knew he was ready. The only question is - Are the seals ready for him?

Tom Hicks (Geek), one of the original dead heads, will be remembered by his classmates for years to come. After partying his way through high school, he came to USNA to continue on with his prolific manners. His greatest desire, to see the world in a sub, stems from his earlier years when he lived in the clam beds of Long Island. Plebe year was no problem, but youngster year he became a member of the famous 2nd Company Garden Club and was known to have such a good time that he forgot everything that happened the night before. As a second class he was well known as a flamer and for his many dates with the "confuser" one of the only men in the company to retain his single status for four years, he has still been known to get it on with a few. Especially now that he has 3 striper libs and can never be found during the week. Just remember, "Be Nice Tommy,"

THOMAS EDWARD HICKS

2ND COMPANY

Being a local - thanks to his parents (you couldn't ask for better) - helped maintain his sanity. However, it did have its moments. As a pleber, I can remember 125 big ones starring him in the face for being out in town in civvies on a Sunday afternoon. Gigging with “Gandalf” (the Band), was a blast (his roomie - “Bud” Baker- played rhythm guitar and John played lead. Everyone in the Band was outstanding (“Jazz Man” Lescher, Rod Van Lipsey, Pat “Cokane,” “Keys” Kennedy, “Tex” Calhoun, Cheri Poremba, Chris Cable (“CC”), Brian “Philo,” and the agent that never got them a gig - “Stormin” Norman). Everytime Gandalf played, they had to be “poured” out the door. Being a high school dropout never helped his academics. For study habits he mostly used the “Do nothing theory” and it showed too. The view at St. Mary's City was really nice. Too bad he never got to see it on his “Harley.” His roomie had a “Low Rider” - nice Harley. They put on a few miles with the “Kingsmen.” Good times. “Live Free or Die.” Remember John - an airplanes not one down and three up.

JOHN MARTIN KING

PETER JOSEPH KRUG

PJ came to the shores of Annapolis via Indiana by way of the nearest swimming pool. With “straw” hair and a towel over his shoulder, Pete jumped in the Navy pool to try his luck; only to jump back out again for the Karate Club. Maralyn came along after that and karate fell by the wayside too. In order to get away from USNA, Pete elected to grace the shores of West Point. Fond memories and many friends were left at West Point, only to comeback to friendly shores and friendly arms. He became the “Dueces” almost “Woop” and played the part with due seriousness. “Hymes” boys will be glad to get him, just watch out for the rads.

THOMAS DAVID LINDSEY

“I'll always be a bachelor,” said Dave during his first two years at USNA. 9 or 10 letters a day kept out the spider webs. Dave had it down to a science. He'd write a rough draft, revise, and submit his masterpiece to the Post Office. He received excellent returns for his tolls.

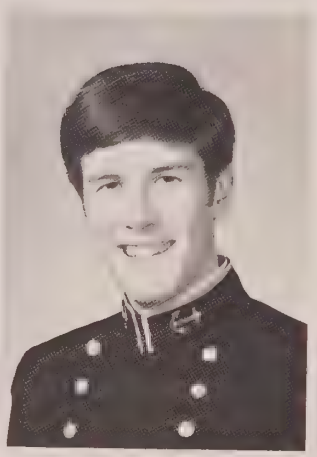
Dave was in D and B. Ask Pam in Michigan, Susan in Pittsburgh, or the many others from Philly, N.D. Miami, etc. What a swinger! No wonder Dave bought a CB equipped metallic blue Firebird. Ah, I70 to Hood.

Finally, everyone knows what happened to Dave. We'll remember him as the “Happy Hypocrite,” off to P'cola. Dave has no fear of flying. Happy landings.

2ND COMPANY

DAVID CHARLES MARBLE

Marbs came to USNA asleep and remained comatose all four years. Never far from his "gonkerlator" or a "confuser" terminal, the Arlington, Mass. mental giant pursued academic endeavors with great zeal. Marbs had several goals while at USNA: to get a date with a Hoodie, but a Porsche, and become the CAO. Not discouraged after failing to attain his first goal, Dave substituted the impossible dream with the consumption of bulk quantities of Narrangansett. Marbs could be spotted in L.L. Bean gum shoes, corduroy sport coat, chinos, a Gator shirt, and a yellows rain slicker. Driving around the Yard in his 911, many said he looked like Nike Lauda, but the majority agreed upon Big Bird. Though "Pele" Marble is not known for his distance running, he managed to survive all eight mile runs. Promoted to Pensacola and A-6's, Dave and his flight suit leave behind good friends and memories incribed in the annals of the Garden Club.



JOHN GREGORY MESSERSCHMIDT

Bancroft Hall will never be the same without Beezerschmeed. The cheeriest of the early risers, he never failed to cry when crawling out from under his electric blanket. As the years progressed, Beezerschmeed made friends with his classmates by sharing his soup, pretzels, cokes, quarters, and pencil sharpener. Beezershmeed was always the aquatic type, yet sacrificed this calling to lead the Company Basketball Team. A manic-depressive drinker, the Beaverpelt was known to alternate between flipping shirts and holding up pillars. With his stylish hair blowing in the breeze, Beezershmeed cruised to Washington nightspots in his finely tuned MGB. Though the Wardroom food never agreed with his, Beezershmeed always shared it with the Garden Club. Currently, the Beaverpelt is in love with the nuclear Navy and if it will take him back to Olongapo Lil then he will join the Silent Service. We all wish him a case of Creamy Italian dressing and all the luck in the world. Good luck, John.

Steve began adjustments to life at USNA immediately upon his arrival. Realizing that everybody got Christmas and Easter off, he quickly converted to Judaism and covered all bases. When not violating regs, this freshman would occasionally relieve tension by dangling marbs or Beezerschmeede over Goat Court. Steve also began making his mark on the local female population. Having spent many sleepless nights at Hood, MW, the Dame, and others, he was often named honorary R.A.

Who can forget these memorable "loves": The Beav, The Hemopheliac, John Havlicek, Connecticut, and most of Boogie's old flames. Not strictly a ladies man, Steve was a perennial all-company sports jock, despite inhaling enough smoggers to cast a light haze over Pittsburgh. Late in his junior year, Steve surprised all by latching on to a real local. Claiming nearness is dearness, Steve never-the-less endured charges of trying to save on expenses. The only question remaining for this future SWO may be - just who wears the bars in the family, Killer?

STEVEN CRAIG MILLER

2ND COMPANY

Doctor J strolled into Navy from sunny Florida, Daytona Beach to be exact, anticipating a quick four years at Navy, followed by flying jets. Four long, hard years at USNA (plus one on sebatical), and it looks like jets are about to become a reality for him.

Early during his stay on the Severn, Justin became known for his "chats" and views on "regs." During study hour, he's gladly debate either side of any issue, usually fairly well. Never claiming to be a politician, we still wonder what the seal on top of his rack means!

Doctor J has kept his hand in plenty of USNA activities; the Navs, sport parachuting (complete with cast!), and a suggestion committee for improvement. Whether he winds up preaching, politicking, flying, Navy Air's getting a good man for the next five years.

JUSTIN RAYMOND MOSTERT

MICHAEL EDWARD NELLER

When Mike came to the Academy, he brought with him both academic and athletic marks of distinction. With a smooth transition, he once again set himself apart from the crowd. The guy thrives on competition and working hard. Nuclear power and the rigors of that program, will provide Mike with a challenge, but one we all know he can handle.

Sometimes accused of being recluse, Mike sought his own fun on the weekends. Given a chance to wind up, he quickly puts aside his quiet appearance when in a crowd.

Thoughtful of friend and family, Mike could be found spending many a night deciphering messages via telephone communication from a co-ed at Notre Dame. Wedding bells may ring, but only Mike knows when he will choose to hear them.

The Garden Club will always remember Mike as the well dressed, fun loving guy who added color to many a common Saturday evening spent at Dahlgren Hall. We will carry with us most certainly the memory of a likeable person we had the good fortune of knowing for four years.

SCOTT ALLEN RIGGIN

Scott first arrived from Buffalo, N.Y. with an inclination towards becoming a Marine. Well, after a change of home address to Dallas and a future wife in hand, Scott plans to head for Pensacola and the blue skies of Navy air after graduation. Scott a recognizable character (because of the large appendages on his head) was well liked by everyone. His quick smile and sharp wit made him a popular player among his classmates in their nightly "bull sessions" (name changed to protect the innocent). Scott showed his athletic ability by spending his first three years trying to earn a varsity letter on the crew team, but because of two trips to the Ac Board and a new priority list he switched to a calmer sport, boxing, his first class year. Always a great guy, we want to wish good luck to Scott on his future endeavors, LTM.

2ND COMPANY

KENNETH LYLE RITZ

An old ship's hull
is dreaming
of golden times
when it was still putting out to sea
when it could roll
in the breakwater
and take the waves
over its bow
without going down

But I will not dream
of my strength and youth
of missed chances
and things that were
and were not

I will calculate
the low and high tides
and put out once more
into a treacherous sea
full of knowledge
of my unaging Captain

ROGER MARTIN ROSE

Roger arrived in Second Company after a year's sabbatical at Texas A&M, where he studied FeCr tape systems. Diving into Ocean Engineering, Rog quickly established himself as the youngster shell answer man. Hesitant to enter the world of the dominating female, Rog spent youngster year acquiring lone star brewery stock. While suffering from shoulder surgery, Rog fought to overcome phobias of Dempsey Dumpsters, SDB blouses, and closets. Second Class year brought about an abrupt change as the yellow rose of Texas launched a rock hard attack on the women of the area. Road tripping in his TR6, Rog earned his title as "Duke of Debauchery." The D.P. demonstrated a fetish for medical personnel, dating a pharmaceutical supply salesperson and a converted nurse. He has crawled through some of the finest gutters from Norfolk to Pearl Harbor and leaves behind a trail of broken hearts and crushed aluminum. While enjoying the seedier side of life, Rog still decided to go nuclear power. The submarines are getting the best and he will never be forgotten by the Garden Club.

The blonde bear came to our hallowed halls from the foothills of Tennessee with a golf bag slung over one arm and a chew package under the other. Now that's not to say that Dennis did not make plebe year challenging, just ask Paul Dirito how challenging it was to get past Dennis to his bed.

Following his youngster cruise of San Diego Harbor our Old Salt's life settled down to the usual youngster year, doing such things as wearing cherry pie on his SDB. But second class year was a year of adventure. Having heard rumors that there was such a thing as the female, Dennis set out to capture one, only to be ensnared in his own trap. Suddenly the words weekends and D-Day took on a different meaning.

First class year was a year of surprise. Green alerts went every night, authorized or otherwise. Mysteriously the library was no longer just in the yard. But the shocker was that our English major chose subs! Happy Diving! Remember to go down smiling!

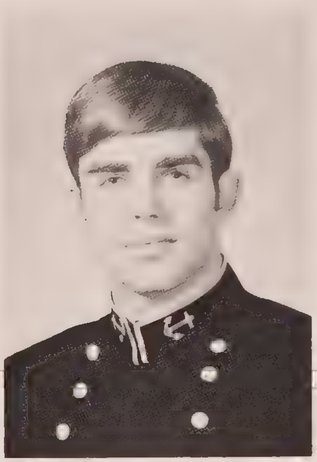
DENNIS ALAN UTHE

3RD COMPANY

His parents sent little Peter into the Marine Corps, the Marine Corps sent him here, and now we're sending him back. Pete operated by a simple credo: if its not in a green uniform, its not worth much; if its not in a uniform at all, its not worth anything; and if its foreign, it rates a beach assault. This somewhat simplistic view of social and foreign affairs might indicate a stunted mind, but unlike his body, this is not the case with his brain. Culturally Petey has exposed himself to the best of the arts, and when Medical determines whether or not the 5 hours of Ted Nugent has inflicted permanent damage on his ears, he will return to them once more. Affable even when unyieldingly professional, Pete won friends, respect, and success at Navy, but Shangri-la eluded him. Back with the Grunts, Pete will return once again to doing it right because its right, and the Marines do it best.

Pete's favorite quote: Two-Gun Max Shapiro in *Battle Cry,* "BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD . . . . .!'"

PETER JOHN AAGAARD



ANDREW ANTHONY ADAMSHICK

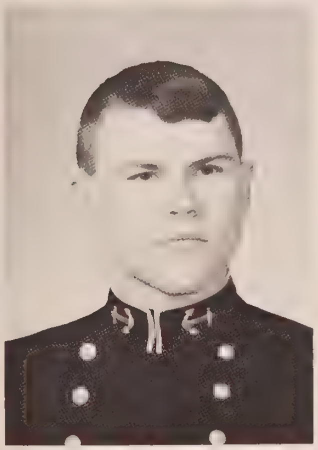
Ask Andy how much he knows about Electrical Engineering, his major, and you'll hear laughter for about ten minutes. As an EE major Andy hit the books hard all the time - with the same result - blood shot eyes, a silly grin, laughter, and a whole slew of unfinished homework and labs.

Andy wasn't so stunned some of the time. He managed to become an expert on a lot of things - just ask him! He's pretty sure about everything.

Andy will become one of Uncle Hymies Nukies after graduation. He's looking forward to being a submariner. Why, I don't know?!

Mr. and Mrs. A, all the little A's, and Colonia, New Jersey can be proud of Andy Adamshick. He has been successful at Canoe U, and will be successful in the Navy and beyond.

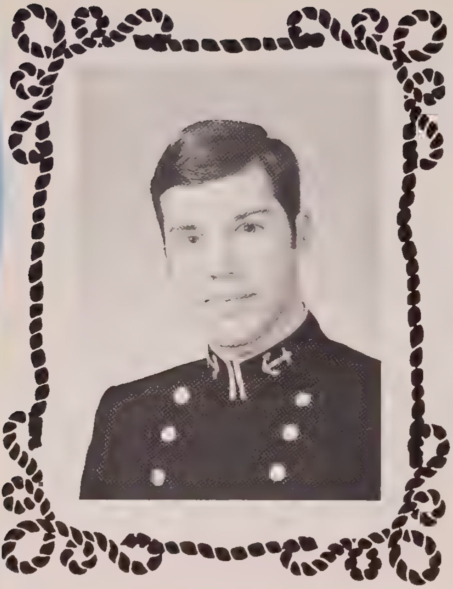
Otto remembers: 43 days at sea on youngster cruise - "I love it." Rutgers partying with Ted, Bill, John and Marko. - "I want the big chunks." "I hate Disco." Firebirds, Golf, Good luck Andy, and for once, win a shakeoff with John!



JEFFERY A. BROWN

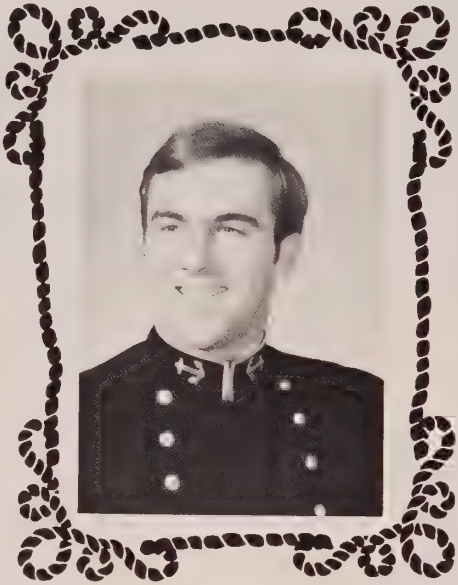
I would serve with Jeff Brown anytime, anywhere. He fought to gain entrance and he fought to graduate, but he never surrendered an inch that wasn't splattered with sweat and blood to any vindictive EE profs or recalcitant crew coaches. He could madden with his bulky silences and hinge bending rampages, but he figured it was better to suppress or redirect the anguish caused by the injustices of wayward wires and diabilical diodes than to bend them towards his friends - so - he clammed up or bent doors, but never said anything unless it was kind or helpful. It was even bearable when he heave-hoed a mess night into Deigo's sink. Hard working, diligent, organized, Jeff spent 43 hours a week studying, 25 hours working out, 12 hours sleeping, and 2 hours, 15 minutes, 7 seconds for head calls and miscellaneous smiling. How can you help but admire him?

3RD COMPANY



MICHAEL COSS

They say everything in Texas is big. "I tell them I'm a midget and that pretty much settles it," says Mike. At 5'8" and 145 pounds, there wasn't much to lose when the doc wired his jaws together for two months and Mike saw life at the end of a straw. Teeth clenched out and the whole bit, Mike continued to boot the soccer ball around, even in the dead of winter. "Doesn't anybody want to play?" was his Saturday afternoon toll. Somewhere, Mike speculates, there has to be a man who loves God and plays Saturday afternoon soccer, ". . . and when I find him, we're going places, believe me!" Early to bed and early to rise was not Mike's favorite saying. It was the early to bed part that gave him the most trouble - Mike consistently beat the plebes to breakfast. Mike knows for certain where he's going after graduation . . . away from wires. Wires in the classroom. Wires in the mouth. Please, just away from wires.



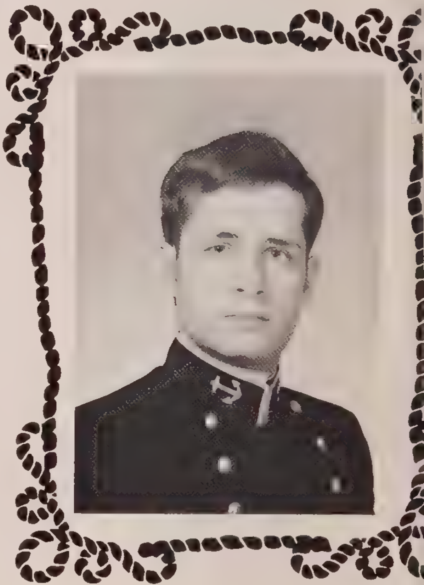
ROLAND LINCOLN ELLIS

Roland Lincoln Ellis, better known to all of us as Abe, or "Golden Toe," came to Canoe U. from B-ville, a little town in upstate New York on the outskirts of Syracuse. Abe arrived with 3 others from B-ville, not knowing exactly what to expect, but was willing to go for it anyway. About the only thing he packed when he left home was his kicking shoe, with high hopes to make the Big Blue, and after a week or two in George's Doghouse, he finally succeeded. In addition to lettering in fooball, Abe also lettered at Hood, received his black "N", compliments of Eric Clapton, was a member of 3rd Company's infamous circus, and was awarded the "City of Annapolis" safe driving award in his white Corvette, .which underwent two major operations. Abe also succeeded in missing 90% of all formations and never laid a hand on a rifle for drill. In all, Abe was well known and well liked by all. Now he leaves us in high hopes to become part of the "jet" set.

Good Luck --- Brother "One."

Jon came to Navy from the hills of Huntsville, Alabama. Unconvinced of the values of engineering, he devoted his attention to Political Science. His motto was 'If you can't do it in one night, it isn't worth doing," and he lived by it, never spending over one day on a single term paper. If you wanted to find him, he was at a German banquet, roaming the halls, in the Wardroom, or in the rack, but never studying. The Duck is the only person ever to draw cars, airplanes, and maps during class, watch the tube all night, sleep all day, and still get a 4.0. He was active in several ECA's, including NAFAC, where he became housing director as a firstie so that he could "insure that the girls' accommodations in the Hilton were satisfactory." Among the Duck's loves are Louis L'Amour, Lynyrd Skynyrd, John Wayne flicks, Jack Daniels, Lowenbrau beer, the crimson tide, and the mile run. Graduation will find the Duck move to a bigger "pond" with the surface Navy in Newport.

JON GAHAN

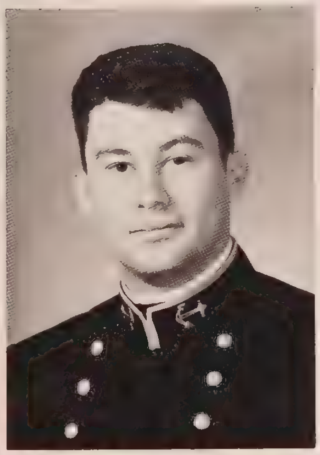


3RD COMPANY

Like Joe, Pat sprouted nicknames at Navy like new leaves on a tree. Diego, Diego Garcia, Beaner, Taco-bender, Poster Child. For two years people in the company, including upper class (especially upper class) avoided and dodged him as if he were a hit man with a new contract. Then he methodically destroyed every tendon in his left leg through football, basketball, and a desire to work with the lady trainer. Then everyone avoided him like he was a hit man with a limp. But never mind the rubber mallet and the freshly ruined wall paper. Never mind the Buck knives and the splintered doors. One look at those dimples would tell you what a sweet guy he is. Imagine a 210 pound Mexican lookout when the dust mop is shaken out the window at midnight into the MidStore parking lot, plotting to lock Nick in the head, or accusing Joe of unnatural acts. He avoided Form-2's through chicanery, and academically hopped from major to major in the hopes that he could find a good window seat in one of his classrooms.

He had a 2-man room for only one semester, after which his roomie decided the beaver was too spunky for just one man to handle. First class year he lived with a former four striper, and the Captain of the football team. What did he do in the room? As he told Admiral McKee, "I keep them, in line, Sir."

PATRICK C. GARCIA



GARY LANE GLOVER

Gary floated in from the hills of Tennessee, but the Navy was not quite ready. After four long years Gary still was not quite sure what everyone was so upset about. It seemed like all anyone could talk about was school, grades, haircuts, inspections, and regs. What was all the fuss about? If things weren't going so good you could always go work out. A trip to the weight room or better yet a nice slow swim would put everything back in place. You could always tell when he had a test the next day; he would hit the pool a few times. It helped him study you see! What about the Eric Clapton concert? A good time but not quite worth five weeks restriction. I thought he had learned his lesson youngster year. Not one to be left out Gary was a member of the infamous Third Company circus. Only one question remains - What causes someone to drive 1200 miles to see a girl for only two hours." ROAD TRIP!

JAMES R. GRABE

Half Japanese. Legally blind. And while most of the first class in 3rd Company got their biggest thrill of the week from staring at the back of Nick's door, Jimmy Grabe has half the women on the East Coast willing to pay money to be ignored by him. He has floated through 4 years at Navy like a slow-motion replay, but his stodgy patience afflicted his friends and classmates only when they had to wait for him, like when he was dressing to go out, for instance. But even this was a necessary procedure for the rational Jimmy, who realized that anything less than 4 hours in the donning of a repleat silk strutting suit would lead to complete nudity in less than 5 minutes on the Disco Dance floor when the spineless wonder turned it loose. His gyrations to the strains of Donna Summer, incomprehensible to the average eye, might help explain his popularity with women, for his partners always came back to the table sweatier than Jimmy, despite the respective effort invested. But Jimmy gave up Purdue and Computer Science to come to Navy to be a professional officer and to this day if you ask him if it was worth it, he stares quiccically through coke bottle lenses, smiles sardonically and mutters, "Max s----."

3RD COMPANY

JAMES M. HICKS

James was born to be a leader of men. He has the mind, the elan and the force of character to be one of the great captains of the late 20th century. From the first, his fellow midshipmen recognized his presence, character, and calling, and James skyrocketed to the dizzying heights of power, fortune, and uh . . . fortune and uh . . . what was that? The ten-minute call, huh? Oh well, another day at Navy. Gosh I wish somebody liked me. Whelp, don the old rain cape and helmet liner and its vultureman. Whoo-oo, afraid of nothing. I think I'll talk to Trixie, or drive a whoop nuts, or my friends nuts, or me nuts. I think I'll go subs. Hymie will understand - I'll drive him nuts. But-for-now a little wildman, a little sky-dive, another complex . . . Gosh I wish someone liked me. Woo-ooo. It's vulture-man, afraid of nothing.

JEFFREY B. JEROME

Coming from the suburbs of Chicago, Jeff woke up one day to find out that his family had moved to Detroit while he was nestled safely away behind closed walls. It didn't take him long however, to wake up and decide he didn't like "up-the-middle, up-the-middle, up-the-middle, Punt." Being the versatile double major he was, Management and Technology, he found he could also manage his two true loves; the girl back home and his car. Truly one of the "bad apples of Third Company," although he never got his "Hood wings,." He searched for bigger and better and found that his aspirations ended up on his back.

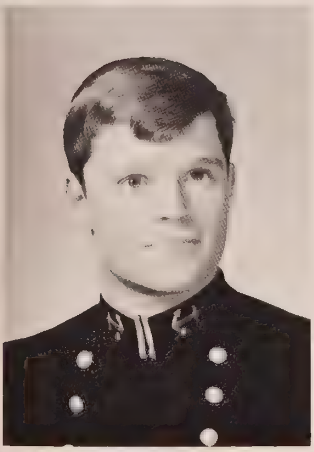
Henry has got it all. He's intelligent. He's handsome. Musically gifted. Athletically inclined. And he's black. (Oh, God, quick run get the officer in charge of admissions). Henry came to Navy ready to do it all. He wanted to be the token oriental, but with Grabe and Quigs around he would have gotten lost in the shuffle, so he became our token enlightened bigot, burning crosses on the Duck's door when the moon was full. Henry was one of the first of the Bad Apples to win a varsity letter, and he did it long jumping. However, he had an advantage over his competitors. Whenever he trained, he always carried around the Henry equivalent of a tape measure, and thus was saved the bother of forever hunting for one. Destined for bigger and better things in the fleet, we can only suppose that there are more willing virgins out there than we had previously assumed.

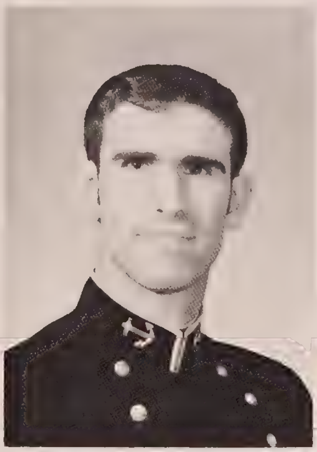
HENRY JONES, JR.

3RD COMPANY

If good things come in small packages, then little Puke is definitely a good thing. Dave burst into the Academy, tripped over plebe summer, rebound upright academic year and has been going strong ever out. Dave went from three-strikes you're-out to three strikes in the tenth frame; from baseball diamond to bowling alley. Opting as varsity lacrosse manager, he learned the finer art of managing jocks by the docks. Dave's first loves are homemade lasagna, Liz, Jeanne, homemade lasagna, mid-rats, 11 o'clock on the stereo volume dial, Catherine, and homemade lasagna. His all time hates are New England broil, the mile run, all-nighters, New England Broil, Monday morning, 6 o'clock on the stereo volume dial, Thursday noons, and New England Broil. Dave's most provocative thought came to him between bedspread and blanket: "One-third of your life is spent asleep," Knabber recalls, "And the other two-thirds you're tired. Dave is a rare breed; one of the few good men who told the Marine Corps no. Surface line is mighty fine, Dave. You're a good man.

DAVID K. KNAB





DANIEL G. KRITIKOS

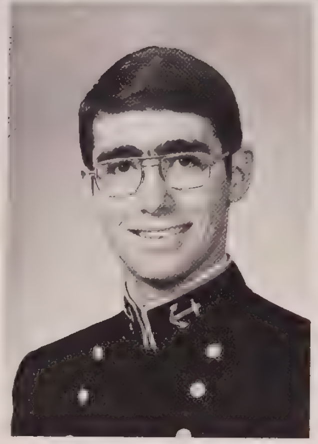
Dan came to the Naval Academy after spending one easy year at the prep school in Newport. It turned out to be his last easy year as academics were of concern. He quickly got involved with clubs and sports while at the Academy. He spent a great deal of time shooting for the rifle team. He also played softball for 3rd company as he showed people what he could do the best. Dan also did a turn around in the area of girls while at USNA. He knew that a person could not always work, so he did his share of dating. He started as a Physics major, setting his sights high, but later had to change to Physical Science, a growing major. His one goal while at USNA was to graduate.

PETER A. LEVOCI

Pete (the infamous smilin Joe) came to Canoe U. in 1974, but got the ax I-Day. Being a crazy Italian from the Bronx, Pete went through I-Day again, except this time with his wrist in one piece. S.J. woke up to Academy life half way through plebe year, when a certain Brigade Adjutant noticed Pete tasting the quality of Maryland beer in Buzzy's. After receiving his black "N", Pete was zapped again when he found out that his girlfriend used to go out with that certain Midshipmen LT. The circus was founded youngster year and S.J. took over as ring leader and master of ceremonies. Life went smooth as silk for Pete and the circus until one night, "heading" back from Hood, Pete got his stars mixed up and went right instead of left. Fifty demerits and four months later, Pete was finally allowed to park his yellow wedge in the yard.

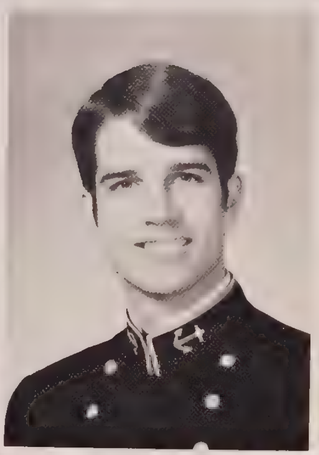
Navy Air stand by, because smilin Joe is coming 20/20 or not!

3RD COMPANY



PETER D. LLOYD

Hailing from the hills of Knoxville, Tennessee, Pete came to Annapolis without any notion why he was here. A hard worker, Pete could usually be found at his desk or in the gym, sweating. Although a high achiever, success never went to Pete's head - he won stars but never wore them. A believer in "work hard - play hard," he joined the 3rd Company circus as a youngster. Some of his more notable performances with the circus include making snow angels in the yard, falling from the duck's window, and ice skating on his back in front of Tecumseh. The next day you would find him on his back, in the rack, with an ice bag on his head. Graduation will find Pete in Tennessee with his little red truck (he thinks its a sports car) and rack. So if you are ever in the Smokies and you see a creature with one eyebrow extending from ear to ear, don't worry, it's not bigfoot - it's Pete.

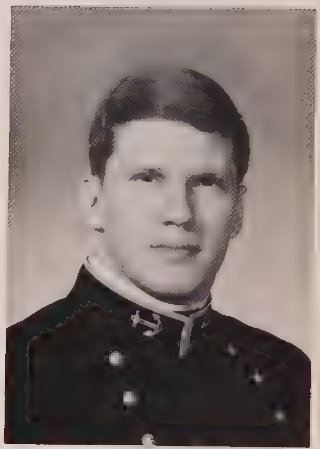


CRAIG L. MAJKOWSKI

Craig Leonard Majkowski, the guy with two homes at opposite ends of the country, is better known to the guys of '79 as "Maj," and has almost successfully completed one of the most incredible tasks of a Canoe U. Undergrad - keeping the same babe for the entire span. Maj will make it until June '79, too, and it is only to the despair of his Third Company compatriots that this will happen. More than one attempts has been made to get him out to Hood or to one of the other local female establishments, but all efforts have failed. His time has not been put to waste, however, as seven days a week at the golf course have kept him out of trouble and into the varsity "N" Club, and with a guy as buoyant as Maj around all the time at the links, things have certainly benefitted over there. Of course, the parade field has never seen his face, but what the hell, a jet jockey ain't gotta march. For all those great nights Maj, thanks. Hang tough, Brother way!!!

JOE, ugly JOE (jay) - (oh, spoken real low, from the bottom of the throat, like when a garbage truck sideswipes the pinkmobile) - (E. spelled backwards, in purple crayola) JOE. From Philadelphia. Spelled with f's. In purple crayola. Three years ago, JOE hadn't even heard of officerlike behavior, manners standards of personal cleanliness, or unadulterated English. Now he's heard of all of these. One thing about JOE unchanged in his sojourn here is his dedication to Philly's athletic teams. This is understandable, for these teams all choke on the big ones, a phrase reminiscent or those used by people associated with JOE. For Kudos, JOE was selected MVP offensive lineman on the incredible Third Company basketball team. But unlike Nick, it didn't go to JOE's head. Our memories of him are unclouded with a monstrous ego, as we picture JOE in our mind's eye, shuffling down the hall, hunched over, swaying slightly, apelike, shoving dirty glasses up his nose, muttering softly, significantly to himself, "Aww, foul!"

JOSEPH R. MILLER



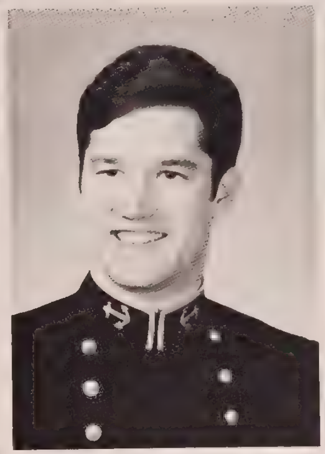
3RD COMPANY

Number 64 on your scorecard, but number 1 in our hearts, what can we say about Nick that NAAA or Nick haven't said already. We all hope that some Christmas Nick will get what he's always wanted: a bigger ego, and a woman to understand him. Best wishes to Nick and Teri.

NICHOLAS F. MYGAS

JAMES W. O'CONNELL

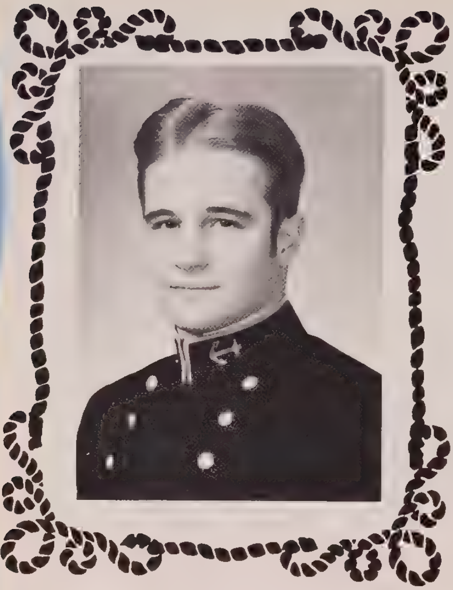
Jim better known to all as "Okes," went crazy after a year of the tough life at UCSB and decided that the blonde-haired, bronze-skinned, blue-eyed babes, surf and sun were just too much of a distraction. Looking for a more disciplined way of life Okes transitted the U.S. to find a permanent and charter membership with The Circus of Company 3 . . . and find it he did!!! So high was his dedication to the bizarre activities of this hand-picked, highly touted collection of flunkies it cost him an "E" and possible Company Commander status. But Eric Clapton was awesome that Friday night. Smilin Joe his infamous roommate is generally considered responsible for leading Jim down the radical path and it all started that fateful night at Hood. After Okes paid for his indiscretions with 5 weeks of his life he decided to bear down and try to raise his standing to double figures in order to have a chance at his lifetime dream a place with the Seals and a permanent duty station in his paradise better known as California.



DENNIS K. OLSEN

Denny came blowing in from Elk Point, South Dakota. They didn't have plebes in Elk Point, just buffalo and carvings of presidents. He was so confused!! Not one to half step, Denny went for broke and chose to major in Management. He is presently known as the only barber operating in the First Wing who gives green stamps. A member of the Third Company circus he boogies at full tilt! And on a Friday afternoon it's into the Grand Prix for a night of swooping. His mother would be so proud! When asked why he chose air, Denny replied "And just how many destroyers do *you* know of with a Frisbee field?" He's got a point you know. And firmly believing that rock and roll will cure the common cold, he parties on! Road trip!!!

3RD COMPANY



MARTIN CHRISTOPHER PRICE, III

Mert - the - magnificent - munchkin . . .?? If the truth were known known, Arnie Schwarzenegger got lifting tips from this hulk. Standing only five foot six you'd swear he was six foot four. Mert was always disappointed at USNA pep rallies since he was sure that he could have won the wet t-shirt contests. Since he spent more time in the weight room than anywhere else, Mert saved his loving for the summers. He inevitably returned every fall more in love than the year before. The happy ending however, was his return to the ranks of Bachelorhood by that October. He was fascinated by younger women and when he didn't return on Saturday nights we were sure he had been picked up for child molesting. Mert's life style in the hall was characteristic of his service selection, USMC. By first class year he had collected an arsenal large enough to outfit a battalion landing team. He figured that if he couldn't dance his way into your heart he would knife his way there. That was more fun for him anyway. And of course we'll always remember Mert's most quotable quote, "Moving weights are happy weights." Omnes Viri.

JOHN V. QUIGLEY

Has John changed in the four years he's been here? You bet he has! Always full of energy John came to Navy a 135 pound whimp - I mean - he was hurtin! Since then he has gone through three sets of uniforms. By pumping iron John built himself into a 185 pound muscular "macho man." Just ask him!

John is the luckiest person alive. He's never lost a shakeoff, always pulled out tests, had fantastic roommates, great schedules, women, a fast car, and good grades. What more could you want? Just ask him!

John wants to be a nuclear powered submariner. Uncle Hymie will be getting the best with John. Just ask him!

John remembers: waxing his car, Rutgers partying, learning to Dance, Disco, Lucy, waxing his car, a white Firebird with a blue stripe, Andrews AFB, PJ, Pumping Iron with Mert, waxing his car, "Watch it, thats 330 dollars you're playing with!" Negatized - again - fighting for every point "A 94 isn't good enough." Bilge-pump, Andy, Bill, Just ask him!

See Gabe. Gabe's father was in the Army. When he came here, Gabe wanted to be in the Army, too. Gabe also almost flunked out of Navy his plebe year. We can conclude from this only one thing: Gabe Retterer was stupid. Now he wants to go in the Marine Corps and drive a pick-up. Gabe Retterer is still stupid. But don't let his appearances fool you, Gabe was the most professional dummy of the son's of the bad apples, and undoubtedly the most popular nonenity in our class. In 4 years he worked his way up from Ac-Board refugee and favorite target of Co. Officers to mild mannered Co. Sub-Commander. Any day you could see him calmly smoking pipes, playing banjos, building trains, getting Joe's spheres, and planning overland trips to Alaska, which probably proves that he really isn't stupid after all. But then again, he did let me write his biography.

DENNIS KEITH RETTERER

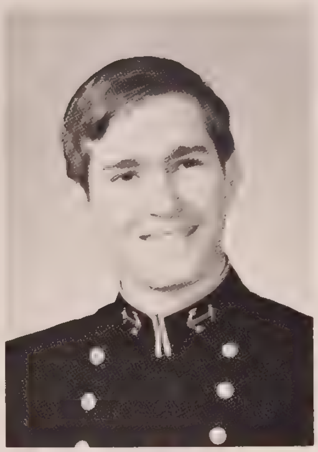
3RD COMPANY

Elvis, a deranged creature from Syosset, New York, named for his unique singing ability started his Academy career with in an informal aptitude board plebe summer. But Elvis wasn't about to let them make small of him so he cleaned up his act and became Company Commander first class year.

Although an exemplary midshipman, Elvis was also a member of the circus. Thus his clean conduct record was a farce. If it wasn't for Ops Info, Elvis would have been black n'ed at the Eric Clapton concert like those other circus clowns. In fact, such a master is he that many of his anti-apprehension techniques have been accepted as circus doctrine.

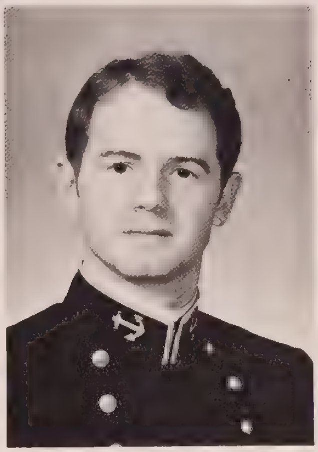
A great fan of Navy vs. Maryland lax, Elvis was quick to find low grade frat parties for which we thank him greatly (right Abe and Gary?)

JOHN K. SELDEN



JEFFERSON W. SHERMAN

You'd never guess looking at Sherms that he spent four years at Navy playing the David to any Goliath that was foolish enough to walk a hallway with him, and proving that the mouth is mightier than the mortar. But Jeff came here with it all in one sock, and due largely to laziness he left it there. How else could he accuse Nick of retardation and recruiting violations, Mert of homosexuality, and Seizert of being short - and live. Folks around here respect Jeff, and why shouldn't they - how many people can verbally castrate you from across the room and foil any rebuttal. Studious, professional, competent, artistic, neat, thrifty, kind, courteous - and he even bowls. As he drives off into the sunset in his '63 Vette, the bad apples can bow their heads and honestly say, "God, Germ was a pain in the fanny sometimes."



CHARLES P. SUMNER

Whether it be playing basketball, pulling an all-nighter, giving locals personal tours of Mother-B's intimate region, or swimming his southern heart out (Dave, you're gone, but not forgotten), Charles Philip Sumner was always one to give his all for Navy. Unquestionably, the most outspoken member of thirsty third, Phil was affectionately known to all as "Adel" or "Un-cut Chuck."

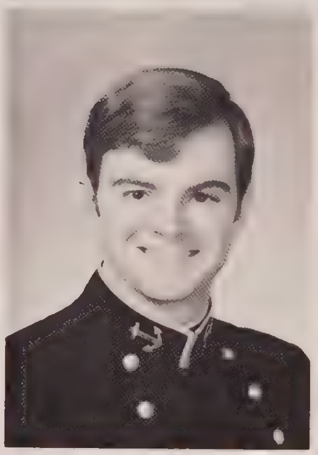
Always ready for a long-shot wager, U-C^2 bet $50 on the 1978 Super Bowl, one year in advance! Luckily for Phil (and the Dallas Cowboys!) the Rams didn't make the post season classic. Phil collected the fifty, which he promptly blew on the NBA finals.

Given all of Adel's enviable traits, and taking John Paul Jones immortal saying "He who will not risk, cannot win!" at face value, Phil Sumner, Georgia's finest, will surely be a winner. Best of luck always Un-cut, you'll surely be a winner! See ya back on the farm in five to six years. Maybe on the farm you can find a no-shave chit that doesn't run out.

3RD COMPANY

SHANE W. TIPPETT

Since we know that none of us could write one of these a tenth as well as Tippy did ours, there isn't much use in even trying. It's hard to be funny about someone as close as Shane, so there's no sense trying that either. And, it's stupid to try to point out faults of a guy who has so few. So let's just say that the Navy, Pat, and the rest of us are awful lucky to have known him.



MICHAEL ALAN VAN HORN

From Plebe Summer on, Mike's popularity was unrivaled. Besides his friendly nature, he also possessed a beautiful sister and the best homemade pies a mother could make. Since he was a little boy, Mike has wanted to be a Navy pilot. Pensacola was the answer to "all" his dreams. He gained some invaluable flight experience, but he also lost the stigma which had haunted him since birth. Everybody know he would though - after all, we didn't call him Van Horny for nothing. Mike was an excellent history student, but his talents extended beyond the liberal arrs into the technical fields as well. He had such a proficiency and liking for wires and Chemistry that he took three semesters of both. After graduation it's back to Pensacola for Mike, where he hopes to be an F-14 pilot and strike up new acquaintances with the young lovelies in "The Barrels."

John, better known as "Von G," came to the Academy well prepared for the life of a midshipman. Being one of the "local" colleges, the Academy was within "commuting" distance of his home in Bowie, Maryland. While his classmates searched for female companionship at Dahlgren, he decided to date a hometown girl (what a doll).

His good natured personality has enabled him to get along with almost anyone, whether it be youngster drinking partners (plebe year), or a roommate who liked to "wild-man" female OOD's on Halloween, and a black roommate that dresses as a Klu-Klux-Klansman for pep rallies.

Never settling for second best, John was determined to be a nuc-power officer. However, after some deep meditation, and a first class cruise aboard a nuclear submarine, he decided that naval aviation could use his services more. So if you see a naval jet fighter heading toward Bowie some future weekend, you can rest assured that the man in the back set has complete control, and that man will be "Von Geck."

JOHN EDWARD VON GOHREN

3RD COMPANY

Chuck came to USNA with visions of submarines and subatomic particles. Clutch cargo forgot these plebe summer while trying to remember the name of his squad leader. Interests Plebe year included missing sub-squads and bending shower curtain rods. Finally Chuck discovered the only place for a officer and gentleman was on the bridge of a fighting Navy ship. Unfortunately the closest thing USNA could offer was a YP. Second class year was a definite high point for Chuckles; when not keeping the wild animal in his room tame he relaxed by asking plebes about submarine hulls. First class cruise he guided the boys and girls through the perils of a YP cruise. It was here that he first started his ladder collection. First class year was climaxed when the officers finally discovered he was the cowardly unprofessional worm he had always claimed to be. He plans to go surface line if he can get a runabout out of Bermuda.

CHARLES W. WEIKEL

ROBERT ALLEN WIESENBERG

Wies: A legend in his own time. Who else goes to church every Sunday and every Sunday leaves with a different chick? As a part time tour guide, Wies has shown more young ladies around the yard than the MHP has regs. Speaking of regs, one must recall Wies' famous quote: "I never read a Reg I couldn't break." Although he never got a Class "A", it wasn't his fault. As a first class, he wasn't impressed with Friday night libs. He had that as a plebe. By getting a haircut every Christmas and Easter, Wies did his part for enforcing MidnRegs. During his summers, Wies utilized the USNA Travel Agency. Where else could he get all expense paid trips to New England, Florida, California and Hawaii? As far as service selection, he always wanted a free cruise around the world. In short, Wies can be remembered by his lifestyle: "What, me worry?" Omnes Viri

WILLIAM GREGORY WILLIAMSON

After spending two weeks in Colorado Springs, Bill "Saw the light" and came to Navy - and he's loved it ever since! Being one of the more squared away plebes, Bill was assigned the responsibility of squaring away his roommate Clutch Cargo. Clutch was probably the first plebe ever to be braced up by his roommate! Bill accepted the challenge of the EE major only to be 'shocked' to find that "Wires" can be "hazardous to your health." Now, as an Oceanographer major, Bill savors long weekends, the "tube," golfing, and a lower blood pressure. Being accustomed to the California sunshine, Bill has been sweating on humid summer days and freezing on cold winter nights for the past four years. His solution: move USNA to San Diego! Fondly known as "Big Boy: and "Peanut- head," Bill is one of those rare few to have "scored" at the famed Disco Dahlgren. Ever since that fateful day in September Bill has spent his weekends in Catonsville. Some of his fonder memories include partying with Andy, John, Ted, and Marko . . . 12 beers and the Rutgers Univ. head . . . Juneau . . . the "A's" . . . the 'Boro . . . Bake's and the EE gand ("that Jeffrey boy") . . . the mile run . . . always maxing situps . . . waiting for a cab, 4 miles from USNA at 6:20 . . . and, of course, Ruth. After graduation Bill plans to fly for the green machine . . . "Don't ever count yourself out of the Marine Corps, there may be room!"

4TH COMPANY

JAMES MITCHELL ACKLEY

Ziggy Rainbow, The Act, Killer of Ducks, . . . yes, Mitch is a man of many identities. But what we all see is a front, because deep down inside he is a humble man. You, the reader, may not believe this after having taken an excursion with him on a skiing (?) trip to Bryce Ski Resort, or a jaunt past Main (0) with cold s--- at 2:00 A.M., or perhaps you wore the star goggles while taking a Galactic Star Cruise. At times Mitch may seem happy-go-lucky or at the most ill mannered, but when May of 1979 rolls around -- watch out Pensacola 'cause Mitch has spent the last 4 years resting his eyes for a chance to pick out the jet and NFO of his choice.

DONALD GARY AKIYAMA

Don came to the boat school from the West coast, trading the surf and sun of Hawaii for the comforts and luxury of a summer in sunny Annapolis. Adjusting quickly to the pace of his new life, Don made friends easily and never failed to tell his version of the story . . . over and over. When not found streaking down the sidelines chasing a soccer ball, one could be sure Lavahead was cruising the open road in his wingless Zero, cutting off smokies and leaving vapor trails in his wake. This left little time for more serious endeavors, however Don managed to hold down a major in NavArc for the better part of four years.

Excursions to Bryce were never passed up, Don having been addicted to skiing the first time he ventured on the battlefield. Speed was the key word, and anybody who got in the way, including old ladies and liftlines, was in for a rude awakening. It is this inherent suicidal quality that will insure his complete success as a naval aviator. P'cola beware!

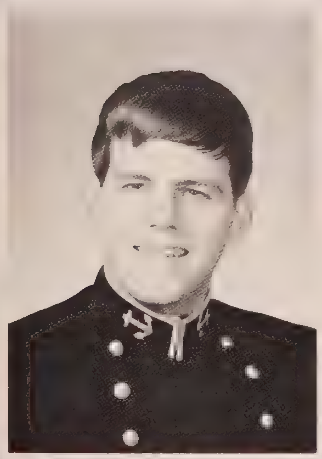
What's from Germantown, New York, has size 14 feet and a bald head, and only wears clothes that have the initials USMC on them? Well, its an animule, better known as Big John Brigante at the Academy the plebe summer of 1975. Switch the bald head for one full of hair, (Did I mean air? No, of course not.), swap the initials for an "owned by Doreen" label, and throw it all head first into a thundering T-bird, and then you'll have the Big John as a firstie, but oh, were there some experiences in between! John has fallen out of airplanes, jumped into cheers, rowed out shells, been dragged to AcBoards, and stepped into a lot of other things unmentioned in 4 years. He's one of the few men around with a Ph.D in shower mung-growing, and has done his best here at trying to pick up $950.00 easy cash as the anchor man. But seriously, the USNA has never had a more staunch supporter, and will surely miss him when he leaves. As for where he's headed, who knows, but I heard there's nice AF5 waiting in Bayonne, N.J. At any rate, the best of luck to him, though I'm sure he doesn't really need it.

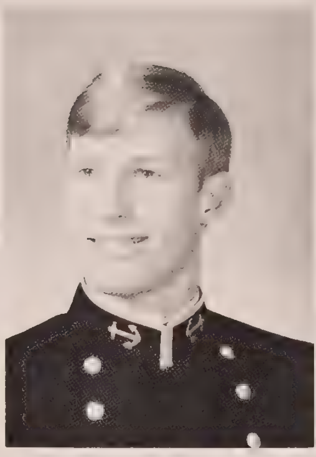
JOHN PHILLIP BRIGANTE

4TH COMPANY

Mikey, known to all as Butts, grinned into Gouge Tech. dragging pillows, a couple blankets, and an extra pillow with all intentions of becoming #1 in RACK TRACK FEVER. After surviving a two year short-circuited diet, Butt's dream as president of WHO'S WHO in ADVANCED ELECTRICITY was curtailed when his favorite diode mysteriously disappeared in a four hour lab party. Butt's then looked to the skies and pursued athletic perfection as a member of the Physical Science Dept. It was just about this time that Princess Pepper of Notre Dame entered his career; "That's not the first time this old cowboy spent the night alone." Rumor has it that the two really struck "GOLD" or at least enough to satisfy the formalities. Butt's wasn't always so professional, he sought three stripes on rye for his HONORable nature, however, Dad "the infamous E.T. Dailey stole the cheese. A man of great patience and tact, Butt's struck back by making the All-American Dant's List. This all-rounded soul seeks to enhance his career as the first NFO of a Nuclear Powered Sub Roll, if the Almighty "Hymie" can relate. He'll always be remembered for excelling in Friday afternoon Co. soccer games. GOOD LUCK Mike and Pepper.

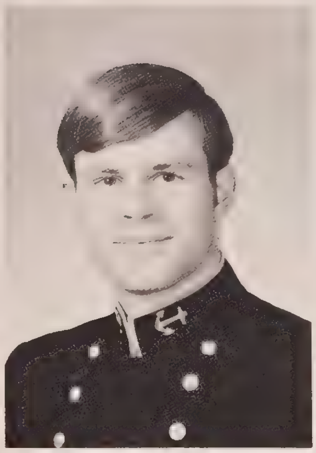
MICHAEL PAUL BUTLER





DALE EDWARD CARSON

Dale 'stroked' through plebe year with relative ease as a part of Navy's crew squad. He also joined a two member ECA Concert Club which met only one week during his plebe year. It wasn't until youngster cruise that he really began to apply himself. A record breaking performance found Dale kicking off youngster year with a bang. After wearing out a two months supply of wisk brooms and impressing an untold number of OOW's, Dale decided that Ocean Engineering was too tough. So, after a quick switch to Aero, our budding tomcat driver began to settle down in a number of ways. Having rediscovered a cute little blonde from pre-plebian days, our dashing blue-eyed wonder acquired a sudden interest in diving. Although Robi held his interests away from USNA, Dale (and Ivan) decided to enhance his QPR by joining Homer Pointer's study skills group. "Kit" can look forward to a wife, two kids, a dog, a monkey, a station wagon, and Navy wings of gold!!



JAMES DANIEL CLOYD

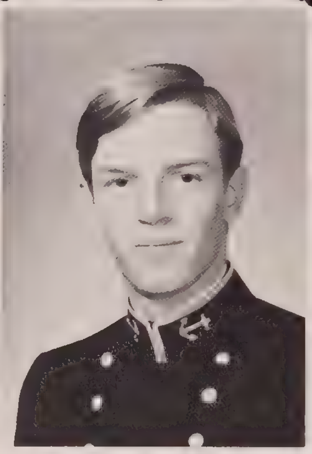
"Quick Dan" arrived I-Day prepared to swim faster, perform better, and consume more than anyone in the Brigade. He transcended his expectations by making the varsity swimming team as a plebe, only missing one rate plebe year, and leaving his plebe summer squad hungry seven nights a week. They are still wondering where those 17 glasses a day of water went.

Dan's other nickname, "Hyper," describes him at everything he does (and he always does it fast). He turned from swimming to running marathons (and other delightful distances), and in some sort of masochistic way, he actually thrives on it. He excels at any athletic activity as long as he is allowed to sweat.

Having picked up an Aero degree, a Trans Am. and a yellow B-robe along the way, Dan rode into first class year at foamin' fours helm; leading his men to an amazing score for the first P-rade.

But Dan is all Navy, and proud of it. You'll never find a better man in the back seat of anyone's tomcat.

4TH COMPANY

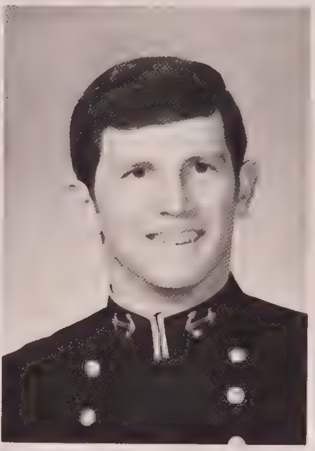


ROBERT NATHAN CLYMAN

Robert Clynan arrived on induction day with a quiet smile and abundance of common sense. Next day, the real "excitable boy" arrived and things haven't been the same since. Right away, Newt made the most important acquaintances of his stay - first, was Dad (our Company Officer) and second was Lavahead, his roommate. Both scourges followed him to graduation. Additionally, Abby and Ack caught Bobby in some strange positons at Bryce . . . on ski weekend with little girls.

Say the word soccer to Bobby and he's climbing the walls with psyc . . . that's what you get for being a starter for varsity soccer. Conversly, if you mention the term Ocean Engineering you might find a book crammed up some unlikely place.

In tribute, we will remember Bob as a "quiet thunderbolt," wise beyond his years, and always ready to help with a problem. He's destined to be a success at any trouble he finds and we wish him clear sailing.

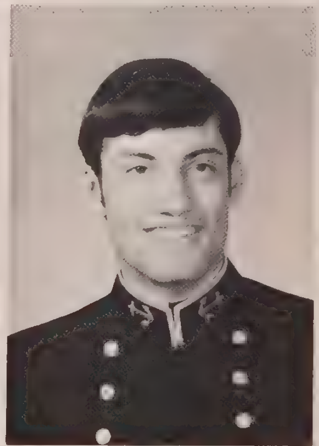


JAMES STEVEN CRAWSHAW

Jim hails from the thriving metropolis of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. After a successful high school career in athletics, Jim opted for the free time on weekends and entered the intramural circuit. Craw picked up a few nicknames during his four years here, such as "Chainsaw," for his vicious exploits on the fieldball (deathball) team, and "Mr. Unaccountable" as Company Adjutant. Off to a slow start in his field of study, Oceanography, he finally turned things around and grades began to rue. Not one to study much, he became a regular fixture in the Wardroom. When weekends rolled around, Jim could be found in his Green-Z flying at low altitudes heading for Baltimore, and the future Mrs. Crawshaw. When not with his fiancee Linda, he could be found partying hardy with the boys doing shots of old No. 7 (J.D.). First class year found Jim to be a closet, or I should say racquetball court marine. There were a few raised eyebrows at his curly locks when that got out. Best of luck to Jim and Linda in their future lives together. Look out Craw, you may be my Bn . . Oh, Yeah!

If Pat wasn't over at the Boat House - rowing - or rigging some bizarre contraption to display his JFK 50-mile run-walk tee shirt you could usually find him in his room trying to absorb his next day's reading assignment through his forehead as he slept on his books. "Wake me up in three minutes and sixteen seconds will you?" Seriously though, Pat is undoubtedly one of the most well liked guys in the company, why else would his classmates jump him and give him a "pinkbelly" every time he walked into the Wardroom? Pat has earned the respect and admiration of everyone in the company because of his selflessness and his desire to help out his classmates. Pat is able to come across this way because Christ has played an important part in his life and has shown his love for us through Pat. The Navy will have lost an outstanding officer when Pat checks in at Quantico after graduation but one's loss is another's gain. Good luck and God speed Pat.

CARL PATRICK DENNIS



4TH COMPANY

Charlie came to us from Tewksbury, Mass. We are still wondering why they did it to us. Charlie is really a pretty good guy considering he is Italian. It all began plebe year. Charlie caught so much s . . t from his roommates and has been catching the same from everyone ever since. I'm really surprised he has hung on this long. Academics aren't one of his strong points, its been an uphill battle since the beginning. If he would study once in awhile he would probably do okay, but we really need the Wardroom treasurer present in the Wardroom at all times, so there Charlie sits every night in front of the tube. Charlie sometimes "spazes out" while participating in athletics, but has developed into a well rounded athlete participating in intramurals. His love is getting hit in the face by speeding pucks while sitting in the goal as a target for the hockey team. Charlie had another love, but she gave the diamond back for a career in the enlisted Navy. UGHHH!! Charlie is going to leave USNA to wear the green, as a lean mean green Marine, Marine Air. Good Luck! Firneno . . . . . . Shut Up!!

CHARLES STEVEN M. FIRNENO

KENT ALAN FRENCH

Who said rocks can't swim?! Well this one can! No doubt the Lord helped Kent out, but then Kent was blessed by the Lord in many ways. Hailing from famous Warsaw, Indiana with dreams of an Avanti (a what?), playing the guitar like Segovia (who?) and rowing for our olympic crew team (crew?), Kent made his debut at USNA in the summer of 75. Much to his disappointment he had to settle for becoming a stud on the Navy crew team, summer CC of Bravo Co, and worst of all . . . winning the friendship and respect of his classmates in 4th Co. Seriously though, Kent didn't come to Mother B just for fun and games. No! At the top of his priority list came academics with TV and rack at the bottom (or was it the other way around?! This paved the way to his 1/c year as what else . . . but Ac Officer well just for the record it must be noted that a straighter mid there's never been, you could even say he was "super straight." The Marines will be proud to get this one. Just as we're all proud and honored to have been his friend these past 4 years. The Lord can truly say: "Well Done thou good and faithful servant." (MATT 25:21)

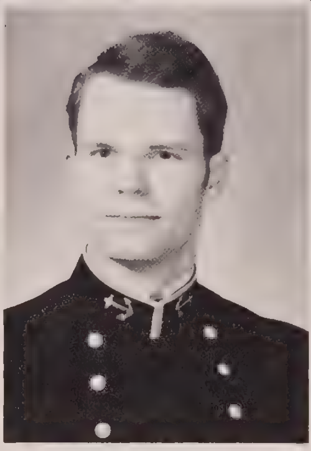
JOSEPH EDMUND HOFFERT

Joe, a native of Staatsburg, N.Y. came to the Academy after a year of college. Joe soon realized that coming to the Academy meant a more drastic change than just altering his major from Biology to Math. He managed to complete his Mathematics curriculum despite the attempts of several instructors to foil his efforts.

Not truly appreciating Bancroft Hall life, it was fortunate that Joe found himself at home in Hubbard Hall. As a plebe he was among the best oarsmen in the Boat House. By the next year he had earned himself stroke seat in the varsity eight and has remained in the first boat ever since. His tremendous dedication has earned him a great deal of respect from both teammates and everyone at the Academy who knew him.

After driving a Corvette for two years, Joe is looking for something a bit slower, like a Marine helicopter. Between his ability to remain undetected after four years and "POW'full inboard hand" on the STKK, he should be a successful pilot.

4TH COMPANY



IVARS VALDIS IKSTRUMS

Ivars left a small, undiscovered as of yet, city called Mercer Island, Washington, in a land where mountains are mountains, forests are green, and the water is blue to give Navy a run for its money. Luckily for C.U., he's only maxing Marine Engineering, spearheading the LB photo staff with his Nikon, managing the track team, and taking on H.R. in January. 1/c cruise on CGN-4.0 convinced him that underwater life is for the fish. Although he'd rather be chasing mountain peaks with his backpack and camera, Ivars puts in his time in the darkroom, under the car hood, and doing his 20 or 30 for the Nukes. He even takes out time to baffle people w/ that strange language (Latvi . . . what?!). An unexpected meeting and quick trip to Brazil convinced him it takes two to tango, and Daina and Ivars are looking forward to the future.

PETER JAMES KOUFOS

Pete, affectionately known to the boys of foamin' four as "Killer" came to us from Munster, Indiana, a thriving metropolis with Chicago as one of its suburbs. From the first day of plebe summer Killer know he had this place whipped until the day he left his contacts in overnight and woke up blind. It took a few days to adjust though, not taking in the sights. (girls, girls and more girls), but Pete fought through it. Plebe year saw Killer as the starting defensive back for the J.V. football team as well as the starting center for B.S. Anderson's firing squad. After his plebian role Killer emerged as a full fledged upperclass full of rowdiness, partying and adventure. Anyway Pete adjusted all right, or should we say, the system adjusted to Pete. Marine Eng was the pick for Pete but it was too easy so "The Kouf" decided that Phy Sci would give him a "Gougeing" experience.

Killer always had a way with words and was best illustrated when he outtalked a district court judge and walked away from $300 in fines. In short Pete touched all our lives, with that flashy Greek smile, hip clothes, and most of all his consideration for others.

"Scoop" hails from the evergreen state of clear blue skies and smooth Olympia brew. One of the few plebes to ever memorize all of "The Laws of the Navy," L.D. cruised through plebe year in every respect. Having picked up an "N" as one of Navy swimmings "D-men," he moved onto youngster year and added a star to his collection. But a rekindled affair with water polo saw Larry hanging up his goggles. Talented in a variety of sports, from basketball to squash, many an hour was spent breaking sweat with the boys.

Beginning with the later stages of youngster year, Larry began an onslaught against his QPR with successive near or above 3.0 semester. But this didn't prevent him from retaining his charter membership in the inverse application study skills group (our motto: QPR is inversely proportional to input). Through thick and thin, he kept us rolling with his collection of patented "scoop jokes," If he ever finds her, Lisa Wells will be getting a standard of excellence.

LARRY DONALD LINN

4TH COMPANY

If I leave here tomorrow
Would you still remember me?
For I must be travelling on, now
'Cause there's too many places I've got to
see
But if I stayed here with you
Things just couldn't be the same.
'Cause I'm as free as a bird, now,
And this bird you cannot change.
Lynyrd Skynyrd

Adios

KEVIN BOURNE MATHISON

PATRICK MICHAEL McLARNEY

Pat blew into the Academy fresh out of Webster, New York, and he's been drifting around here ever since then. After soon acquiring the nickname "Mo" because of his "Elmo" ears, he became a standard in 4th Company for the crazy and insane. His history here at Canoe U. reads like a National Lampoon Special Issue. From plebe summer, when you always knew you were late if you got to formation after he did, to first class year when as CAO he managed to supplement his income by selling weekends, weekend meals, and Air Force B-robes to plebes, Mo has managed to keep the Twilight Zone alive and well at the Ol' USNA. Between flashing us "beavers" midnight rambling, building a bookcase out of diodes for his EE project (a major which will never again be the same), and uttering such quotable quotes as "I didn't really say that, you just thought I did," Mo managed to also do away with about five roommates and still have time to go "fishing" and empty Mr. R.J. on the weekends. Good luck to him always.

JAMES DAVID MILLER

J'B'D'B (pronounced Jay-Ba-Dee-Ba) impressed us all right from the start . . . short, ugly, and red hair. This easily persuaded gent with perfect 20/1x10 eyes was co-founder of the inverse application study skills group, a select group of dedicated young men who proved that the best studying is as little studying as possible. Our little buddy spent an unprecedented 2½ years as a reversed biased diode (Oops, I mean Class Company Commander), developing a style understood by few but endured by many. Having spent 18 years as a social reject, J.D. came blasting into the life of fast women and fast cars with a beer in one hand and a babe in the other. Never one to mess around, he got right to work and made up for lost by . . . well, he did all right. It took 3½ years to finally figure out that no matter how many times he cut his hair, it would still grow back red. 'Gauss' em, Nuke!

4TH COMPANY

WALTER E. OWEN

WEO's the name and 'Green Alerts' is his game. I remember well— we started out plebe year drinking Cola. Now we're on to the hard stuff, Dr. Pepper. Yes, times are changing. Ol' Wally roomed with America's best who included the likes of Fitzsimmons and T. Kowalczyk. He was one of the mainstays of our company soccer team until he found a free ticket to the 'crip' list during 1st semester of first class year due to a bad break (only joking, really). Once I was asked by some unknowing Mid if he was a lady's man — what can I say? Whether it was Cheerleading, Concert Repping, or just hacking around if Wally was there you got the job done and had a damn good time too!

JAMES TERRELL PINKSTON, JR.

Arriving at USNA from the Queen City of Charlotte, North Carolina Jim had high hopes and great expectations until he found himself stuck in a company with a bunch of wild and crazy guys - although mostly crazy. To make matters worse Jim ended up in the squad with the company flower for three sets. Even then, Jim or Mickey as he was affenctionately known, failed to bend under pressure as he survived his first year. From then on Mickey has managed to "square" away all of his plebes employing his own unique leadership techniques. But after two years of flaming plebes, Mickey decided to pursue other joys of life like his stereo, new car and long weekends, not to mention trying his hand, (and almost losing it) at Rugby.

Upon his release form the boat school Mickey plans on signing his career over to Admiral Rickover and the nuclear surface fleet. Jim still has his high hopes and the Navy can expect one of the best. All ahead FLANK!

Jim came to us from the sunny shores of Long Island. He decided on the Academy despite heavy protest from those who know best, as it was thought he would not appreciate life at the Academy. Well, to say the least "they" were right. Jim will be forever remembered for coining the phrase "I hate this place."

Despite his love of Academy life Jim has managed to survive and even excel in the exhausting major of Mechanical Engineering. Even with the effort of "Wild Bill" Lee, "Bad News" Baerd, and a host of other all star professors, Jim has managed to remain a Dean's List student.

Jim's hard work and persistence in the area of academics have earned him, his degree with honors.

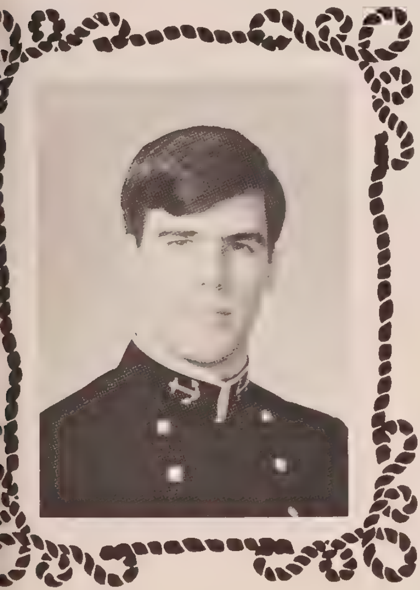
Jim wishes to become an Engineering duty officer when he leaves here and knowing Jim I'm sure he will make it. If I were to sum Jim up in a single phrase it would simply be "A man is a lion to his own cause." (6.02x10^{23}) Right Avogadro?

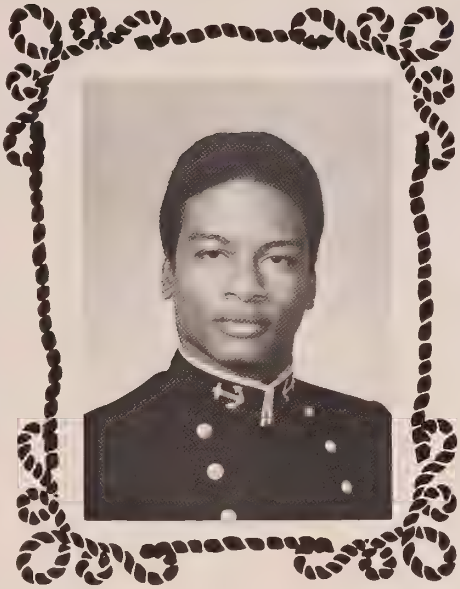
JAMES EUGENE STAUDT

4TH COMPANY

Rich, sometimes known as "Richardo" rolled into USNA from the well known town of Elma, New York. You mean you don't know where Elma is, don't feel left out. Rich struggled though plebe summer leaving one day and staying the next. He would never have made it without his father's strong encouragement. After a long plebe summer, with Wayne Pierzga, Rich rolled into the academics. Having the dream of becoming a Blue Angel, Rich dove into the field of Aerospace. Rich did well the first two years, but downhill since second class year. If you look for Rich, he's either in the Wardroom or rack. He should have punted for the Big Blue, he's had a lot of experience. The once "social negat" is changing now chasing little girls, but far from serious with any. Rich was smart and bought the "red racer" a '5 Chevelle. A real "fine" automobile. Rich did well with "Moe" as a partner on batt tennis, kicked butt in batt soccer, and was a menace for the fast pitch softball team. The Hood tournament is well remembered. Rich is going to roll out of here and into Navy Air, one step closer to the dream "A Blue Angel". Good Luck and remember "Use it by 21 or you lose it."

RICHARD DUANE WILCKENS



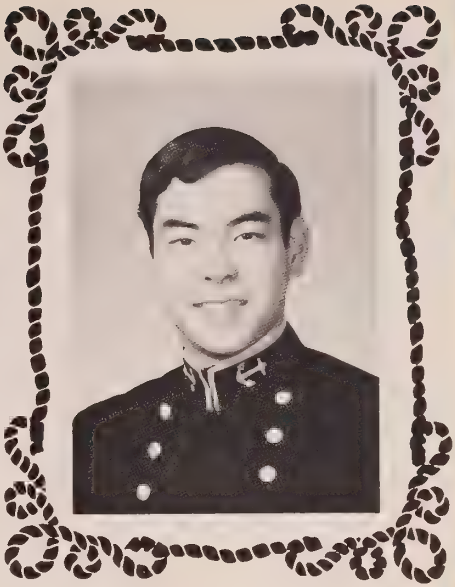


CHARLES C. WOODWARD JR.

"Charles" arrived at U.S.N.A. assured of his importance and blessed by a speech impediment. However, his first cool roommates convinced him that he was way off base. "Professor Ackley" took our young man to heart and transformed him into a worldly derelict in disguise. Those who knew him from afar called him "Charles," the Systems major, . . . others knew him as "Chuck" . . . ladies man, party goer, and general "stud on campus."

It cannot be said that Chuck did not learn anything at this fabulous intitution. Budgeting his time was at the top of his list and he admirably crammed six days of fun into each week . . . the last day was for recuperation and studying.

In tribute, we will all remember Chuck as a hard working guy who was great to be around and have as your BUDDY. He always managed to be "in the thick of things" . . . but regardless of the circumstances, he always came out smiling and ready for more. (And we know why, Buddy).



DAVID GREGG YOSHIHARA

From the first day of plebe summer "Yosh" proved to be an example to his classmates. Noted for having the fastest chow call in town, David excelled in his new environment. An immediate hit with the upper classes for having an uncanny ability to store away sports statistics, he soon earned their respect as well by being the most squared-away plebe in the company. Not only did David find cavor with the upperclass, he was, from the start, respected and admired by his classmates for his maturity and his willingness to accept responsibility. Yosh has been a hard worker from the word "Go" demanding more of himself than of his subordinates. The motivating force that allows David to set such high standards is an abiding trust in Jesus Christ. God has revealed a little bit of his character through Yosh during his stay in Fourth Company and each and everyone in the company has been enriched by his presence. Whichever branch of the Navy Yosh chooses, he is bound to be regarded as one of the finest officers around.

5TH COMPANY

KEITH EDWARD ANDERSON

Keith, alias the "Vark," as one of our more whipped classmates, is a somewhat permanent resident of Berlin, New Jersey. He started his "adventure" in the Navy on the wrong foot displaying bodacious marching ability and had trouble adjusting to the rest of America's finest. Seemed that Keith, Wobble Head, and Gross Bill had different ideas of what an American fighting man should know. But he forgot all that, found the wrong crowd, and wound up in the Freaky Five.

Second class year Keith made a new addition to his family - his Vette. That made Berlin, Sweet Sue, and the Green Top that much closer. Keith and his fabulous family will long be remembered for weekend parties and Army bashes.

During the fall our own P.O.W. was giving his all for Navy 150's. Because he was tough as nails and bigger than anyone else on the field, Keith made all ECAC defensive tackle.

We wish the best for his Navy future but hope he'll get the billet of his dreams - Postal Office Philly Naval Yard.

EDWARD MARTIN BERKO

Some say "Berk" had to borrow the car fare to get to USNA from Lon Gisland, the land of 3-legged deer, but we don't really believe that to be true. (who did you say had my lab?) Ed came prepared for Academy life as a defector of the long gray line, and seemed to know all the angles. He was immaculately dressed his entire four years, and never had a single sea bag discrepency, even if the alpha codes never matched the one on his grade report. A whiz at math, Ed breezed through plebe year, but never really found an application for the subject in his Marine Engineering major. He excelled in his managerial responsibilities as 2/c company commander, a performance that propelled him into an MPO billet as a firstie, while the 79'ers tried to pick cruises that changed hourly. Ed always had the latest gouge. Here we leave a man with many talents and interests. Too bad you won't get a fifth shot at an Air Force B-Robe.

Carey "Butz" red necked his way to USNA from Gautier, Mississippi. He started his days here well when he was almost late to I-Day. Plebe year went well with his Sunday morning toothbrush encounters, and his mastery of Plebe English. "Baby Build" had such a good time at the company picnic, he slept in the trees. 2/c year, Butz became a fan of the arts especially Masqueraders. His appeal to the opposite sex also came out with 6 girls at one time. He was a diehard fan at the Army game, but just couldn't find the Sheraton. Uncle Bill will always be a fond memory. A founding member of the ramblers, his lawn mower (spit) always left extra money for beverages. A terror on the foosball table, he fit in well at the green top. Uncle Alex will be a long remembered drinking partner. A member of the freaky five, who can forget his road trips, busted thumb, separated shoulder or infant physique: "If life gives you lemons, make lemonade."

CAREY RANDALL BUTLER

5TH COMPANY

Nestor pulled up in a limosine from North Chicago, Illinois and can still be seen wearing his Hamilton pinstripe suit. Choosing a Mechanical Engineering major his grades have followed a decaying exponential curve with a time constant of four years. After being deep selected to become the first second class mustering petty officer, he acquired the nickname "MPO-Rino." When asked if he is ready yet, one can always expect the famous reply "I still have time." Although he appears outwardly quiet, you must realize that he is really a kamakazie in disguise. We will always remember him for his horseplay and good nature, no matter how hopeless the situation may seem. A diligent worker, Nestor will be successful in everything he attempts. These years together have been a memorible experience and we all wish you the best of luck in the ones to come.

NESTOR HEMBRADOR CAMERINO

MATT ARTHUR COLEMAN

Fatboy; rolled to Annapolis from Colorado Springs. Beaver, son of Admiral Bulldog, soon made company headlines by impeaching his first roommate. After this momentous act, Matt was placed under probationary instruction of DKJ and Popeye. This "2-timing man" soon got an old vette, and an old girl to ride in it. Bulldog Jr. gets home "often." Mrs. C. says too often; and I say not often enough. At USNA he turns into Mr. Professional. DR M.Q.P.R. is the owner of the world's only pocket M.H.P. and has written more point papers than there are mids at CB on donut day. Plug, hasn't let his position as O.B.C. effect him . . . . much. He has however had problems with laundry returning since moving to 4.1. It seems modest Matt crossed out his alpha code and put 5 stripes on instead. Matts grades have slipped a little with his taking on of Brigade Responsibilities. He once pointed to his toe toward Nuclear Power, it may be the 5 year plan now, but he'd settle for surviving one more semester of abuse from me.

TIMOTHY J. CUMMINS

"T.J." hailed from Detroit and arrived at USNA a little bit anxious but he was soon to leave his impression. Spending plebe summer in the famous squad of Dolph Watts, the "Rooster" stood out not only because of his red mane but also because of his clarinet and now illegal songs. Tim could always be found doing something to attract attention, such as trouser tugging at come-arounds.

Once "Ac" year started he found out the hard way that it was time to work, and work he did. He earned the first of many N-stars Plebe year, in cross country.

Since then it has been all uphill for the rat as academics and running became forte's. Many a study hour has been spent in the library. The sweat on his brow was not only due to running.

Whereever Tim ends up he will always be remembered as a very special member of 5th Company's Class of '79.

5TH COMPANY

DAVID JOHN EMERLING

Dave came from Missouri to play baseball, hoping to become a naval officer on the side. However, he quickly found he would have to be a midshipman first, and a baseball player second. He had a "wonderful" plebe year and was admired by all the firsties, as they helped him learn to march correctly. In fact, one squad leader even invited him to every meal, even though he was as T-tabler. But Dave gave his all and sacrificed what service dedication he had by selling it to his roommate so HE could aspire as a five-striper.

Now as the A.C.E. of 5th Co. Dave began work on his 3.0, and quickly earned the title of "NECK" as he soared to the great depths of Aero. (what is lift anyway?)

Dave was a lost soul, finally deciding to abandon his "NECK" image, he finally came into his own as a Plebe Summer Squad Leader. (57 Form 2's?) Perfecting his skills of 2/c year and creating the NO-FUN-SQUAD.

With this we wish you well in the fleet, or corps, or whatever.

STEVEN GRANT

Not too many men of this breed exist. On July 7th though, one such high falootin rootin, tootin ragtime cowboy from old Wyoming did ride into the Academy. Armed with a quality education given to him by a town named Lander, and the will to "Be Different," Steve attempted to make his mark in the Chem Department. With a stellar academic performance he swept the Chem people off their feet, along with a number of young ladies, assorted company soccer players, and a few light weight football players. Old L.B. was also proficient in fencing, defending himself well against the Virgin Mary one wild and crazy night at the famed Notre Dame. It has been said that Steve was hard to handle at times. Although true, a man named Yukon Jack nearly broke him and a beautiful home grown girl named Sue finally roped him. Steve's phenomenal degree of wit and charm will be remembered by all. We wish him the best of luck in the nuclear Navy and are confident that surface line is receiving the very finest.

Paul slithered into the Naval Academy from Sarasota, Florida and before they realized what had happened, he turned sideways and was gone. Having the distinct honor of being the first man to be nicknamed plebe summer, the sly one will always be remembered for his famous battle cry "Pass the milk pleeasse!!" Choosing a Systems Engineering major, he spent the greater part of four years battling with the academic department. In his spart time he still managed to broadcast on WRNV, woo the women in Dahlgren Hall, read science fiction, and strive for a commanding officer's billet on a YP. In his typical good natured way, he managed to put up with all our pranks. Like the time we glued his slippers to the deck. Paul will continue to an outstanding job in everything and has a bright future ahead of him. After four wonderful years together we all wish you fair winds, and smooth sailing.

PAUL EUGENE GRUBBS

5TH COMPANY

The "Cobra" came slithering into the hallowed halls of the Naval Academy all the way from Stephenson, Michigan. He made an immediate hit with all the 1/c on detail with his frequent fainting spells during come-arounds and his all around mediocre performance. Needless to say he remained the center of attention for one *very long* plebe year.

It wasn't until his upperclass years that the Cobra emerged as the one we all know and "love." His numerous ECA's such as the debate team, American Society of Naval Engineers, and his throne as the midshipman in charge of disco cut deep gaps into his never-too-precious study time. In any event, he managed to weather the storm of the Naval Systems Engineering Department; an accomplishment which defies Darwinian theory of survival of the fittest. Seriously though, Doug had many good qualities that were seldom noticed. For instance; . . . uhh . . . ummm . . . well, never mind.

The men of Fightin' Five wish the Cobra (all 6'4" of him) good luck in the surface Navy. (and we do mean *good luck.)*

DOUGLAS HOUSEMAN

GREGORY THOMAS HUTTO

He had it all, girls, athletics, hair, a golden voice, then Greg was inducted into USNA. (He still thinks he can sing) Actually Greg has taken Navy by storm as his QPR and MQPR can't get much higher. (Although Cap'n Mac gave him a hand with the latter)

Plebe year found Greg, an agnostic, rooming with a Catholic, a Heritic, and a Cajun. And after a year with OTTO MOLERA wars, hot romance, and a "wonderful" youngster cruise, Greg found Christ and solved his major question in life. Being an Air Force brat, he had an intense interest in the military service, too bad it didn't include the U.S. Navy. (So you wanna be a zoomie, huh?)

Greg's favorite pastimes were supporting Navy and battling Zebras. Greg went to almost every Pep Rally (as company commander) and when it came to the rack, he could sleep through any average sized Nuclear Blast.

We wish luck to the man from Dayton, Ohio, or Michigan, or Guam, or whenever, and hope you can find a loud alarm clock for the future.

JOHN PATRICK KAISER

Little John came to USNA from a small suburb of Chicago - Milwaukee Wis. Thinking himself an athlete, he played plebe and JV soccer his first two years here. Or so he say; we all knew he was a manager! J.P. went ahead and played soccer with real men his last two years. He coached the company soccer team to an undefeated regular season as a first class. Johnny was known to be quite a socializer. He had dates every weekend and at one time it was thought he was taking weekend courses at a girl's school in Baltimore. We are sure he didn't *miss* out on anything! All his girlfriends were heart broken to find out that John was tieing the knot with the prettiest girl from Wisconsin. Some still insist the only reason she said yes was because she only wanted to see more of Jay's roommate! In closing, we all hope J.P. the best in surface line. Only problem is he has gotten extremely wide but still pictures himself a weight lifter. Good Sailing Johnny!

5TH COMPANY

JACK W. KASISKI

Jack left the thriving metropolis of Sparta, N.J., to take up the military way of life. Jack, better known as "Slo," seemed headed for six stripes before a fateful hookup with Wing and G.A. Surviving plebe year with the Cobra, Slo's plebe year gravy left plenty of time for H.B.'s during the following years. Youngster year began with the letter from Main O and ended with "Blue Pants." Jammed by Jaws during Actramid, Slo discovered a haven in Severna Park and changed his name to "Campin' Kaz." The fat 2/c paycheck induced Slo to splurge on a loaded Delta, and he even traded in his previous "close-and-play" for a newer model. Slo excelled in company intramurals 2/c year, leading the Regimental Champions basketball team to their only loss in the Brigades. First class year brought increased responsibility as Wardroom president and intramurals coach. In addition, back-to-back fifteen hour semesters left plenty of time for campin' and golfing with Wing and Corkman. Anxiously awaiting his rendezvous with Rhymin' Hymen, Slo's future promises to be a bright one among the bubbleheads.

CHARLES ANDREW KUZMA

Baby "K's" mother sent her young and virgin child to us from Hershey, Pa. to develop his passion for wholesome blondes and keep up the family name in Navy Roundball competition. Saving face only in the latter with a Varsity "N", the "Kooz" posted the longest string of ruined weekends and unused concert tickets in Academy history. An academic wizard by his own admission, his love life suffered still further in pursuit of a double major - Management *and* Technology. Guided by volumes of coach's notes, big brother's gouge, which he seldom ever found in the pile of garbage he called a desk, the bony-body bulk monster pulled himself and most of '79's basketball players through.

Never without an abusive quip of comment about one's physical inabilities, a master of midnight voodoo, and possessor of most of his room-mate's clothes, the Doctor has all the makings of a fine Marine 2nd Lt. But, alas, he's chosen to be an Ensign. And Champ, to the best of our knowledge, is still in Scotland. "Take it and run."

Taking the main road from Newton to USNA, Mike Many arrived in Annapolis as New Jersey's answer to Arnold Schwarzenegger. A striking resemblance to his plebe summer roommate prompted the nickname "G.A." and a lifelong dedication to pumping iron.

Academics were never a problem for Mike, just as Watergate was never a problem for Nixon. Lacrosse was his first love, as he excelled on the JV team plebe year. Mike had trouble accounting his youngster year, but second class year was the year he bought his ugly plastic car with the cracked spoiler and the rear window that blows out when you go over 20 MPH.

Mike's love life centered around two gails, one real, one synthetic, but was given a real boost by Goog and the Ring Dance. However, by first class year, Mike had the system knocked, with a new H.B. every week.

For his service selection, Mike has decided to pose for Marine Corps recruiting posters, as he awaits the advent of flight school. However, Mike will never be a "follow-man" and will always be a winner in the game of life.

MICHAEL WHITNEY MANY

5TH COMPANY

Richard, a tall handsome young man, came to USNA leaving behind his Air Force brat image. Richard, well known as the "Buzzard," or Buzz for short, will be remembered for years to come due to his deeds, and of course his misdeeds. During plebe summer, the Buzzard nearly lost his life rowing crew, while hunting for crabs. During 4/c AcYear, when the messhall cooks decided to flavor the food with odd items, the young Buzzard was unfortunate enough to be chauffered to the hospital in a white limosine. The purge during the spring of 1977 caught Buzz off guard. Buzz was caught with two youngster buddies driving into the yard wearing civilian clothes one Sunday afternoon. As a 2/c, Buzz squared away his act, becoming not only a hall rat but a top notched war gamer, while trying to save money to pay off his car and insurance bills. Buzz proudly announced that he finally made the janitor's list after 2/c year.

The fairy tale ends with a sour note. The Buzzard sold his life away on 8 Oct 1978, giving the ring to his one and only. The boys of 5th Company wish Richard the best of luck, because he is going to need it!

RICHARD KIM PHARES

RICHARD C. REYNOLDS

What do you say about a guy that loved gravy on everything but his QPR? Is it biographically important that he never put a sheet on his bed or that he stored his laundry in a mesh bag? Is it important that he could sing like Cat Stevens and bang a tune into your heart just like the best of them? Is it funny that he drove his own car over his own foot? Is it true that he ran for class President just so he could have his own phone? (Very doubtful) What do you say about a guy with seven ways to make a million? If you could catch up with him when he wasn't sailing, singing, or politicking, you would proclaim as I do here, that he is quite an amazing man. Whatever the results of service selection the branch that gets him will surely be getting a "man for all seasons" who always work hard and will never finish last.

MARK M. SCHREIBER

A unique fixture of fifth company's halls, that's recognizable in even the dimmest light by short cropped hair, jutting chin, Navy issue glasses, and "Dodge City" walk. "Popeye" is 5's answer to Reverend Ike. When not at Nimitz, honor meetings, or soccer field, he's participating in Klan meetings (religious rallies). "Gross Schreiber" is the only engineer in the country who spends more time polishing shoes than on his majors subjects yet he goes from 2.05 to 3.7 on finals each semester. His tastes in music range from Blood, Sweat and Tears to the jamming sounds of . . . FLATT and Scruggs? With a special spot for Linda Ronstadt, the only girl he hasn't given up while pursuing his 4.0, Mark only has one major fault, that he is too helpful to his classmates to the point of taking advantage of himself. He is patient, generous, simple in his tastes, and ambitious, and leaves the impression that he would fit in any Norman Rockwell painting. In short, Schreiber is a classic.

5TH COMPANY

LYLE WALTER SNIDE

Mother Nature took time off from her butter commercials to grace the woodlands of upstate New York with Lyle Snide. Appropriately nicknamed "Bambi" because of his even temperament, Lyle canoed under the Bay Bridge and arrived at USNA in the summer of '75. Bambi kept a low profile until taken in tow by the better half of the "Dirty Half," and things were never to be the same for the Euell Gibbons of Long Lake. Who could forget the scandalous weekend at Gross V.'s, where Bambi, under the dubois influence of Schmidt's, terrorized the party, and no lamp shade was safe.

Snid traded in his canoe for a Baby Bird, which led to countless weekends of "low-riding," until a fateful weekend at Head, when Bam the Ram found a winner among the H.B.'s.

First class year found Bam occupying the dubious position of Batt Supply, probably in the hopes that he could muster enough parts to rescue his 'Bird from the evil clutches of the feline-loving Stephanie. Bam would like to give Nuc power a go, but must supply his ailing CUPR with a few more points, as it has decreased exponentially since his 3.0 plebe year. Whatever the outcome, Bambi will always be number one in our hearts and liked by all.

DAVID SCHUYLER STEHLIN

David "Gumby" Stehlin - probably ran all the way from Cranford, New Jersey (land of Springsteen) to report for I-day just because it was a good workout. His brief stop at NAPS didn't seem to slow him down very much as he quickly racked up 3 of those flashy gold N's for running varsity track. His dedication generally included such insanities as *2* workouts a day (Can you believe before morning quarters?) Visions of Dave's sweaty gym gear lying in the hall will hold a permanent soft spot in the hearts of all 5th co. 79er's.

Plebe year, Dave's biggest problem was convincing the company that he was actually a member. For 3 years, his constant attendance at T-tables and equally constant absence from Worden Field nearly caused him to be categorized as a quasi-mid. His last year, however, Dave finally saw the light and hung up the track shoes for a far nobler cause: stripes, and wasting time during study hour.

In keeping with his very appropriate birth date (10 Nov), Dave will head off for Quantico, Virginia after graduation (Urr-ah). We wish him good luck and much success.

Originally from southern Alabama, Jim proudly retains many of the fine traditional features of the working class from that locale. Hard work is Jim's trademark. Whether in the classroom, on the soccer field, or with his fiancee, Jim gets the job done well. Those years of looking for the right woman to marry finally came to an end when he met Eileen. Oh, but how he loved looking for that special lady! Kim, Beth, Karen, . . . the list sadly grinds to a halt, but that's good news for the rest of us. Being a conscientious and thrifty midshipman, "Stoker" never ignored the chance at his rack, in the past 3 years saving the Academy substantial electrical costs. Gumby's also very generous. Easily handling the academic load of a Systems Engineer, he's only too happy to give "EI" to those of us needing. From an action viewpoint, Jim just seems unstoppable. Knee surgery never stopped him from Disco Dahlgren; Maryland police never stopped him from driving from downtown Baltimore to Annapolis in 18 minutes; King Tut never stopped him from seeing Karen; and the nuns never stopped him from spending the weekends with Eileen. Jim's a damn good friend and the best touch-buddy a roommate could ever hope to have.

JAMES ALFRED STOKES

5TH COMPANY

Jack Stumborg AKA "Wingnut"loped into Crabtown from his nature St. Louis. Wing is fifth company's Renaissance man, as his interests and talents are many and diverse. Foremost, among his talents is his academic prowess, though he sacrificed his almost assured 4.0 for a sparkling career with Navy's cagers, and the Mouse.

Youngster year marked the union of Wing, Slo, and G.A., a marriage made if not in heaven, at least in the fifth company wardroom. Highlights of"wing's" youngster year included the Christmas formal and 3 H.B.'s, Head College and the fly ball that got away, and the relaxing shower following the youngster formal.

Second class year was the year of "Psycho" at the Academy, need I say more? A productive year on the hard wood for the "Mad Bomber" culminated in with the Ring Dance and T^2.

First class year brought about a new concept - that of the coed man. With graduation and surface line just around the can buoy, success in inevitable for the man from Mizzou.

JACK RONALD STUMBORG

PAUL JEROME TETREAULT, JR.

Pleber Paul, the bowling bowl, 5th company supply, he's not a smack, he's just naturally nice to everybody, really. A master at the bass, he said, "86 it," so he could play the blues on his "Les Paul." He always looks like he just got out of bed." A most verbose friend of Omar, his grades were inversely proportional to the time he spent here. The only plebe to master the mixed flow heat exchanger, but a pleber for four years, he didn't discover the Sha until 2/c Navigation. He lived by the philosophy "A man Needs a Mom," and his roommates picked up on it, or after him, anyway. When he could finally go home every weekend, he did (world's longest apron strings). Founder of "Homegrown" and player in "Pegasus," "Variations," and "Redwood," and a one time solo concert for the astro turf and the OD. A marathon show and water skier, he's easily P.W.'d, cruisin' in his "bandwagon" "Chevy," laid back, the freaky five, "set 'im up," Duane Allman lives!

GRANT BLOUNT THORNTON

Coming from a heretical South Florida Methodist background toting his 10 over par golf bag, Grant earned early on the nickname Momma T-Whopper as a tribute to his battle with the Applied struggle and his penchant for keeping his roommates out of trouble. Although he was functionally illiterate, somehow he managed to wrangle the tab of '79 Log (Lucky Bag) Editor and had excellent grades in his major - Marine Engineering, and his minor - Poly Sci. While attending the trade school, T-Whop acquired a taste for voluntary E.D. in the afternoons (Drill Team) while dreaming of Daryl and a poorly designed '78 Celica. Later, he picked up the guitar and dealt country western music a blow from which it will not soon recover, wailing Hank Williams tunes to any who would listen (there were few!)

T-Whop was always a good Christian brother, a steady dependable man whose only flight from reality was his rash decision to live 400 feet down in a ship that sinks on purpose! Who could sanely choose the ocean depths over the glory of the blue sky?

5TH COMPANY

ALEXANDER LEWIS URRUTIA

Raised and Run-out-of Dothan, Alabama, this dixiefied tace arrived at USNA with empty pockets and incredible dreams. After Oscar the $9000 car, trips to Dothan by plane, wining and dining the Notre Dame dorm and most of the Tri-Delts in America, Big Al still has those empty pockets. Some of the dreams are reality like holding on for four years, like being president of something, like getting one Tri-Delt to actually like him and like having a Corvette. But some of them remain - dreams of Nuc Power School, dreams of re-doing the White House like his little Tri-Delt wife likes it, dreams of no honor code at Nuc Power School so he won't have to be everybody's favorite crimebuster and dreams of being a plain counry lawyer which is the one he started with five years ago before Schneider, Naps, Honor Boards and Rickover. And that was a long, long time ago. Here's to your campaign in 1996, Big Al. You did it here; you can do it there.

ROBERT J. VOIGT

Bob drifted to 5th Co. from God's Country, St. Paul, Minn. He really made an effort to conform to the regimen of Canoe U, participating in the Pep Band, Brigade boxing, and his record-breaking inhalation of an entire quarter pounder in one bite! But he finally got his head together and joined the Freaky Five and from there expanded his horizons - performing physicals on ailing classmates, plebe 'vator inspector, and plebe Army victory in N.J. Bob's enthusiasm for making music became evident, his sax wailing in Homegrown and Pegasus, but I never saw a fish out of water play so well. Second class Bob could always be seen strolling to Pop's in his cowboy boots, heading for his mecca, Notre Dame. AND it was no small task for him to eat a brownie while standing on his head to blow smoke rings. Wasn't the view of the Bay simply divine? All seriousness aside, Bob, you can always impress your way to the top by uttering your motto, "It could always be better than it is now."

Let me see. How can one describe the "Doc?" Doctor Zeigler, the man from Charleston, S.C. who knew more symptoms and ailments than any corpsmen plebe year! Doctor Zeigler, the man who prescribed Rum and Cola for every illness. A good man, the Doc! He took pride in his ability to make the ladies smile . . just ask Linda I, Mary, Bobbye, Linda II, Sue, Janet, and his latest conquest, Big Red. The hunt was was more exciting than the catch for Zig (but not necessarily as fruitful). This can be attested to by the long line of broken hearts (and other assorted unmentionables) behind him.

No task was too great for the Zig; if he didn't want to be bothered with it, he would merely abort and go on about his business.

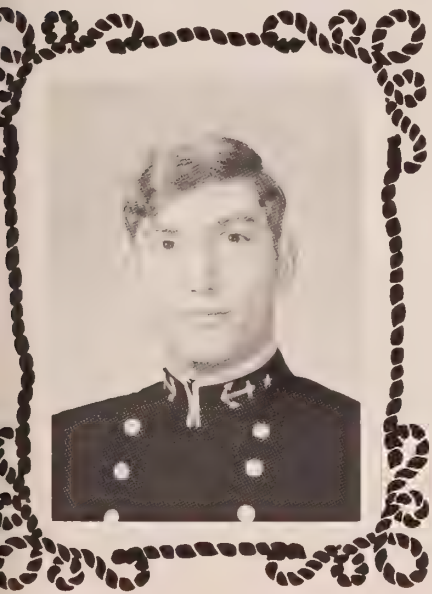
Everyone knew and loved the Zig, even "Connamder Ross" and "Do it again" Higgins. After he sails away on his destroyer, we all pray he never has to jump unless there are ample "spirits" and a "voodoo doctor" on board. "Here's to brother Ziggy!" Long live the HBI!!!

ERIC ZEIGLER

6TH COMPANY

Bill came to "Canoe U." along with the rest of us back in July, 1975 as just another face whose full name and home town had to be memorized. He did not remain just another face for long, however. He soon distinguished himself among us as "the man to go for the gouge." We always knew where to find him, too. Because he managed to get himself a permanent seat in the wardroom by the beginning of second class year. Second class year also brought him the distinction of being one of the few members of the Brigade crazy enough to walk between two rows of spinning bayonets. In spite of these unusual habits, he still became affectionately known as "boss" by his drill team compatriots. A true member of the "Hyman Rickover Club" and of the society for all those people who like watching waves, known as the Ocean Engineers, Bill leaves the Academy with a full head of steam and best wishes from all of us.

WILLIAM HENRY BORGER III



JOHN THOMAS BOTEK

In the beginning God created the Earth and said "It's good!" Then he created "The Bo" and said "It's Huge!" God then preceded to make the Earth a bit larger. Then he created food and women and John said "It's Great." That is how it all started. So at the tender age of 18 young John came to USNA. John had a rather uneventful plebe year. He did the usual things that all mids do, such as getting in a fistfight with a firstie and swimming in the Severn River to escape from the campus police- As plebe year came to a close so did his career as a mid. He took a year off to pursue his academic yearnings at another institution of higher learning. However, the call of "Mother B' was too strong, so he came back. Today his primary interests are academics (of course!), food, his van, hammer throwing and his wife to be. He refused to say which is the most important. (Don't worry Linda!)

PAUL W. BRANUM

Paul came to us from the civilian ranks of Torona, Calif. with illusions (delusions) of gradeur. His first love in Annapolis was to be an EE major but he quickly came to his senses and went all the way with OA. Quite the athlete, Paul had many a run through Notre Dame, Hood's lovely defenses, and even trampled thru Maryland on occasion. While becoming the leading scorer for the *home* team. An official name change made him known to all as "Smokey", an appropriate name for the conquerer of the plebe summer boxing smoker. Never known to be a close associate of a student, he was caught red-handed at the library TWICE. All-in-all, this was a wise young man who had his priorities in order—Navy was a distant 26th behind such things as liberty, liberty, LIBERTY and LIBERTY. His present goal is to achieve the biggest liberty of them all - freedom from the hideous confines of that central Crab-town location.

6TH COMPANY

GREGORY STEVENS CURTIS

Cruisin in from Rockland, Waldo came to Annapolis with high goals for the high seas. However, a "well directed" plebe summer, drastically changed his views. AcYear arrived and he was immediately assigned to the alcohol research team. Not a bar in Annapolis was without his action . 1/c year brought him added responsibility and he was wisely assigned to the permanent four-man roving patrol as an undercover worker. There were even occasions of Waldo appearing at the academic building disguised as a mid trying to uncover the various scandalous activities going on over there. Despite his many collateral duties and his time consuming singles operations as the "undercover kid.," Mr. Mellow successfully completed this frivolous course of destruction in exactly 3.997 space years.

MICHAEL J. DOYLE

Limping Down from the land of ham and tonics, Banana trucks and large Lincolns with very *big* bumpers, Mikey proved to be quite the athlete. South Orange, New Jersey can be very proud of their peg-legged sailor (sailor?) Knowledge is good, claims Mike, but Weems Creek is a blast! Always the studious one, Mike could often be found awake in class, or studying by osmosis. After deciding on a dual-major and a half-hearted effort Mike somehow combined 4 day weekends with the grace of gouge to provide a solid QPR, and still have enough time to turn the boys onto that Jersey charm and some real culture. Baseball was his love but Michele was his life . . . . it just took him 7 years to admit it. Eventually he traded in his spikes for a ring. He never was known for his thriftiness. Always in the thick of things, yet never catching the flak. This artful dodger was respected by his friends and Bill. He is destined to fly, airlines unknown. "Hey Doylie . . . . . . its 2:08!!"

P.E., one of the old boys of the company, came to USNA from Sacramento, California via the fleet and NAPS. Plagued with visions of being an Ocean engineer, Paul quickly saw the light and joined the Ographers, taking up the less rigorous pursuit of hunting fish from a YP. A charter member of the 6th Company parking club, Paul could be found out in his TR-6 on weekends from youngster year on. For some reason he stayed dedicated to baseball for all four years even though he did much of his watching from the third base coaches box. First class summer found Paul deciding to skip the Ring Dance. (Lucky Girl!) in favor TAD in Hawaii with the OORAH boys. The beginning of the last academic year found Paul with a craving for marshmellow creme and Hood College. Once was enough in this case and he never rambled that way again. Paul Evans, USMC; lean, green, and worth at least $10.

PAUL ANTHONY EVANS

6TH COMPANY

ROBERT EARL GAGNE

"Hello Mr. & Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea, Walter Winchell here . . ." Unknown to most of the class of '79 we lived within microns of Superman. Yes, the cry of "Eeegads, it's Eeegags!" could be heard echoing thru the halls of 3-4. Trouble with Bobby though, was that he spent his first two years in his CLARK KENT DISGUISE. 2/c year however brought Gags a new body, a new nose, new eyes, but luckily the same great guy inside.

Proudly proclaiming the Rockies of Colorado as home, ("you call this stuff 'snow'?"), Bobby could always be seen with funny colored suspenders and posters of nuts on skis.

Like so many fools before him, Bob decided on Aero Engineering for a major. It proved no problem for the man of steel as he leaped each semester with a single bound and amazed his friends with his ability to transform C's into A's with a single blow.

Destined to fly, Bob will take back seat to no one when it comes to securing a real friendship. Truly, one of the Buds. Keep in touch Kiddo.

GARY S. FLESHMAN

Upon meeting "flash" for the first time during plebe summer, many fellow plebes said to themselves, "now that there is a smart dude," and his initial impression hasn't changed in four years. Not many things proved to be too difficult for Flash, as his 3.9 QPR in Electrical Engineering bore out. While he put a lot of time into the study of semi-conductors, transistors, and other types of mind-boggling phenomena, he still took time out for some fun and games on the weekends. First class year brought on the added responsibilities of a new BMW, a new girlfriend, and some interesting ways to take some of the boredom out of those dreary weekends spent in the hall. After the Academy, and between a couple of post-graduate schools, Flash plans to dazzle the surface community as an Engineering Duty Officer. Possessing that rare combination of intelligence and a fantastic sense of humor, Flash will be a success wherever he goes.

STEPHEN C. FESSLER

6TH COMPANY

JAMES O. GAY

Gayboy came to us from the fine navy state of Minnesota. He came out here with aspirations of Marine air, Systems Engineering and holding true to Nancy Q. Well, two out of three ain't bad. On weekends he could usually be found out at Hamiltons bar and grill . . . home for wayward mids. Through the years here Jim has managed to keep his hometown sweetie, a commendable feat for any mid. Of course there are some fringe benefits that go along with this. What better way to stay warm on those cold Minnesota nights? Gayboy thrives on gunge, he was a true grunt from day one. He didn't cry when the doctor slapped him, he just slapped back. Jim's favorite ECA's were arranging crab feasts and helping the boys corrupt the future derelicts of the world. TBS could prove to be a change of pace for Gayboy but at least it does get cold down in Quantico every now and then. URAAH! Marine air gets another good man, good luck Jim.

JAMES I. GODLEY

Arriving at USNA from partying Pennsylvania, Gods slid right into his favorite pastime; scoping out beer and women at such exciting places as Dahlgren, Hood, and Notre Dame. He could be heard warming himself up shouting "partyeee." A member of the University of Berkeley NROTC Unit, Jim was game for anything, from worrying how to keep his toga on, to trying a taps squeeze play in an MGB and civies. It's a good thing Christmas came in October, eh Jim? And he still claims he didn't have anything to do with getting arrested for sitting on a porch. But life hasn't been all as good as this. Gods went out one afternoon to challenge the soccer fields and came drifting back totally spaced out. He insists he doesn't remember what happened. Its no wonder they made you take a special EKG.

Despite his opting to be a C.O. of a Y.P. for 1/c summer, Jim envisions flying NFO, if they will allow him to take his soccer ball and beer can along.

KF possessed six "N's" by the end of his youngster year - all of the black version. Unfortunately that most elusive N* evaded him throughout his career.

Youngster year saw him assigned (by special request, of course) to the regulations research team as an official offender. Quickly, studies began on the effects of general UA, skipping class, missing taps, and cutting out of everything. 2/c year saw him promoted to work on high-speed travel in the yard but this research was halted when his test motocycle was stopped by an astutely observant OOD for going Mach 1.1 in the Mid Store lot. Test complete.

Despite his many collateral duties (which kept him busy most of the time) he managed to attend class enough at least to be recognized by the prof as a midshipman. (Of course that was kept in disguise as much as possible) This sincere, career motivated and totally militarily oriented young man should do fine in about 5 more years.

KARL F. HOLLY

6TH COMPANY

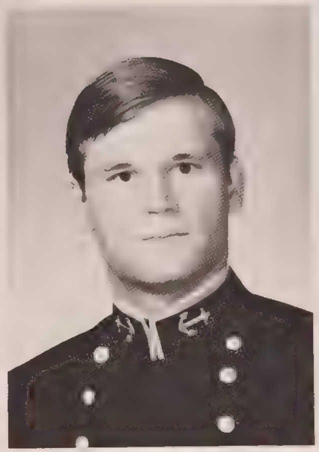
"Hey B.R. . . . How do you stop a speeding Camaro?" Bob - Robert, the keeper of the black hole, the master of compulsive behavior, and the resident expert on declining trends was a jack of all trades: experienced in all things, proficient in a few.

Bob thought it would be downhill after Youngster year, and it was . . . Marine Engineering had taken its toll. After receiving a near lethal dose of thermal neutrons, Bob realized that Navy offered more that Heat Transfer, Reactor Physics, and EM999 . . . It offered GRADUATION. B.R. became the Hall Rat who turned weekend warrior and commenced his campaign of taming the Wild Kat of Upper Marlboro. Being quite active in the ECA bit, Bob found himself President of the HBBC, Vice-President of the Sub-50 Club and even snuck in as Class of '79 Secretary (I want that phone!) Often seen hovering over Rickover shouting "118! 118! 118!" B.R. touched down occasionally to provide leadership and inspriation and a smile to all of us. Good Luck, Bob, in whatever you decide to do.

ROBERT HUDDLESTON

KYLE F. KAKER

Kyle left the "bathroom-throne" capital of the world, Kohler, Wisconsin, for the Naval Academy with the full intent of becoming a rock star. If it was not for this fine institution, he would be "sitting on a park bench eyeing little gals with bad intent." Kyle is a big dude, weighing in from 185 to 240. On any given day his weight may vary up to 10 pounds, depending on whether or not he eats C.B. (continental breakfast) Kyle is most noted for his absurd sense of humor. It is not uncommon to be greeted with a friendly, "may an armadillo nurse its young in your underwear drawer." Kyle is active in many ECA's, exceling in the singles road trip event. As an intregral member of the 6th Company band of merry men, he spends his weekends merry. He will be a welcome addition to the naval service.



RAYMOND MATTHEW KUTCH

"106." After an introduction to the military at NAPS, Ray arrived with high hopes of becoming an academic stud. Ray's goal was to graduate with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. At the end of his 3/c year Ray's QPR took a hit and his new goal was graduation, period! Raymond was never one for the easy life for he then persued a double major, Management and Technology. Having been recruited for wrestling Kutchman did make the team, but after three years he gave it up to become the 6th Company "Ski Team." Many a weekend you could see him with skis on his shoulder heading for the mountains. Ray began his training early for marine recon by scaling "the wall" on Friday nights as an underclass without every getting apprehended by the enemy. Actually his life long ambition is to fly for the Marine Corps. We know the Corps can use "a few good men" like Ray. Best of luck to you!

6TH COMPANY

HARRY DEMUS LARSEN

"Where's my sideboys?!"

After faithfully terrorizing the banks of the Rock River keeping the Dal House out of the red, and being generally obnoxious for 18 years, Skip realized there was more to life than road trips and PBR. So he left Beloit and headed east for Annapolis with his eyes on varsity swimming and his hands on a course of Mich. If only he knew then what he knows now he might have stayed what he was when he wanted to be what he is now. At least he did validate swimming. Academics proved to be no problem for him in fact he found it quite stimulating. Having initially found himself vice president of the smaller when squared QPR Club, he soon overcame his academic troubles and did, in fact become the scholar of the room. Everyone knows that Skip's ambition is to fly including the Maryland State Police who clocked his Mack .127 attempting to break the land speed record. Good luck Skipper and when in doubt TAKE IT TO THE BRIDGE!

JAMES FRANCIS McCORMICK

Jim came to the Academy from the town of Fallbrook, California, and since the first day of plebe summer he has made impressions upon many people, some more favorable than others. Although his Mechanical Engineering major forced him to spend a lot of his leisure time in the Hall, he still had time to choose the women, and the weekends of first class year saw him out on the highways defending his unofficial title of "King of Route 50" in his Trans Am. After leaving the hallowed halls of Bancroft, Jim will try his luck with the Nuclear Navy, but for a guy with his motivation and drive, luck is really nonessential for success. I wish all the best to a good friend and roommate.

Emigrating from Portland, Pearl decided to set sail with the Navy. After being reindoctrinated into the "good life" with the boys, our man on the move decided to incorporate with the plebe research team. (Hospital Point, cemetary, etc.) He ended up researching restriction musters after Air Force, when a BOOW decided that it was not proper for plebes to be, passed out in laundry carts. He doesn't drink any less either. Realizing that restriction was the wrong kind of research, Pearl expanded his horizons in and out of the yard. It's too bad the Navy can't see his full potential, but there isn't a single party division around. With his motivation though, I'm sure he can carry on independent research. With his great abilities, I'm surprised he wasn't asked to star in, "Animal House," since we all know that he's a natural. As mellow and likeable as he is, Pearl's nickname is apropo - he's a real gem - great to have him as a friend and fellow derelict.

GREGORY ALAN MONROE

6TH COMPANY

J.J., our favorite Philadelphian, cruised into Annapolis seeking his fortune in the sea. He quickly realized that success came not from memorizing the laws of the Navy" but from interpreting them correctly. A perceptive individual J.J. surmised that denying plebes the use of alcohol was unethical and (if you looked hard enough) he often could be seen throwing "Brown Baggers" parties in various Crabtown locations. On these occasions the good doctor (also) displayed an unusual capacity to consume gallons of his favorite libation when everyone else was hosing on their Cor-fams. Youngster year nearly terminated his brief naval career when Sweet Sue mistook him for an unescorted civilian and never quite accepted his view that long hair adds sex appeal. J.J. hung in there. Dr. J. projects himself as easy-going but he left most of us wobble-legged, bug-eyed and puffing smoke when he 280-zed out on weekends. Hardly one to let studies interfere with a good time J.J. surmounted the Academy's most formidable obstacle, the wall, on nightly joints to perfumed parlors. Smooth sailing always, J.J.

JOHN J. MULDOON

COLIN EDWARD O'NEILL

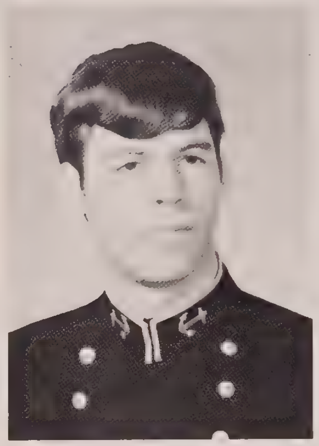
Pittsburgh never regretted losing Colin to the Navy, and after a year's time the fleet didn't regret losing him to Canoe U. At this institute of higher learning he soon established a reputation for being salty, especially in his use of fleet jargon (e.g. !!?*@#). He was also known for his heavy indulgence in beer and he never got along well with the confinement of the Academy as exemplified by two UA's. Because of his excessive Irish temper Colin became a prime recruit for the boxing team. Within two years he made his claim to fame as Ironman O'Neill by clinching the Brigade Boxing Championship in the flyweight class. In addition to his sadistic manner, Colin showed masochistic tendencies by going through the Airborne program twice. Academics were never a problem for him since he was good in bull, which happened to be his major. As the years passed, Colin mellowed and was tamed by a certain lady in town. Chanting his motto "U.S.N. never again!" all the way to service selection, Colin decided that the Marine Corps was the only way to go.

MICHAEL C. RANZ

Mike Ranz, that "crazy-wild-American-guy." Floated into Annapolis from Syracuse, N.Y. (and I'll bet you thought, "it could never happen here," right?) Mike soon demonstrated to all that he had the Eisteinian genius of Wolfman Jack, the unquestioned integrity of Larry Flint, the dynamic appeal of Mr. Greenjeans, and the rigid military bearing of Tim Conway. (He always reminded me of Popeye, personally). Never one to be outdone, Mike got his jollies dreaming about how to blow things up. (Probably inspired by *The Anarchist Cookbook*, soon to be renamed *Michael Ranz's Easy to Follow Plan for Galactic Obliteration).* Go jump out of a plane you knuckle-head. You know we love you, so get out of here.

For all his faults (Oh God - I could write a book!) There is something about this guy that makes you sleep easier knowing he's on your side. His character could never be forgotten by anyone whose had the pleasure to cross his path. Good luck, Mike.

6TH COMPANY

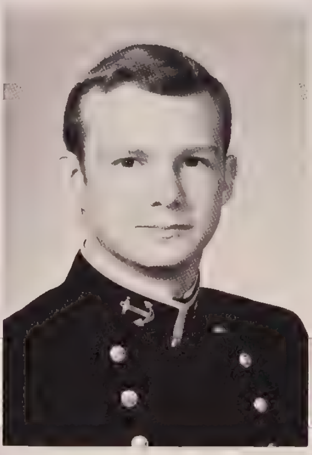


BRADLEY BRUCE ROHRS

It was a hot July day when Brad came strolling into Berkeley on-the Severn to try his hand at Navy, leaving behind his California beaches with many a backward glance. Although it's always been "summer on the inside," the books quickly became a top priority and it was youngster year before he suffered again. Kathleen arrived on the scene shortly thereafter, and the Sunday night Hillsmere Special has been full operation ever since.

2/c summer brought one long last look homeward, but the little woman and the even smaller bank account kept him East, where he gave "the teams" one more shot. When his potential went unrecognized, he he switched gears and became a Dahlgren dance floor standout, and hasn't stopped steppin' since. Getting himself and the boys through wires helped keep him on his toes.

It looks like Brad will be flying the Fiat down to Pensacola come the summer of '79, if the Nukes don't nail him first. The only question is - will "Colour My World" be along for the ride?

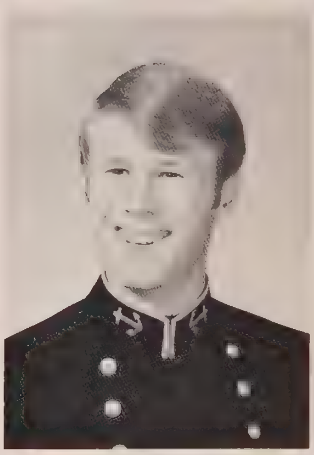


JOHN HERMAN SPILLER III

Jack came to the Academy with a determination to outdo every mid that ever lived in the hall. "Capt Jack," whose family military history was unending, wanted 6 stripes and to be a star man. He got his 6 stripes even though they were split, 3 on each sleeve, and as for his stars he never got settled on a single major long enough to qualify. Jack was always set on nuclear power and submarines, even before he got to the Academy, and if Adm. Rickover will have him, Jack will give it his best.

It was fate that saved Tootee from professionalism. Although it was not readily apparent. T proved to be one of these closet derelicts. Admittedly it took a lot of coaching from some real professionals and a two year visit with the doc, but T responded to treatment beautifully. Putting professionalsim aside, T turned to such hobbies as bulking up. Before he knew it he had acne that would make the Hulk green with envy, a chest that would make twiggy proud, and a neck that encouraged a special edition Eberhard-Faber. Toots never had a problem with academics until his Trident Scholar project was rejected. He had been working on the aging process of a banana for six months, until he found it in his closet. Upon graduation T will probably go for a job as a pilot's aide. Take it easy T, good luck, and we'll see you in Pensacola . . . meanwhile experiment don't take any rotten bananas!

DOUGLAS MICHAEL TAGGART



6TH COMPANY

Since he was a Navy junior, Mike decided he didn't have to show up for the first two weeks of plebe summer, and he didn't. That didn't seem to slow him down. However, choosing a major in Aero and a minor in letter writing, he quickly and quietly went about his work, and by the end of youngster year all of the "airheads" knew where to get the gouge. Second class summer came and went, and Mike knew he had to keep his head in the clouds, so it was NFO for him. Despite the tortured cries and midnight oil observed each night during second class year, he emerged unscathed and looked forward to the home stretch. With the end in sight his thoughts turned toward Jacksonville, Fla and the lady in his life. It's been a long four years and we can only wich him the best of luck in the coming years.

MICHAEL LARRY WILLIAMSON

DAVID WAI YIP

"106" Dave came to USNA from Hong Kong via Providence, R.I. Right from the start we knew he was a Space man which is literally what he has always wanted to be. Dave's motto was 3.0 and go and it was true that he studied a lot. He had to because he carried a double major, Aerospace Engineering and Rack. He got straight A's in the latter and did almost as well in the former. Not only was he in perfect form in his second home, the rack, but he even fell asleep once standing up. Everyone thought that his eyes were always half closed from sleeping, but then he told us that it was because he's Chinese. In all fairness, Dave did other things too like jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. He was also crazy about stereos and took an interest in fast cars upon both of which he spent all his money. Dave plans to go Navy NFO and we wish him the best of luck.

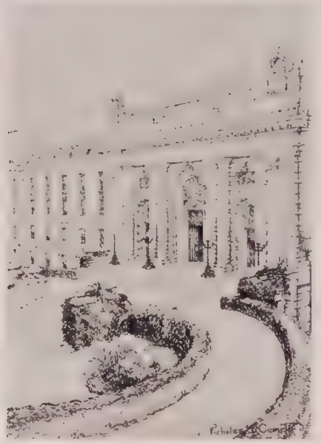
JAMES ZIOLKOWSKI

Jim has never been the butt of any Polish jokes. He came "skiing" in from Greenhills, Ohio back in summer of '75 because he heard they gave out free food here. (That's the answer "Z" gave his Congressman, too, when asked why he wanted an appointment) An "appointment?!" No, Z, you're not ill and you don't have to see the Doctor - that's the "New Navy's" term replacing "impressment." (Just a little jokeski - you can handle it).

Never one to let the pressure here get to him, Z has been known to escape it all in a "rack-out" that would make a bear blush. "Oh, Z, did an M-60 just drive over your back or have you been blinking-off again?" was a typical question posed prior to a good evening meal pig-out.

Considering the fact that these "eulogies" are really written for (legitimate) posterity, something positive should be said. What a job!) By the time "they" read this, however, you'll have proven what you're made of. Grit your teeth Z, and conquer the world.

7TH COMPANY



BANCROFT HALL

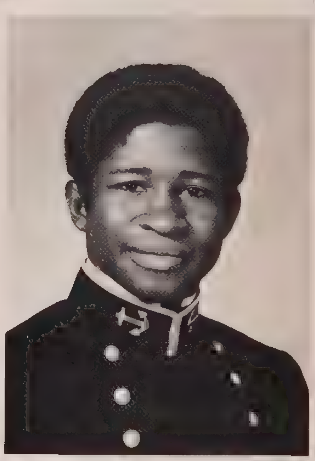
It would take volumes to put into words how much Paul has done here at the Academy. If he's not taking pictures, twirling a rifle, his studying to raise his cum to 2.0, that little number has eluded him a number of times. Never one to be depressed he always has a smile for you. Even going into finals facing the end of his naval career he just smiled and pulled it out with that impossible feat on last year's wires exam. Paul has the honor of being the last member of our class to take a weekend, smiling.

Never one to stay behind when the boy's go out, many evenings will go down in history with Paul L. Darring the center of attention. Always jovial no one can say anything derrogatory about our little adjutant. We all wish Paul the best of luck in whatever he does, if it means driving ships or pursuing his women. Paul went through more than any of us to graduate, even a year with Ned.

PAUL LAWRENCE DARRING

BARRY J. BROCATO

"Bar" was coaxed away from his hometown of Coronado, California by a persuasive recruiter who promised a duty station with a "similar" climate. Newport, Rhode Island in December wasn't exactly what he had in mind, but he subsequently completed NAPS and arrived at Annapolis ready to give the uncollege a try. We all knew that Barry did not have much of a future in the Marine Corps after he singlehandedly surrendered 10 of his classmates and 2 upperclass to the OOD during a plebe year recon raid. Anxious to commit academic suicide, he signed on as an Aeorspace major. Even though he was never one to allow studying to interfere with his education, Barry surprised himself by being academically intact 4 years later. After slipping the flight surgeon a five, he made past his eye exam and intends to head south to P-cola following graduation. While he slips the surly bonds of earth, he says he'll do his best to dispute the popular belief that what goes up must come down. With his enthusiasm and confidence, Barry is certain to succeed in the years ahead, or at least to have a great time trying.



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Gerry followed his nose from Sandwich, Mass. to USNA full of hope and ambition. He also thought he would try to get an education on the side. After his first swimming lesson he became known as "The Fish," a name that became famous brigade-wide. Always ready for a party, Fish never let the place keep him from having a good time, and when the going got tough he always had the solution - a cold beer and a shot of Turkey!!! Sometimes though, the going would get too tough and he would have to sleep in the shower after too many solutions. These minor setbacks never stopped him for long. Fish became a jack-of-all-trades holding such titles as bartender, lead janitor, underground maintenance man, MacDonough Hall nightwatchman, and class undertaker. One of the most easy going personalities in Bancroft history, he was considered a good friend by all he met. As a group, no one will forget the antics of the one-and-only "Fish" and as my closest friend, I wish him all the luck in the world.

GERALD F. DECONTO

CHRISTOPHER JOHN DOWD

. . . beer connoisseur, financial wizard, master of whimsicality, and lover extraordinaire. It can never be said that Chris didn't bring a touch of variety to our otherwise routine four years here at Canoe U. Eager to make a name for himself, Chris chose to challenge the Academic Dept. as a cables major while crossing the bridge, getting slightly wet now & then, Chris instinctinvely felt compelled to "A-cut" to the rack whenever possible . . . & then some. His unceasing quest for Z's is only surpassed by his habitual thirst for the finer things in life. Rumored to be a stockholder in Anheiser-Busch, Chris perpetually did his utmost to insure rising sales. As for his athletic ability, you might say Chris' 168-lb mass of rippling, pantherlike muscles had about the same finesse as two duckbill platypus Siamese twins, which might explain why he served an accompanying tour as Brigade Intramural Rep. As for Chris' love-life, . . . well, that's anybody's guess, including the dozen or so girls whom at one time thought they had tamed the "Tiger." Chris is apparently headed for Nuke U. and the challenges of the Rickover Rake. Best of luck "Klinger . . ."

JAMES H. FRASER

A lover of hot cars and sporty women, or was it sporty cars, Jim took Canoe U in stride. Accused of having a perspiration complex his first year, "Jimbo" decided that M.E. rather than English was the major for him, although the rocket tried to change his mind. Following the two loves of his life, Jim was always an active participant in musical and theatrical productions. Although limited in his free time, Jim was never too busy to lend a helping hand to a friend in need. Aimed for Pensacola after graduation, we're better men for having cast shadows in the same room.

7TH COMPANY

JEFFREY S. GALWAY

Jeff originates from Sacramento though he made a short stop at NAPS before coming to the Academy. As a result of his earlier indoctrination he breezed through plebe summer without much difficulty. Plebe year he impressed us with his practical knowledge of EE and was the mastermnd behind "the inner workings and hidden mechanisms" of our prize-winning Army project. Being a glutten for punishment, Jeff decided to be an EE major, though this has not stopped him from having a good time. After long weekends on 3/c cruise he began youngster year by winning a Black "N" and for the rest of the year Jeff had to keep a low-profile to avoid the wrath of "Jaws." He had aspirations for redeeming himself 2/c year but alas there was more conduct probation plus some tough academics (which nearly annihilated the EE majors of '79). Undaunted Jeff entertained midnight visitors, enjoyed Dahlgren Hall, and managed to stay one step ahead of the Ac-Board. Never one for dull summers he spent several weeks cleaning pistols, chasing women, and dodging stray bullets. First class summer was a little too exciting and Jeff hoped to have a quieter last year at USNA . . . Several weeks later, some fancy low-level aerobatics earned him his membership in UAW local #7 (The United Auto-Wreckers). Jeff aspires to be a Navy pilot and we wish him the best of luck in all his endeavors.

THOMAS D. GEHRKI

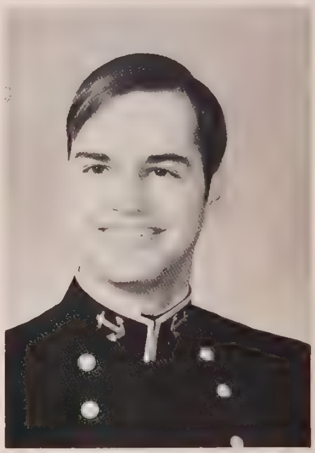
Five long years ago, Tom left the cozy confines of Little Rock, Arkansas, to make the Navy his home. Coming to USNA from NAPS, he found that one must study to succeed. Study he did, and thus academic problems were never his concern. He survived the rigors of Mechanical Engineering with few problems. Second class year came and Tom decided that he needed a change of environment. Spending a semester as an exchange student at West Point, Tom became very popular with the Kaydets, especially after he paid off all the bets he lost on the Army-Navy game that year. He will long be remembered for his love of tobacco, his toy tank, and that crazy red hat he wore. Tom waswell liked by everyone and was a true friend you knew you could count on. Tom was bitten by the nuclear power push, and will spend his Navy career somewhere beneath the ocean. We are sure he will find nuclear power school as easy as he did Mechanical Engineering. Fair winds and following seas to a great guy.

As the resident musician, "Sweet Armando" (a.k.a. Gonzo), first impressed us by the total casualness with which he would handle any situation. It wasn't until youngster year though that this seemingly unflinching attitude was discovered to be usually justa general lack of interest on his part.

One of the original members of such well known organizations as the Saturday Night Ice Follies, Armando distinguished himself quickly on the field of party. Whether it was at Burger King or at Bob Ward's, he always seemed to find a way to make the same old drink taste so much better. This comes from his intense hours of practice in his second home, the Chemistry labs, where he could be found discovering a cure for a stubborn disease or a laxative for a stubborn adversary.

He will always be remembered for his soft guitar, his quick wit, and his search for Linda Rhonstadt's double. Although the future is uncertain, we hope he will always remain a close friend as he has been these years.

ARMANDO GONZALEZ



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In July 1975, renown soccer star "Pele" Gonzales, of Lima, Peru, arrived at USNA as a representative of the Peruvian Diplomatic Corps. He fell quickly into plebe routine, not uttering an understandable word of English until the summer's end. A cool dude, Jose always enjoyed an occasional after dinner cigarette; or spending a weekend boogying at Plums, or making friends with Jack Daniel, or Johnny Walker. He also greatly enjoys "those little rolls" from his "stepmom" in San Diego. In his more serious form, Jose was one of the M.E. dept. favorites, having actually passed S&M with Baird. Despite their best efforts, Jose managed to be a NARC, "the best major offered here." Jose's academic claim to fame is waking up suddenly from a nap during lab and proclaiming loudly "let's go to CB." In his spare time he is the chief "soccer dude" of a championship team. He also risks life and limb jumping out of planes, but has seen the light, and will make a fine officer for Peru's surface line.

JOSE N. GONZALES

STARR WYATT HORTON

Wyatt Horton. "Horts." Breezed through plebe summer and came head on with academic year. Academics never bothered Wyatt much though. Gradually other activities became more important including varsity golf, his love affair with a blue Camaro and membership in the Officer's Club. Of course, Wyatt's prowess with women provided additional distraction. Furthermore he was always well known for his considerable ability with B.S.

On the more serious side, Wyatt's driving ambition was to go to law school after his five year career in the Navy. Only time will tell. However with this in sight, he maintained a balance between the few things that count at the Academy and having a good time. He always tended to let the things he set his mind on and I am sure we will continue to.

Life would have been pretty dull without the activities he organized. Whereever he goes he will always be the life of the party.

GEORGE F. KIEFER, JR.

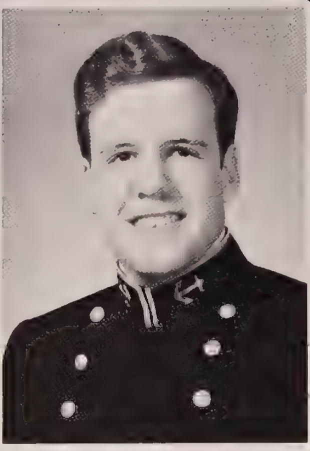
"Kief," "Reefer," "Mild Mannored" - whatever you called George, friend could always be one of them. George was loved and respected by all - from the first day he stepped foot here at USNA from NAPS - until graduation.

You would NEVER see old "Mild Mannored" ----faced on Sat. nights youngster yr. And those were rain dances on top of the tables over at Dahlgren Hall. His roommate never figured out how the control handles of the "diggers and fillers" backhoe got in their room. Couldn't have been George! He was always willing to help too! Like the time he helped his pal get so drunk that he didn't make the concert that night! He would also help you with your studies - he always had the "gouge" - someone else!!! Of course being an O.A. major he had to study a lot. Always did have trouble tearing him away from those books?!

These are the "good"?? things to say - if you only knew him like the boys of 7th did.

Really George, give em hell in the P-3 fleet, and have many safe landings.

7TH COMPANY



RAYMOND C. LEE

Rusty came to Annapolis from San Diego, California. Since the beginning we all knew the only way to go for him: surface line: his pipe-smoking and tea-drinking habits said it all. Rusty entered the YP Squadron during plebe year and worked harder than anybody else for four long years, to finally achieve command of his beloved YP Pennant 2.

During weekends, if he wasn't on a YP trip you could find him either camping or taking a quick Amtrak trip to Montreal, Canada; and oh boy, did he love trains!!!; instead of his girlfriends's picture on the desk, a steam locomotive's was shown in a preferential spot.

A Marine Engineer by heart, though made illegal by the hard-hearted dudes from the M.E. Dept., he survived courses like SIM and Thermo, both taught by "mean" Baird. This says it all about his scholastic abilities, which also allowed him to take courses like Oceanography and Environmental Pollution during 1/c year. Rusty will make an excellent officer and every good seadog will remember him, even Royce.

ROBERT M. LESZCZYNSKI

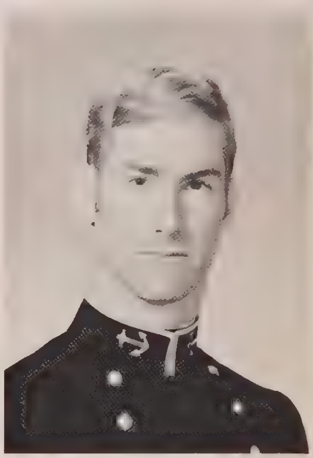
Bob Leszczynski, the White Works kid, came to the Academy to play football. It was not long though, till his dear friend and company officer quickly pointed out the real reasons he had come. Ever since then there has been no holding back Bob. Bob quickly became known for his prowess on the gridiron and the parties afterward. Bob never known to sip a beer or put studying before any extracurricular activities was soon known throughout the Brigade as a man you can count on whenever the parties were wild.

His choirboy face was always smiling and his sheepish grin never let on what evil schemes lurked in his mind. After all, Bob was one of the first second class who consistently got long weekends, thank you Scotty. He was also the first to miss more classes than he attended in everyones favorite, EE.

Whoever came in contact with Bob, was immediately impressed by something about him, like his dancing on table tops or his slick moves on and off the football field or just his easygoing manner. Well one thing is for sure, no one who knew Bob will forget the Red Head with his smile from ear to ear and his cackling laugh. Give 'em hell Bobby L.

This is the story of a young graduate of the Marine Military Academy who came to Annapolis from the long lost state of Arkansas. He was tough and aggressive from the start with the basketball courts and fieldball fields being his main claim to fame. Basketball must have reminded him of the future battlefields in the Marine Corps as his brigade-renowned style earned him the nickname "Ax." In the future, Pete will always be wary of adventurous blonde girls in silver vans. One night at the beach-side playground and twenty ingored invitations later, he figured that he'd seen the last of her - wait till she reads this. Then there was the road trip to Hood College when the "Ramblin Redneck" encountered an interesting voice on the C.B. radio. Unfortunately, every CB owner and his brother were on the air after she whispered her handle - "creamy thighs." Oh, and we can't forget Thrift Inn - enough said. Despite his occasional wild streaks, Pete was always a good friend and, if the Marine Corps doesn't corrupt him, will always remain one - unless you support women at the academies. Good luck in artillery, Pete.

PETER F. LONG



7TH COMPANY

The pretzel man is alive and well. For the past four years his spirit has been living in the body of Wilbur Macht. During the seemingly long days of the academic week, he could be found doing one of two things; planning a trip home for the weekend or streaching out in his rack. The weekend trips were important not only to Wilbur but also to his buddies. He always had a good at home and upon returning to his beloved USNA he always brought a few goodies. The Beatles and Frank Zappa for himself and a week's supply of pretzels for his munching buddies. He may not have planned it that way but that's how its been. The pretzel man found many things to occupy those weekends spent at USNA. First there was Disco Dahlgren and wild nights with wild women. Next there were the area colleges for more parties and women. Finally there was a car, a white Corvette, for weekend riding. Wilbur leaves these hallowed halls and is lost with the thousands that have gone before, but there will always remain the "Ode de Wilbur."

WILLIAM A. MACHT

PATRICK McGRATH

Take the quick wisdom of an only the slyness of a fox, and the humor of Don Rickles, bake under the New York City moon for 21 years and you got a Mugsy. Give him a girl with an accent, and an overbite and you have a happy Mugsy. The only person in the world capable of carrying out an argument underwater, Mugsy is well known, and will be remembered. For his quick thinking. An avid member of the wild Bavarian Dance Kings, Mugsy is always a hit with the girls, as long as he's had 2 six-packs and a bottle of Jack Daniels to break the ice. Majoring in History, so that he doesn't make the same mistakes as Napoleon, Alexander and Hitler when his turn comes up, Mugsy plans to go surface line. Knowing you, we'll see you in SFPD in '84.

EDWARD J. MITENIUS

Ned flew in plebe year from Tavares, Florida with the change in climate his biggest challenge. He could usually be found in a sleeping bag under two blankets wearing sweats. Despite the climate, Ned worked his way up to Regimental Commander by majoring in "Rack," photography, and "The Lucky Bag," while minoring in Chemistry and maintaining a 3.8 and his "in bed by ten" motto.

When Ned's rack wasn't in use, especially on weekends, he could be found sailing, developing pictures or writing his O. A. O. in Florida. Ned had plenty of free weekends after Thanksgiving youngster year, when he cooked his goose over a hot turkey by proposing marriage. A June wedding and Ned will be ready for his Navy career. Although he hasn't chosen a particular warfare specialty, Ned will excel wherever he goes.

7TH COMPANY

R. SCOTT MORRISON

With a strong desire to make the world safe for democracy, Scott, alias "Bob," left his home in Canton, Ohio for the "rigorous life" of Annapolis. With his infinite wisdom and hunger for knowledge, Scott decided to challenge himself with a double major. Not wishing to overachieve at academics however, he spent a good part of his time with the Glee Club and crew team. Scott always had the talent (or curse) to get to know more girls than he knew what to do with; a situation that caused him problems more than once. On that rare occasion when the desire to evade all companionship was particularly strong, he often chose to hurl himself out of helicopters or drink away the hours at John's Bar and Grill overlooking the beautiful upper Severn. Following graduation, we will find Scott terrorizing the citizens of Pensacola or paddling small rubber boats around in Coronado. Whatever his choice though, Scott's resourcefulness and good nature will certainly win him success at whatever he does.

TIMOTHY OLIVIER

Everybody's friend Tim, I'm sure anyone that has known Tim throughout these four years knows what a fun-loving guy he is. A stalwart on the rugby team, his finest achievements have been made not on the field, although he's one hell of a rugger, but at the post-game parties. This is where he really excels, throws one-liners at any babe within earshot and is a leader of those "heartwarming" rugby songs. Unlike many of his contemporaries on the field Tim is also a standout in the classroom. I'm not that sure about the "stand" part, but he sure is "out" a lot!

Tim's fine effort during his first 3 years earned him the position of platoon leader. This was bestowed upon him by his ex-company officer who had noticed his marching prowess, during those stimulating p-rades his first 3 years. Now with this position and the honor of being placed on the Commandant's List, hard to believe but true, he is quickly becoming a regular face in the local bars during weeknights!

Dave Palmer, known as "Dappy" by his friends, will not soon be forgotten. Although quiet, Dave made his presence felt in many ways. From the day he left Simsbury, Connecticut and his high School sweetheart, he knew that he had found a home in 7th Co. Plebe summer presented no roadblocks for this seadog. It appeared that platoon drill was among his favorite activities, due to the fact that he had to give several sdo performances for the first class. Dave will also be remembered as a member of the "Saturday morning Hockey Gang." A newcomer to the sport, he could never decide whether the game was played on skates or flat on your back.

He will long be remembered for his soccer expertise, his love of fancy cars and his strange yearning to be an Aerospace Engineer. Dave was not known well by some in the company, but to his good friends he was a person who would always give help and support and be there when you needed him. We wish him the best of luck finding a P-3 he can call his own following graduation. We would like to leave Dave with one final thought: we all hope that someday his voice will change and stop squeaking. To Dave we wish the best of luck forever.

DAVID A. PALMER

7TH COMPANY

Greg, also known as "Pappy," "Jack-Happy," "Broadway," or "Sparky," came to USNA from the metropolis of Guthrie, Oklahoma. He worked very hard both in academics and athletics. First class year he finally came to his senses and gave up studying on weekends. Greg eventually realized there was more to weekends than books. By the way, why did your sister buy you that subscription to . . . ? Regardless of the reason, Greg had a real good time before the Fleetwood Mac concert. However, what he did during the concert can't be revealed. Greg will always be remembered by his classmates for the good jobs he did, like the rooms at Army and his excellent marching cadences. He will be especially remembered by one of his roommates on whom he left a mark that will remain with him for the rest of his life. In whatever way people remember Greg, they will assuredly remember him as a true friend who would help when help was needed. All wish Greg the best of luck as he goes on to nuclear power school. We are sure that he will do well, while he is in the Navy.

GREGORY S. PARKER

FREDERICK PATTERSON

Fred came to USNA from Parsipany, New Jersey and proceeded to show us how to get by with minimum effort. He didn't march much because of sports and somehow managed to spend his entire plebe year on T-tables. He will always be remembered for his tactful encounters with upper class and RLC. An EE major, Fred's attentiveness in class prompted profs to say such things as, "Fred, are you sleeping again?" Fred's life motto, "Only the good die young," is exemplified by his favorite come-back, "When did you get tired of living?", his arsenal of knives, and a car that can't go below 40 mph. He made sure life was never dull in 7th Company. Despite his faults (he still swears he doesn't have any), Carole and the Corps will be getting a good man.

WILLIAM R. PONG

The half-pint showed up at USNA with the rest of us back in July 75 and ever since then its been Pearl Harbor in reverse. Bill must have liked the summer weather in Annapolis because he managed to spend the better part of the next three summers in Hotel Bancroft. We're still not sure whether it was the Annapolis summer scene or Bill's love of Engineering that kept him at the Academy for what seemed like a non-stop four year program.

Bill's academic prowess was only surpassed by his mastery of the basketball court where "Tiny Nate Archibald" did it all and led the Seadog Hoopsters to victory after victory and a 5-3 record first class year.

As a partier "Ping" rated only a B+, but his face was seldom missed when things were really on the line at such mid-hot spots as Hood College and Notre Dame. In closing we'll state Ping's philosophy which can be summed up in six words, "I'd rather be out in town." Well our hats are off to the little guy and we wish him success in Navy Air.

7TH COMPANY

CARL W. REHLING III

Carl comes to us from Greenville, S.C. Before he migrated south he lived in Catonsville, Md. where he was born. Early he established himself as a tough manager while in charge of the Army project our plebe year. The fight that ensued will long be remembered. Either this experience or the challenge led him to choose the Management major. As Social Director he always led the gang in table top dancing and ice follies. Two of his famous road trips are Seven Springs and Myrtle Beach '78. The others are inscribed on his igloo cooler which has seen much action. Carl temporarily became attached to the USS Schroder no option but has since changed his service selection. Like everyone Carl has idols and both of his wear number seven, Bert Jones and Jack Daniels. If Carl ever leaves the Navy he has a standing job as the Bud man since he single-handedly keeps Anheuser Busch in the black. Carl will always be remembered by "nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina with the King," but above all as a true friend.

THOMAS G. SMITH

"Smitty" came from Philadelphia in his quest to become a naval officer. More than once the attraction of his rack altered his course toward his goal. The sleeping giant started out as a Marine Engineer, but than saw the light and switched to the "Double Major." Thus enabling him to get more precious rack time in. After a year of crew he became an intramural jock in basketball, fieldball, football, and softball. With youngster year and Saturday morning TV privileges, his idol became the Tasmanian Devil. Many people would have thought the Tasmanian Devil to come alive after the "Big T" hit Dahlgren on Saturday night. In his last summer here he found time for the plebe detail, became one of the few and very psycho "Stubs," and help initiate the "Toad" organization. First class year brought his T/A and many road trips to Notre Dame and Hood. Once again the Tasmanian Devil was on the loose. Beware Surface Line!

Dan came to the Academy from a plantation in Texas, but he has made great advancement through his four years here which is exemplified by his passing up the buck board for a horseless carriage (Firebird). His company name "Rock" stems from the fact that he was the brigade boxing champ at 135 lbs. This, however, did not seem to intimidate fellow company mates against nightly room wars in which the fearless Rock always seemed to come out on the bottom. During his stay at USNA Dan went through two complete stereo systems before deciding 4 channel was the way to go. Having the biggest system in the brigade he improved upon it even more be designing a 4 channel swerler for his EE project. With so much interest in life's little luxuries the Navy will be getting a poor, but good man.

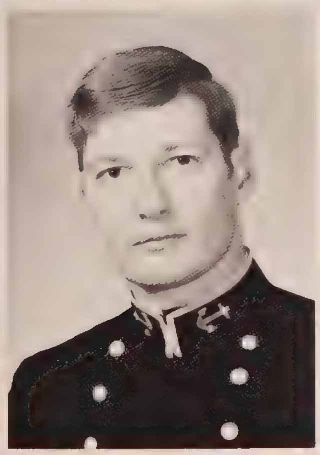
DANNY STEVENSON

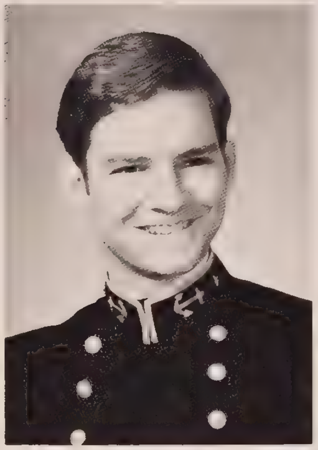
7TH COMPANY

Berg. Wildman. Whatever you called him, you could call him a rambler. The Nevada wildman could always be counted on to either find a party or start one. Those road trips 1/c year were all too short. Why his baby blue buggy didn't reach cruising speed till 80 or so. Berg was a wildman from day one or the day he got his first stripe. A beer in the hand is worth two more in the other hand was his motto. Who can forget that night 2/c year after a particularly rough night at Timmy's when Berg decided to go two doors down for some female company. I guess Berg didn't know better. Or 1/c year after a road trip to N.D. as he managed to kick most every trash can in Tango shaft at 0400. Ask the occupants they remember.

Academics never bothered Greg as he skated through System Engineering with over a 3.0 QPR. USMC data processing is Berg's service selection, then after a quick five, IBM. Good luck wildman, you made our four years at Chesapeake University for Naval Technology a lot of fun.

GREGORY L. STOTENBERG





THOMAS S. WETHERALD

Tom is not only a 4.0 student but a great sailor with a dedication matched by few in either area, Tom could be found either in the library or on the water at any given time on any given weekend. Perhaps Tom's most remembered achievement was his attempt to get into the library at 9:00 a.m. on Sunday morning.

In everything he did, Tom always gave his best. His complete dedication to the Sailing program resulted in his becoming skipper of a yawl which he quickly turned into the best of the yawls. His efforts on the Honor Committee resulted in his richly-deserved selection as a member of the permanent board.

Overall, Tom was one of the hardest working and most dedicated mids in 7th company. Everything he receives he deserves. Indeed he's not only a 4.0 student but a class-A person.

DUANE A. WILSON

Duane arrived here from Florida and revealed his initiative by leading many a plebe summer recon raid into the early morning hours, and straight into early morning trouble. He wanted to: earn a BS in Aero, buy a Datsun 280-Z, make the Commandant's List, and remain faithful to Suzanne. Well, he won a few and lost a few. Truly a procrastinator, he managed to "pull out" good grades at the close of each semester of Aerospace Engineering. Obviously living it up during summer leave, Duane would return to the uncollege as our "Pilsbury dough boy," but after several weeks as Brigade Intramurals Rep, he'd soon resume his stature as our "Little Wilted." A master of retaliation, he could leave a verbal attacker in awe with his lightening comback. And anyone foolish enough to initiate a "room war" with him would soon discover that it was not beyond him to neatly mail his aggressor's mattress and half of his wardrobe out a second story window. Since he spent most of the day in the rack, and most of the night awake writing letters, Wilted was tough to counterattack. But then, that's what Navy Air wants. Good luck Wilted.

8TH COMPANY

ROBERT E. LEE BOND

Name: Robert E. Lee Bond (Leo, Bondo) Bust: 40" Waist: 30" Hips: 38" Height: 71" Weight: 170 Sign: Virgo Birthdate: 22 Sept 1958 Birthplace: Pittsburgh, Pa.

Goals: I want, just once, to be able to sleep in peace and quiet for one whole week without some nerd waking me up!

Turn-Ons: I love all night toga parties that move out to my Chevy van

Turn-Offs: Nuclear birds and other ignorami who try to force opinions down my throat

Favorite Films: Gone with The Wind; Animal House

Favorite Foods: Onion rings; strawberry shortcake, tuna

Favorite Sports: All, I just loves to play

Ideal Evening: Picking up some wild women and taking them and my van to a pirate ballgame and then Mt. Washington

Secret Dream: To be deep selected for CDR. Upon graduation to get even with certain people back here; win the pot

JIM BURTON

A.K.A.: Jim, Boo Bust: No, I'm a leg man Waist: 33" Hips: 42" Height: 5'10" Weight: 190 Sign: "The Sports Page" Birthdate: 2-4-57 Birthplace: Arooboo

Goals: Five and out west with Cindy, skyler et. all with our golden retriever, after all A.N.A.I.H.T.F. to live on the beach and winter in the mountains

Turn-Ons: Long brown hair, brown eyes, ocean beaches, tan Vettes, whales

Turn-Offs: USNA, wrecked Vettes, Nukes, R.H.'s

Favorite Films: Mary Poppins, Pink Panther(s), Animal House, Outlaw Josie Wales

Favorite Foods: Mass quantities of consummables, ravioli, Bear food, Pierogies, fried chicken embroys

Favorite Spirits: Johnnie Walker Black, Molson's Golden

Ideal Evening: Sitting by the fire with Cindy after a long walk on the beach, listening to good music

Secret Dream: To be a playgirl centerfold with a 450SL or else to be a priest

Name: Bradley "Walt" DeRoos Bust: 36 Waist: 36 (not including side lobes) Hips: 36 Height: 6'2" Weight: 175 Sign: Aries Birthdate: 4/6/57

Birthplace: Vermillion, S.D.

Goals: To be a plumber or T.V. repairman

Turn-Ons: Christmas leave, Easter leave, Summer leave, Long weekends, short . . . .

Turn-Offs: All lights, running water, electrical appliances, birds

Favorite Films: 8mm, Pele soccer films

Favorite Foods: Buzzy's Pizza

Favorite Sports: Swimming, scuba

Ideal Evening: No homework

Secret Dream: Host Saturday Night Live

BRADLEY G. DEROOS

8TH COMPANY

Name: Bob Dupuis (Dupe) Bust: 42" Waist: 32 Hips: 38 Height: 5'11" Weight: 175 Sign: Goeth for it
Birthdate: 7/7/56 Birthplace: Syracuse
Goals: To become a famous auto racer and live long enough to enjoy it or to set up my own barber shop
Turn-Ons: Fast sleds, fast 'Vettes and good girls (in that order)
Turn-Offs: Nukes, brakes, and the sound of shattering fiberglass
Favorite Films: The life and Times of Judge Roy Bean, Emmanuelle
Favorite Foods: Wall-paper paste and Labrusco
Favorite Sports: Driving (right side up)
Ideal Evening: Nice fire, nice wine, nice girl
Secret Dream: To get paid someday for what I do best

ROBERT G. DUPUIS

JEFFREY E. FROST

Name: Jeffrey Eric Frost (Frosty, Frostman) Bust: 79 Waist: 79 Hips: 79 Height: 79" Weight: 200 w/raingear, reefer and gray gloves Sign: Sagittarius Birthdate: 12/6/56 Birthplace: Ransomville, N.Y.
Goal: To become the second USNA graduate elected President
Turn-Ons: Leave and graduation
Turn-Offs: Nuclear trained officers and surface warfare
Favorite Films: Rocky, Animal House, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
Favorite Foods: Yukon Jack and Whoppers
Favorite Sports: Intramural rack and individual workouts
Ideal Evening: A night at home
Secret Dream: To write a book about the Naval Academy that tells the whole truth

RAUL R. GARCIA

Name: Raul "Gar" Garcia Bust: 40 Waist: 31 Hips: 32 Height: 5'6" Weight: 160 Sign: Here Birth Date: 15 March 57 Birthplace: Rafha, Saudi Arabia
Goals: Graduation, 72 hours of consecutive sleep, 5 years and out
Turn Ons: Blonds, brunettes, redheads
Turn-Offs: Birdman, School, Marching, Watch, E.D., Exams, walking, haircuts, uniforms, female mids
Favorite Films: 8 mm
Favorite Foods: Tacos, Burritos, Enchiladas, Bananas and Tabasco Sauce
Favorite Sports: Football, sky diving, scuba diving
Ideal Evening: (Censored)
Secret Dream: (also Censored)

8TH COMPANY

MICHAEL J. KENNEDY, JR.

Name: Michael James Kennedy, Jr. (Mikey) Bust: No waist: Yes Hips: No Height: Not enough Weight: Too light Sign: Scorpio Birthdate: 11/13/56 Birthplace: New London, Conn.

Goal: To fly to the moon

Turn-Ons: Flying; warm, happy, and honest people

Turn-Offs: Nuc Power

Favorite Films: James Bond flicks

Favoirte Foods: Fresh strawberries, watermelon, cheese cake

Favorite Sports: Running for fun and babes

Ideal Evening: Partying all night, sleeping in late

Secret Dream: To be happy with my life

JAMES HOYT KORCAL

Name: Jim Bust: 38" Waist: 31" Hips: 34" Height: 6'1" Weight: 160 lbs Sign: Cancer Birthdate: June 26, 1956 Birthplace: Flint, Michigan

Goals: F-14's and 747's

Turn-Ons: A certain slender woman with long black hair and dark eyes from Tokyo, summer leave, Xmas leave, Easter leave . . . . any leave. Arizona

Turn-Offs: Sunday evening meal formation, all nighters, 6 'N' Day's four times a week, the duty weekend. A spaced-out bird.

Favorite Films: Rocky, Walking Tall, Smokey and the Bandit and Animal House

Favorite Foods: Prime rib with a baked potato and sour cream, Sukiyaki and Tempura

Favorite Spirits: Wild Turkey on the rocks, Kirin beer

Ideal Evening: A good dinner and dancing the rest of the night with Kathy

Secret Dream: To be happy every moment of my life with the woman I love

Name: Gary L. LaBuda (Dr. Z) Bust: 41" Waist: 32 Hips: 33 Height: 6'2" Weight: 180 by Xmas Sign: Cancer Birthdate: 7/2/57 Birthplace: Bethlehem, Pa.

Goals: Legally parking car in the yard, 200 by graduation, the sunny beaches of Pensacola

Turn-Ons: Leave, liberty, blue Firebirds, K.J., the outdoors, white works, music, the rack

Turn-Offs: Marching, formations, Veal Cordon Bleu, M.E. Dept, The Bird Man, Cables, WUBA, R.H.'s

Favorite Films: The End, Animal House, Dirty Harry, Silver Streak

Favorite Foods: Italian

Favorite Sports: Individual workouts, scuba diving, skydiving, tennis, skiing

Ideal Evening: No homework and lots of milk with P,B & J's

Secret Dream: It's a secret

GARY LEE LABUDA

8TH COMPANY

Name: Neil M. Larimer (Monty) Bust: 43 Waist: 33 Hips: 40 Height: 6'1" Weight: 187 Sign: Pisces Birthdate: 2/21/57 Birthplace: Jacksonville, N.C.

Goals: To finish college first. Then to marry a rich, beautiful girl. Moreover, I would like to retire at 27 and let my wife support me.

Turn-Ons: Guys wearing black clothes with white hats, marching, nuke subs, studying

Turn-Offs: Girls wearing black clothes with white hats, nukes, spinach

Favorite Films: Misty Beethoven, Magnum force

Favorite Foods: Potato chips and dip, salad, beer

Favorite Sports: Rack, drinking, water-polo

Ideal Evening: An all night Clint Eastwood film festival, then breakfast at the Y

Secret Dream: To someday have the porn novel I am writing become a best seller and spend the rest of my life as a beach bum

NEIL M. LARIMER

ROBERT PETER LARYS, JR.

Name: Robert Peter Larys, Jr. (Bob) Bust: Of course Waist: You bet Hips: Them too Height: 57" Weight: 145 Sign: Yield Birthdate 14 Jan 57 Birthplace: Kingstown, R.I.

Goals: N-star, Nobel Prize, T.A.D. at N.R.L.

Turn-ons: Debbie, heavy metal

Turn-Offs: Hum/SS, Beachboys, Birdmen

Favorite Film: Andromeda Strain, Study Skills Flick

Favorite Foods: Big -T-doggers, Cannonballs

Favorite Sports: Fencing, TR-7-ing

Ideal Evening: (1) alone with Deb; (2) a two-hour Hulk

RICHARD E. LEEKER, JR.

Name: Richard E. Leeker, Jr. (Rick, Lick) Bust: 38" Waist: 29" Hips: 37" Height: 72" Weight: 135 soaking wet Sign: Aries Birthdate: 5 Apr 56 Birthplace: St. Louis, Mo.

Goals: I want to score a few someday (goals, that is) in a hockey game; to be the ultimate NArch; a successful marriage

Turn-Ons: I like my stereo, my Datsun, my girl, burying the lee rail, chastity

Turn-Offs: I hate slicing my fairway shot, WUB"A", hay fever, EM324, ratey underclass, nuke pushers

Favorite Films: Foul play, Alice in Wonderland

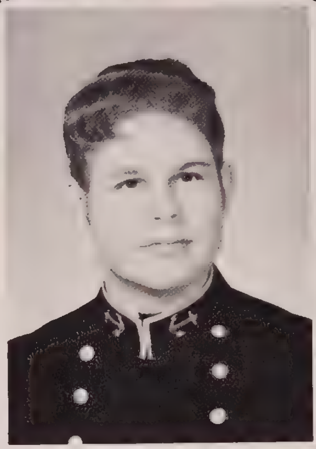
Favorite Foods: Ham Francisco, C.B.

Favorite Sports: Hockey, sailing, golf

Ideal Evening: A ten-hour Chicago concert at Kiel Auditorium with assorted good friends

Secret Dream: I wish I could score a hat trick as left wing for the St. Louis Blues

8TH COMPANY



HARVEY CHANNING LYON

Name: Harvey Channing Lyon (Harv) Bust: ED always Waist: ED always Hips: Ups Height: 5'8" Weight: 175 Sign: Gemini Birthdate: 6 June 57 Birth place: Honolulu, Hawaii

Goals: (1) Graduation
(2) Mile run
(3) Retirement

Turn-Ons: Forcastles of sailboats, spinnakers

Turn-Offs: Ham Francisco, Birds

Favorite Films: Goodbye Girl; Study Skills

Favorite Foods: Censored

Favorite Sports: Censored

Ideal Evening (1) Fridays; (2) Saturdays

Secret Dreams: (1) Secret
(2) Censored
(3) 4/0 MQPR (you said dreams!)

JOHN JOSEPH LYONS

Name: Jack, J.J., Rug, J^2 Bust: 43" Waist: 33" Hips: 34" Height: 6'1" Weight: 200 Sign: Virgo Birthdate: 8/27/57 Birthplace: Boston

Goals: NFO, do well in a Mechanical Eng. course, find a nice executive position in 5 years

Turn-Ons: Mellow music, foos, MGB's (when they're not in the shop), large "zels" and cold ones, long brown haired bears, caves, max rack, C.B.

Turn-Offs: Birdman, D&B, barber shops, Ham Francisco, 6-N days with a p-rade; mid-hosebags

Favorite Films: Animal House, Up in Smoke, A Bridge Too Far

Favorite Sports: Football, swimming, golf, judo

Ideal Evening: A night out with the bear

Secret Dream: To be a highly paid executive and retire early

Name: John W. Miller "PW" Bust: 40" Waist: 32" Hips: 36" Height: 6'2" Weight: 175 Sign: Libra Birthdate: 10/2/57 Birthplace: Chicago, Ill.

Goals: To become rich, famous, fat, and happy in six years

Turn-Ons: 16 oz. ice cold Miller beer, tall, thin blondes

Turn-Offs: Nuclear power surface warfare types

Favorite Films: Patton, Longest Day, Battle of the Bulge, Tora, Tora, Tora

Favorite Foods: Miller beer, Miller beer, Fritos

Favorite Sports: Diving

Ideal Evening: Top down, cold beer, tall, thin blonde

Secret Dream: To win state million dollar lottery at early age

JOHN W. MILLER

8TH COMPANY

Name: Richard Allen Roll, Jr. (Rollo) Bust: 39" Waist: 29" Hips: 36" Height: 5'11" Weight: 153 Sign: Pisces Birthdate: 3/4/57 Birthplace: Camden, N.J.

Goals: Graduation, to be a stud pilot

Turn-On: Good lookin' women in the summer, a weed in Wildwood

Turn-Offs: Nukes, Bullcourses, and disapproved weekends

Favorite Films: Cool Hand Luke, Rocky, and Cling Eastwood flicks

Favorite Spirits: Schlitz, Rum and Coke

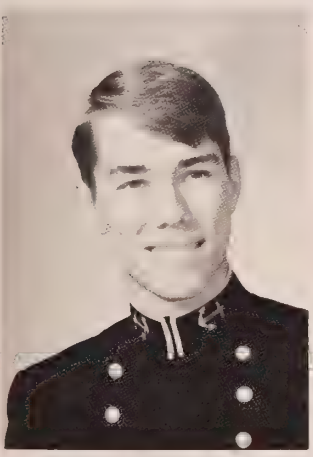
Favorite Foods: Italian Food (Veal Parmesan)

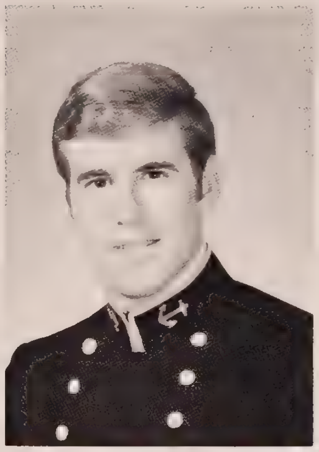
Favorite Sports: All but swimming, especially after 4 years of it

Ideal Evening: Any evening away from here

Secret Dream: To be the weatherman on Action News

RICHARD ALLEN ROLL, JR.





ROBERT L. SAYLOR

Name: Robert L. Saylor Waist: 32" Bust: Para 5 + 6 months loss car Hips: 34" Height: 5'10" Weight: 171 lbs. Sign: Taurus Nickname: Hurricane Kid Birthday: 22 April 57 Birthplace: Massachusetts

Turn-Ons: Hurricanes in the basin, blond hair - green eyes, sandy beaches, Bermuda, ski trips, V.B.K., boat trips, going mellow, laser masts, old cars, crashing boats, knockdowns, top-down, island drinks, 7777

Turn-Offs: K-bird, restriction musters, formation, demos, LT's, haircuts, "Nasty" captains, nukes!

Favorite Pet - Black lassie and Bryce

Favorite Food - Surf and Turk

Favorite Movie: Walking Tall, Animal Boat

Favorite Friends: Murr, Ibid and Blakely - the other 3 Musketeers

Favorite Sports: Skiing, sailing and surfing

Favorite Motto: When faced with two evils always choose the one you have not met before

Secret Dream: Moonlight sail through life with the one I love

MARK DAVID SEAMAN

Name: Mark Bust: 38" Waist: 29" Hips: 35" Height: 5'4" Weight: 130 lbs Sign: Sagittarius Birthdate: 11-27-57 Birthplace: Chester, Pa.

Goals: A ride on the perfect wave by dropping down the glassy wall and getting "tubed," and to be a hot shot pilot

Turn-Ons: Blonde hair-blue eyed woman, Firebirds, jets, Florida beaches and cocker spaniels

Turn-Offs: Nukes

Favorite Foods: Cheese cake and a Chester "Steak Hoagie"

Favorite Films: Rocky, Paper Chase

Favorite Sports: Surfing, scuba diving and water skiing

Ideal Evening: Going out to eat and then spending the rest of the evening on the beach

Secret Dream: Owning my own 50 ft sailboat and sailing around the world

8TH COMPANY

PETER SHEPARD

Name: Peter Shepard Bust: small Waist: Him Height: 5'9½" Weight: 160 Sign: Da'Book Birthdate: Black Tuesday 6 Jan '57 Birthplace: Boston, Mass

Goals: To do well whatever it is I'm doing and get the trick; to make amends and friends!

Turn-Ons: Flashing lights and girls, just girls in general, and orange juice

Turn-Offs: The "Bird," Vettes on the guard rail, black plastic shoes, Vettes beneath Mack trucks

Favorite Films: Animal House, Annapolis, The First Year

Favorite Foods: Black pucks made in Czechoslavakia, Raisins

Secret Dream: Be the first man to land on the moon

SAMUEL C. SICHKO

Name: Samuel C. Sichko, "Sambo" Busted: Always Waist: 31" Hips: 38 Height: 5'11"-7/8 Weight: 160 Sign: Libra Birthdate: 10-20-57 Birthplace: Vandergrift, Pa.

Goals: To make a fortune in legal practice

Turn-Ons: The Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps

Turn-Offs: Fat people, boring people, lazy people, birds

Favorite Films: Sands of Iwo Jima, The Longest Yard, Rio Bravo

Favorite Foods: Ravioli, Chicken, Lasagna, Spaghetti

Favorite Spirits: Esprit de Corps

Ideal Evening: Pull an all-nighter watching John Wayne war movies in the intimate company of Olivia Newton-John

Secret Dream: Long hair and an invulnerable Camaro

A.K.A.: Jeff, Flower, Sammari Bust: 44 Waist: 34 Hips: 38 Height: 5-9½" Weight: 180 Sign: Sagittarius Birthdate: Dec. 21, 1956 Birthplace: Virginia transferred to California

Goals: Graduate, NPQ, White Works forever, to do as much good for others as others have done for me, and a change of employment in 5 years

Turn-Ons: A thin dark haired girl with dark brown eyes, ocean beaches, diving, caves, mountains, my family, my Honda (both of them), large cold ones

Turn-Offs: K-bird; cities, knee operations, W.D.C.R.H.'s

Favorite Films: Sound of Music, Fiddler on the Roof, Pink Panthers

Favorite Foods: Grandmother's fried chicken, cheese, cheesburgers

Favorite Sports: Judo, diving, wrestling; i.e., wrestling with the bear

Ideal Evening: To be alone by the fire with Donna, good music, good cheese and fine wine

Secret Dream: To be happy and live my life with the lady I love, either by the ocean or the mountains

THOMAS J. SUMMEROUR, JR.

8TH COMPANY

Name: Tom; Rug; Stumpy, T^2 Bust: 45" Waist: 32" Hips: 33" Height: 5'10" Weight: 205 Sign: Aquarius Birthdate: 2/13/57 Birthplace: Virginia Beach, Va.

Goals: Fly jets; own a bar; obtain a law degree, find a good hosebag; pro JV; be an NFL referee

Turn-Ons: Loud music; girls with great bodies and drifty minds; an 11-0 season; large "zels" and cold ones; caves; max rack; partys; CB

Turn-Offs: Birdman; DBB; barbershops; formations; academics (studying); mid hosebags; plastic people

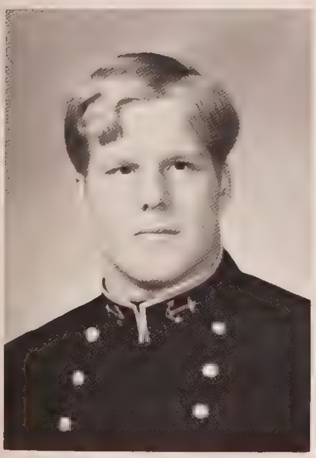
Favorite Films: Animal House, Up in Smoke: Across 110th Street; Dirty Harry

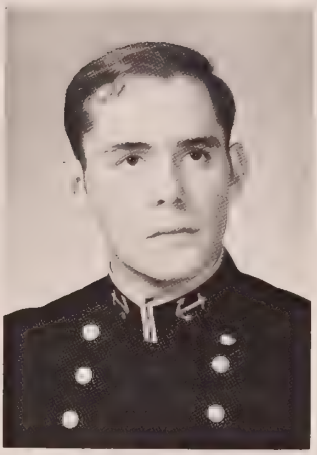
Favorite Sports: Football, lacrosse; golf

Ideal Evening: Scoring with something nice and fine after a good party

Secret Dream: Be a professional athlete and have great looking girls all around and eventaully become a motion picture star

THOMAS WRIGHT THOMPSON, JR.





SPENCER PETER TOLIS

Name: Spence Bust: 38" Waist: 30" Hips: 32" Height: 5'10" Weight: 160 Sign: Sagittarius Birthdate: 12/17/55 Birthplace: Hartford, Conn

Goals: Graduate, law school, United States Senate, have my own submarine to drive around

Turn-Ons: Good music, Jack Daniels, partying, nice cards, 34th company maxing a test, all nighters, S.I.R., most of all Mary Ann

Turn-Offs: Birdman - 8th Company, Birdman - 8th Company Birdman - 8th Company, 8th Company - Birdman . . . . marching, Capitol Motors, M.O. restrictions, cables

Favorite Films: Marathon Man, Animal House, Rocky, Day of the Jackal

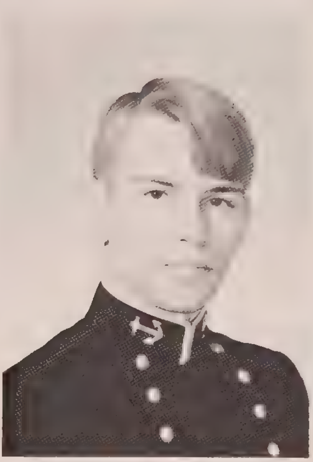
Favorite Sports: Tower jump

Favorite Food: Chicken broiled in wine; Blood red roast beef

Favorite Day: May 30, 1979

Secret Dream: 7 acres at New Hampshire, a Porche Turbo and a fine woman to cruise with

Favorite People: Class of 79 - 8th Company



JAY WESTON WALLIN

Name: Jay W. Wallin "JW" (Little Big Man) Alias Shorty Bust: 38" Waist: 29" Hips: 35" Height: 5'4" Weight: 132 Sign: Virgo Birthdate: August 30, 1957 Birthplace: Mountain Home, Idaho

Goals: To do it better, have fun in life

Turn Ons: Leave, weekends, calm and quiet evenings, friends C.B., plebe summer

Turn-Offs: Getting out of the shower and finding a wet towel, pushy people, car that won't run, duty on weekends, feathered vertebrate

Favorite Films: New York, New York, War of the Worlds; One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest; Three Days of the Condor

Favorite Foods: Ham Francisco, foot long hot dogs with Texas sauce

Favorite Sports: Swimming, tennis, skiing, marbles

Ideal Evening: Quiet night in the mountains (takin a walk on the wild side)

Secret Dream: Can you keep a secret, so can I.

8TH COMPANY

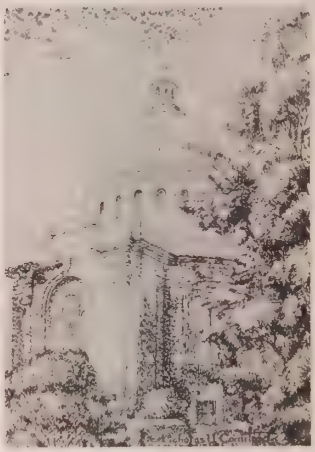
MICHAEL RAYMOND WEISS

Name: Mike "Playboy" Weiss Bust: 36 Waist: 29 Hips: 31 Height: 5'7" Weight: 135 Sign: Aries Birthdate: 19 April 56 Birthplace: Bangladesh
Goals: Graduation, Vice Admiral, CNO, Right hand of God
Turn-Ons: Being with fast women in fast cars
Turn-Offs: The Bird Man, marching, E.D., formal inspections, Academic deficiency chits, speeding tickets,
Favorite Films: 8mm
Favorite Foods: 21 year old girls
Sports - Soccer, sky diving, scuba diving
Ideal Evening - The three F's
Secret Dreams - Date with Sue Stapler

BRADLEY D. ZELL

Name: Bradley D. Zell (Beezee) Bust: 42 Waist: 32 Hips: 35 Birthdate: 5/19/57 Birthplace: St. Croix Falls, Wisc.
Goals: To try everything, graduate and be a very wealthy man
Turn-Ons: A wild party, a nice evening with a female friend, jumping from planes, nice legs, grindin-merr.
Turn-Offs: Kaybird, James Bondo movies, know-it-alls, Restriction muster, getting caught, two-baggers
Favorite Movies: Animal House, Omen, Rocky
Favorite Music: Little River Band, Yes, Andy Williams, Foreigner, Denise Zell, Abba
Sports: Wrestling (extracurricular), boxing, sailing
Favorite Joke: USNA
Ideal Evening: Sitting in my room Friday night with my calculator and black rim nerd glasses preparing for my four Saturday classes. (And Bacardi 151 within arms reach)
Favorite Sayings: Smile things can only get better
Famous Last Words: Relax they'll never catch us

THE CHAPEL



9TH COMPANY

Service selection was an easy decision for Mike. NFO would be no more than a petty diversion from his true life's purpose: Ann. Despite all our defensive bachelors pleadings, we could almost never get him to pay attention to any of those gorgeous multitudes who permeate the Academy. (Don't worry Ann, none of them were ever more than a passing fancy with Mike).

This poor kid from inner-city Santa Clara, California, was well known for such dealings as flying home for weekends, reesesized phone bills, and receiving an occasional small house for a gift. (All on $340.00 a month less tax!)

His easy-going style and his ability to lend an attentive ear when somebody needed it were an integral part of the magic which bonded '79 in 9th Company.

MICHAEL LEE ADAN

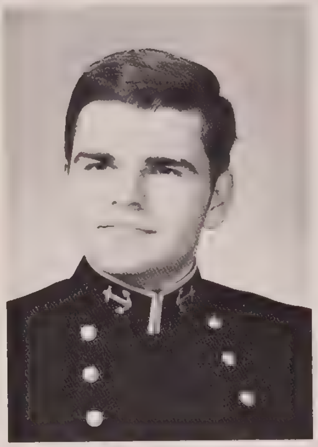
KEVIN JOHN BECKER

A story is told of Beck-ar, a mystical being who has traversed the endless cosmos from his home in the world north Hale-don of the galaxy Jersee. His name had seen legend in eons past, for he was a proven athlete in many a terrestrial arena. It was this being who traveled the celestial sphere in his gleaming silver Camaro chariot, that came to this humbled learning institution to learn the ways of the maritime Terran. Naturally, he impressed us with his star-born skills in fencing (martial arts being a mandatory skill on his childhood world of Zeltor) and academia. He also possessed an ability to traverse dimensions, a feat which he would demonstrate while watching *The Twilight Zone.* He brought with a now and fascinating culture - most notably a style of music that to the human ear, was both strange and wonderous. Though many were not worthy enough to comprehend his ways, he was a man among men and will continue to make his presence felt in the animals of the United States Navy.

JACK DONALD BRUMMETT, JR

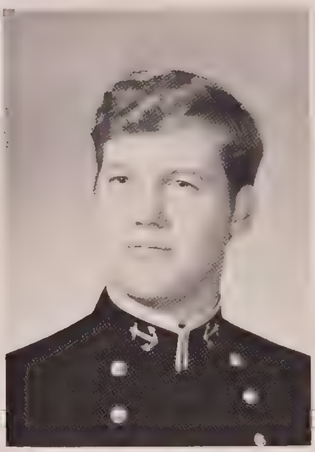
Being the product of a nomadic military family Don had little trouble acelimating himself to the rigors of Academy life. Choosing the Aerospace Engineering major was a big decision for Don, who spent many a Bancroft night plugging and chugging (while the rest of us were chugging). Doctor D. finally emerged from his cocoon youngster year as he was now accrued with a license to consume assorted spirits. The Doctor religiously carried on his decadent existence until the soring of second class year when his OAO packed her bags and came up to Crabtown from Austin to save Don from the temptation of the degenerate life. Don now had more relaxing recreational activities with which to occupy his time. Service selection? Well, let's just say that Dr. Dunge will be taking his NFO eyes South for the winter.

9TH COMPANY



THOMAS J. CONCANNON

The crank, from "just outside Philadelphia," has been enjoying the easy life of a sophisticated mid for the past four years. Upon discovering the upper weight room, he proceeded to transform his overweight bod into the company "Hulk." Though sidetracked for two years by a home grown female, he was recently come to his senses, and is presently seeking greener pastures. Though a later comer to the party circuit, Tom has managed to do all right there as well. Between workouts, sleeping, and weekends, T.J. has managed to remain a respectable CQPR in the same major, Oceanography. His hopes for the future tend towards surface line, perferably a ship with a weight room . . .



PATRICK WILLIAM CORKILL

"Billy Boy," in his four years at Navy, has worked his way through forty girl friends, a Camaro, a camper trailer, and a truck. Bill never settles for anything but the best. He hails from the backwoods of Washington State. Five foot ten, blond hair, blue eyes, and a beer belly, Corky has earned himself the reputation as an All-American lady and PBR Killer.

Speaking of All-Americans, Bill surprized everyone by earning a spot on the All-American Pistol Team. Shooting in Phoenix, Arizona at the World Game tryouts, he scored among the top shooters in the nation. Bill has also been active in brigade activities; class treasurer for three years, and now Brigade Drill.

Bill has his head in the clouds over Navy Air, or so he tells his Profs when they ask why he hasn't read his assignments. He claims he's saving his eyes. To my roommate and Best Man, CHEERS!

THE RATMAN

From the backcourts of Springfield to the backseats of Annapolis Greg finally discovered more important things to palm besides a basketball. He soon established a reputation for consuming mass quanitites of beer; however, when donning his beer goggles, Greg quickly fell prey to the deadly ogre disease. Greg introduced the stub to 9th Co., but found it useless when grappling with the Gina monster. Known affectionately as one-punch Cleotus, Greg was always a good man in a fight. Then Consuelo found some wheels, and when he would drive by everyone would yell, "High Greg!!" Crotchsmello could eat more, drink more, and party more than any of the ramblin' guys from Cloud Nine. Academics were always of the foremost importance, and as everyone knows, Greg is in the running for the 4-year perfect attendance award.

After refusing to co-star in a new movie with Parks, called "The Clones," Greg opted to swim with the Black Shoes. The surface jocks are getting a fine man who will surely give the best of them a run for their money. GNH!!

GREG COSTELLO

9TH COMPANY

Flips, the only surviving Los Angelino in Cloud 9, hails from Long Beach. A graduate of the Evelyn Woodhead Course, Reese's roommate impressed everyone with his efficiency at studying (neck), his exotic B-robes, and his deep voice.

Steve was a discriminating ladies man, and appreciated a nice ogre now and again. He marched to the beat of a different drummer in this respect. And will probably be the only person to wear white when he gets married.

When firstie year arrived, Steve was still in the Physics major, but also was minoring in weekend sails. He was the only guy to use his car loan money for a used Dodge Colt, and a catamaran. While at first ribbing him about it, we soon were lining up for a ride on it.

Always in search of ways to be different, Steve took a Mex Forex firstie summer and now it opting for Nuke surf. Stay cool Steve and beware of Hyman.

STEVEN ANTHONY FILLIPOW

CLIFTON DALE JACOBS

Jake had to be the most hyperactive mid in the Brigade. Always on the move, never stopping to rest, our resident poet-philosopher exposed himself to much of the Brigade system, thereby gaining wide respect and rising to great heights. Even though it seemed the gray moon never shined on him, this exposure eventually led to six stripes. The awarding of these stripes by his classmates left a deep impression on his soul, marking him for life as an achiever.

The Texan could tolerate almost anything except the cowboys losing a game. His unquestionable wisdom, mature mannerisms, and his thirst for knowledge gives one the impression that he was misplaced and should rather be found smoking a pipe in an Oxford Library. It is then especially fitting that the motto which was to be his philosophy here will most certainly follow him throughout his life. He will never forget these magic words which brough so much meaning to our otherwise insecure existence: "Jake Your Booty."

JEFFREY ALLEN LEMMONS

Jeffy rode into Annapolis from the heart of Texas, bringing a wealth of cowboy folk-lore and ranchhand bull——. Jeff had no trouble adjusting to the hustle and bustle of East Coast life. LeMoans was never a big one on academics, but, instead, devoted much of his time to more important extracurricular activities away from the hall. Jeff spent most of his plebe and youngster years keeping his classmates entertained with numerous unimaginable stunts, such as performing sordid tricks with a Polish sausage. Taking time out from these antics, Jeff still managed to spread the skippy with ease.

Second class year opened a new world for Jeff as he returned with the mean green party machine to take advantage of a zoomie's exchange, who inadvertently opened new skyways to pleasure. Jeff's cowboy skills were put to the supreme tests, as he rode the springs in every hotel within 50 miles of the chapel dome. After nailing the Air Force's finest, he took a break from his fulfilling activities to lead 9th Co's finest up the South Hudson Inst. of Tech. in quest of Army's ass. Jeff's friends will always remember his subtle smile and laid back style that will open many doors for him.

9TH COMPANY

MICHAEL MARCIANO

Banned in Brooklyn, Rock staggered down to Annapolis, robbed of his beer and broads, for a few months of corrective rehabilitation. Army plebe year found Rock back in the gutter though, and he's been there ever since. With a license to drink youngster year, Saturday nites for Rock became a regular sprint to Dogpen Hall where he laid waste to everything good he did all week and spent the nite abusing the local who-ahs. Life began anew for Rock second class year when he came back to Annapolis with his mobile phallic symbol, a Management major, and money to burn.

Graduating from Dogpen Hall to the Navy Yard and Saturday nites, Rock held his own golden gloves tournament on the dance floor while still concentrating on torturing the mid groupies. Although Rock's mouth spews forth more foul matter than a back up head, it seems that he has managed to cut the expletive deleteds down to a mere five per sentence, we will never forget the uncanny cool and sinister scheming smile which will surely lead Rock to a life of success and happiness.

JOHN McCLOSKEY

Driving a blue Z from Tennessee comes the jack of all sports, master of none. Nicknamed for his athletic prowess, Mac the Hack's favorite sport is 12 oz. weightlifting. A brigade champion chugger mack-trucksi will soon have to retire his beer stained t-shirt in order to salvage his waistline. Otherwise this prospective aviator will never fit into the cockpit of the F-14 of his dreams.

As president of the 9th Co. "Abuse Squad," John is a reservoir of insults who loves to prey on anyone foolish enough to ask him a question. One of the tree management musketeers, Mac is the proctor of procastination and king of bizzare and rancid humor. John has opened new doors in the world of humor as well as some old, well used, McIntosh dorrs as well! As proof of his love of practical jokes, John convinced his own brother to come to the Naval Academy!!

Although John was offered a job as the new Pope, he elected to go Navy Air instead. We love this portly Irishman because of his nose for a party and because he knows Jack Daniels, Don Bacarde and Bud Weiser personally.

Nick the company's self acclaimed lady killer (yet to be proven), came from the snow covered peaks of Massachusetts. Pete is famous for his plebe year correspondence with one large lunged chick from up north. These passages of love brought great inspiration to the men of 9 through that first year.

"Pumper" Nicolai, never one to be caught out of style, has spent many an hour strutting in front of the mirror in preparation for his Saturday night safaris, girl hunting in that silver 'Vette. The girls of Maryland need not fear him, however, for girls always will play second fiddle to the mirror.

First class year found Nick giving disco lessons (Oh - brother) and advice to the lovelorn during study hour. Unless Dear Abby is going to give up her job soon we'll be able to find Nick "strutting his stuff" in the Pensacola discos or flying the friendly skies of Navy.

PETER ERIC NICOLAI

9TH COMPANY

"Unique" is hardly the most complete description of Doug; after all, when did you last see someone wearing orange gym shorts and a T-shirt labeled "idiot" as he rode a skateboard down the middle of the hall? Who else but the terror Crown Point, Indiana, ninth company's own Mad Duck?

Perhaps only the legendary Philo T. McGiffin compares to Doug's incredible record of encounters with the administration. From ribaldry in the wardroom to a quick Friday night brew, his stories number in the dozens (not to mention a few choice words concerning the OOD's parentage). Academia, too, hounded Doug throughout his sojourn here, but even under the glare of a full Moon, he eluded the AcBoard's jaws without fail every semester.

And a ladies' man? Hell, yes; what lovely young thing could resist his wardrobe of 5 dozen old flannel shirts, his seductive "duck truck" disco step, or the sound of his approaching chariot as he rounded a curve several miles away? Always first on the waiting list, though, were hunting, fishing, and his dog Killer.

True to his nickname and his adventuresome spirit, Duck checked the block next to Navy Air. The spirit of ninth is behind him, too, and we wish him the very best. Good flying, Doug.

DOUGLAS PATTON

PAUL MICHAEL PRICE

Pricer was best known for his outspoken opinion on nothing, although it is difficult to be outspoken when one spends half of his life in the rack. Yet, he is about to publish his memoirs, *The Power of Positive Pessimism.* Pricer claims that a pessimistic outlook on life is manifest in every vivacious and happy character, his included. This is because there can then be no possible disappointments found in everyday existence. Maybe he's got something there!

If Paul's school spirit has been as feverish as his crotch rot, he would have been a cheerleader all four years here (maybe even the head cheerleader). Unfortunately Paul found more excitement in POHOP and the USS PAGE than he did in Navy sports. Pricer distinguished himself as the only member of the brigade who claimed that a football player was a lower form of life than an ameoba.

We all know that the happiest sailors are those that complain the most. In that light, we expect Paul to be flying Navy planes for the rest of his life.

SCOTT J. PURSLEY

Purge came to us from the peace, love, and drugs of sunny California. A veteran of the Mechanical Engineering wars, Purge emerged a victor, which is more than can be said about a number of 9th Company's finest.

A flower child among a bunch of hard core rednecks, he never ceased in his efforts to civilize the degenerates he has managed to live with for four years. We in turn had to put up with his "vocab."

Purge's bizarre taste in women never ceased to amaze his drinking buds with eyes of wine and breath of beer, he has alibied his way out of numerous ogre episodes.

After his five month exile to Woopland, Scott returned to us overflowing with astounding professionalism, which forced us to rehabilitate him back to an acceptable level of degeneracy.

Scott's love for the nuclear navy is only exceeded (sometimes) by his love for his OAO, whom we have come to know and love. We wish him well in his hard-earned, laid back years on the farm, growing Persian wood.

9TH COMPANY

JAMES E. RATTE, JR.

Jim is one heck of a guy. He has been engaged twice with a month break between girls. He managed to get three stripes his first class year and enjoyed the liberty time with his most recent fiance. Jim has a really nice family, too. Jim like to party a lot but after three years he has settled down and is thinking of marriage. Jim was a track stud at the Academy and managed to charm several female friends of his team mates, one of which he is now engaged to. I think he might remember Cathy Joe in particular among his acquaintances. As of right now Jim plans to go into the nuclear power field. Jim is easy going, and it's unfortunate that such good friends must part. But, with any luck his newly acquired wife will keep in touch with the gang for him. (I know he's not much on writing). Good luck in your future Jim. I (we) know you'll be a success at what ever you do.

LOREN FITZHUGH REESE

Bear's verbosity is only matched by the size of his rear end. They're both awesome spectacles. Although he claims he graduated from the prestigious St. Alban's School, he never learned the meaning of the word succinct. Unfortunately, Bancroft Medical had no medicine for diarrhea of the mouth.

Hubie had only one love deeper than that for his OA Ogre, and that was for Daffodil. Indeed, Boston is a long way away and visits from Amy were few and far between. Only Daffy, then, could truly satisfy Bear's animalistic desires.

Bear epitomized the ivy league preppie style. We had to introduce him to Levies and unsuccessfully tried to get him out of his pseudo-sophisticated sport coats. Bear's music tastes were nearly as offensive as his clothing preference. Natalie Cole and the Commodores blasted unmercifully from his room. It wasn't uncommon for one of his records to mysteriously "disappear" and then reappear in the parking lot below.

Hugh was looking forward to some San Diego sunshine after graduation, but O A has eyes on Norfolk. The poor boys whipped . . .

From the murky depths of the Ohio swamps emerged Shellico for a four year stint at Canoe U. From the beginning Shellico made a bad move choosing Ocean Engineering for his favorite bead pastime. Assuming the position of company sweat Shellico was known to attend the same class twice and wear out a wisk broom in a weeks time. Leading the company in resounding chorusus of "Hey-Hey Captain Jack" he also led the company in some of the more gruesome ogres that we have seen. We always thought that Mark had a flare for exhibitionism, and one cold night at the Thrift Inn he proved us right, putting on a face sucking exhibition that will live forever in 9th Company annals. Another cold night that same winter, Mark saved his classmate the trouble of washing his car by christening it with the nights consumed alcoholic beverages.

A very clean person, Shellico has been known to take as many as 3 showers a day to take the highlighter off his fingers. A confirmed surface liner from day one we wish Shellico luck on the high seas of the Far East.

MARK DANIEL SHELL

9TH COMPANY

From the sewers of Towson Stacks slithered on down the road under the impression that a special request chit would allow him to be a commuter. Sorry Sean, mistake number one!!! A curve breaker if ever there was one, Sean's never ending battle with the Mechanical Engineering Dept. taught the boys in Rickover that they couldn't keep a good man down (or under 3.8). We have no choice but to assume that Sean's academic success was the direct result of his special diet. A typical stackey meal would generally consist of all salads within a 5 table radius to start and then the main course which more often than not would turn the stomach of any living creature (skins of disembowelled potatoes crammed with everything from cottage cheese, string beans, lettuce and carrots smothered with a nauseating ketsup topping). Stacks had no trouble keeping this concoction down, but did have a little bit of a problem when it came to holding his cookies after a many Saturday night binge with the boys. Even with all his bizarre eccentricities, we have come to accept Sean as a normal person and are sure that success and happiness will follow him wherever he goes.

SEAN JOSEPH STACKLEY

GARY ALAN STAHL

Dustin deserted the serenity of suburbian New Jersey, ill prepared to cope with the barbarians with whom he would have to spend the next four years. The first thing we noted about Gary was that he spent more on razor blades than the rest of us spent on booze. Due to the fact that he was blessed with a beard before most of us had our second set of teeth.

Gary was the sorely needed stabilizing influence among us. Where there was madness he brought sanity, where there was drunkenness he brought sobriety, where there was degeneracy he brought saving grace. As our resident Christian Gary had compassion enough to entertain numerous ogres that even his beer blinded classmates wouldn't touch. For this we award him ninth Co's first kindness to animals award. BZ Papillion.

Gary will most likely take his compact body and eagle eyes to the Corps, where, by the grace of God, he will continue to be one of the few good men.

MARK ALAN STATLER

The Great Plains are known to give birth to an affable, honest, and decent kind of man. That was the Stats we knew plebe summer. Yes, he wore funny glasses and occasionally sank instead of swam, but he was all right.

Stats developed a myriad of love affairs at Navy. EE was just one of them. Mark had an altruistic desire to electrify Derby, his home town. Unfortunately, his rack had other ideas. Some say, "Below every beaten man lies a torn-up rack."

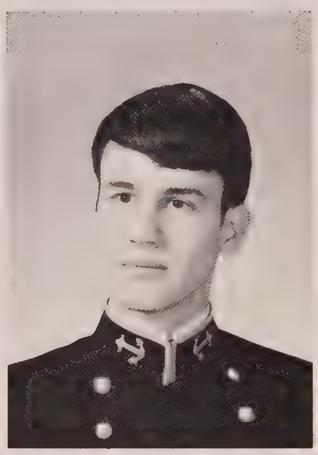
Mark discovered the ogre youngster year. Ogres are the most Barbaric creatures alive. Yet, when these beasts weren't to be found, his trash can was around. Stats found a pitcher and his can a worthy surrogate. Mark loved his can (obviously more than Maverick), and gave her a shower every Saturday night. He then religiously set her by his pillow so she could await his return and satisfy his excited primal desires.

We hope that Mark's other love affair with the Maryland troopers will likewise bloosom in Florida next year.

9TH COMPANY

PARKS EDWARD STEPHENSON, III

How do you describe someone like Steve Stephenson? Immediately the word "Ape" comes to mind, and not without good cause! For one thing, he was responsible for that famous fellow Doktor Deal, whose exploits have thrilled countless dozens. And even if we set the good Herr Doktor aside, he still satisfies his fetish for capes and armor by imitating Darth Vader. An honorable member of the Wehrmacht (oops I mean Bundeswehr), he is a staunch defender against the crawling venomous red slime which threatens to destroy our way of life. In his love life, however, he suffers many a Stalingrad. You can always depend on Ape when the going gets tough. He'll come to your rescue when you need him most. (he may be in a Messerschmidt or a tie fighter, but he will come) Ol' Ape will go far in his career. He wants to be a submariner, but since there aren't many U-boats left, he'll settle for a Boomer. Deal, Face, and Glitch!



WILLIAM JOSEPH TOTI

What can you say about ninth company's only Italian one-man band, the last person in Academy history to be fried for Failure to Use Good Judgement? Five feet nine, 120 pounds of twisted steel, Taco left Youngstown, Ohio to sign on as a feisty whitehat at 17 and entered Mother B a year later.

Taco shared adventures with the P.E. Department and Medical during our four years, too, as the combinaton of a bizarre cardiovascular system, the O-course, mile run, and the world's weakest knees made him a regular on both Sub and Excused Squads.

A dedicated pipe smoker and devout Tot-ist, Bill always leaned toward the intellectual, borne out by his choice of the Physics major and the highest QPR vs. study time ratio around. Though his true love is theoretical physics, Taco will bide his time with the bubbleheads until he discovers the origin of the Universe.

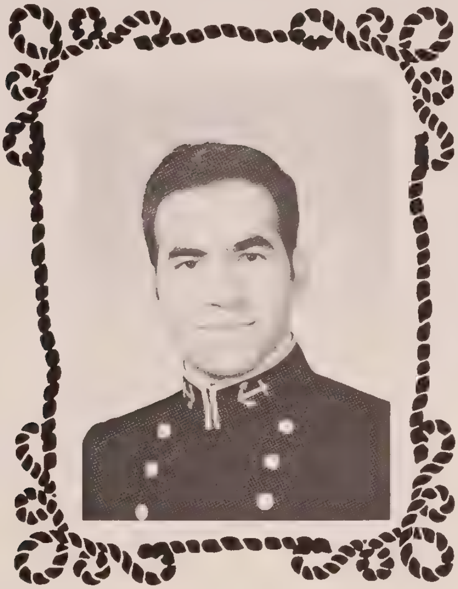
Smokes is a bizarre character. Known by many names - Dodge, Schimmelpenninck, Vandersmokes, Vanderscratchin, Wondervirgin, Roge, etc.. He has always been seen with pipe in hand. Not exactly your run-of-the-mill mid, Rog's opinions on cars, politics, and what a professonal environment is attracted the wrath of such diverse people as T.W. Blaine, the Duck, and B. Miles.

Continuing in his non-conforming way, Smokes went to the French Naval Academy for a while and then sailed with the Netherlands Navy. When we last saw him, he was driving off into the sunset in a lemon yellow Toyota pickup (must have traded in his 'Vette) looking for what many might say - an interesting breed of woman.

Not pictured above is T.W. Blaine. After a short talk with God, Dubbs decided to go back to Kentucky and be a real person again. Tommy was always willing to discuss things with his classmates as long as they agreed with him. Armed with his Dylan tapes, tee drugs is on the outside now - and probably laughing at us.

ROGER VANDERWERKEN

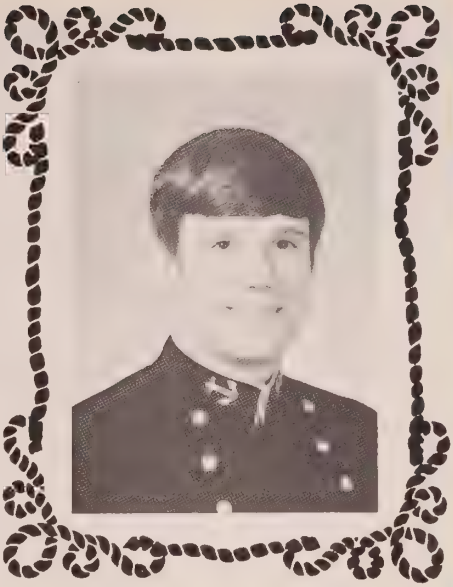
10TH COMPANY



SAEED AHMADI

Saeed came to the Naval Academy from Teheran, Iran. At first, his inexperience with the English language hampered his performance but after plebe year, Saeed was ready to handle Annapolis. Youngster year found Saeed busy plotting through islands. By the time second class year rolled around, Saeed discovered American "Disco." When Saeed finally bought a car first class year, he decided a driver's license might be nice too. As Saeed often said, "Driving with me is an adventure."

Always looking for fun and excitement, Saeed made many lifelong friendships while Annapolis. Anytime someone needed help, Saeed never hesitated to do whatever he could to assist his friends. After graduation Saeed will return to Iran to serve in the Iranian Imperial Navy. His classmates wish him the greatest success. May fair winds and following seas always be with you. Smile like a man.



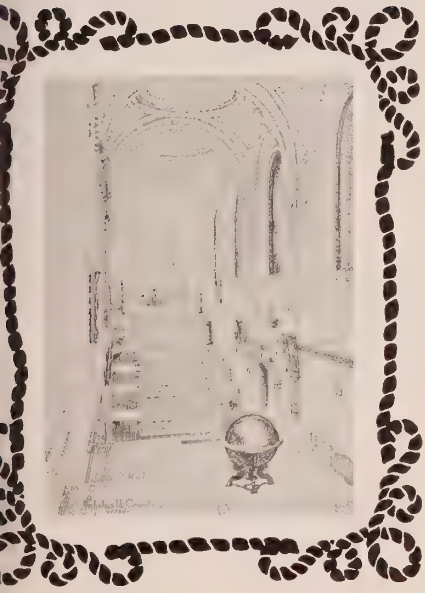
EDWARD CLYDE BADEN

I first met Ed when we were assigned to the same room on I-day and this innocent looking guy introduced himself. Boy, can appearances be deceiving!

Ed is from Port Tobacco, Maryland, a town of modest proportons. Academy life has agreed with Ed and he is looking forward to being a Navy pilot. Ed loves the air as is evidenced by his being a private pilot, a skydiver, and an "Aero" major. Ed can be proud of completing one of the hardest majors USNA offers.

We will always remember Ed "drifting" through plebe summer with ease. He was on cloud nine the whole time. Just kidding Ed, we had a great summer with "Pops" and "Dirtball" as our squad leaders! Remember all the good times in tenth company: coming around in sox, jocks, and lock box for drill, marching in raingear in pouring rain on a Sunday afternoon, "Bonsai" Bennett, "Flash" Kadlic, LCDR "Zapslinger," your mouse plebe summer, and our similar tastes in music. Good luck Ed, a lot of us will be coming to you for EI at P-cola.

MAHAN LIBRARY STAIRS



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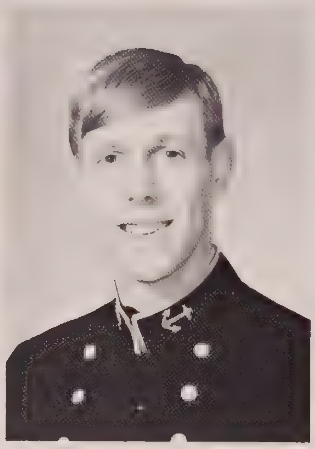


RANDALL JOHN BELLES

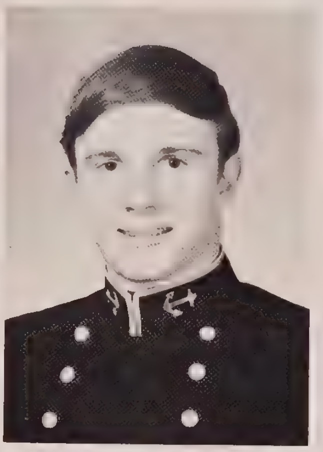
Randy, a well rounded all-American from California decided on the Naval Academy in order to pursue his life-long dream of becoming a Nuke. He immediately adapted to the Academy life and proved himself to be an outstanding and helpful friend to all his classmates. His intelligence and his academic cum not only raised his already high class ranking, but also promoted his dream of becoming a nuclear submarine officer.

Youngster year, Randy found his future wife to be, Teresa Jones, and was completely swept off his feet, never to be seen around the Academy on weekends again, time spent at Teresa's house, Randy still managed to uphold all his high academic grades and showed that he was a top competitor in company sports, namely soccer.

After surviving second class year with his new, regulation breaking roommate, Randy proceeded to buy an economical Celica rather than the usual mid Corvette.

Upon spending first class cruise on a nuclear attack submarine, Randy also took time to meet some females while vacatoning in Hawaii.

Randy's future plans entail getting married right after June Week and proceeding to nuclear power school.



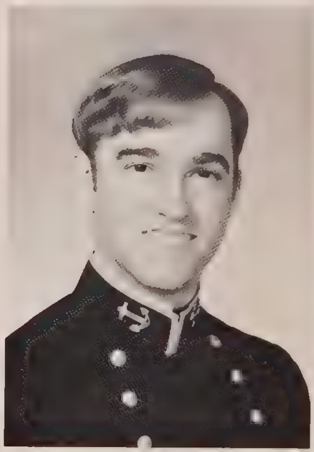
THOMAS BRANDL

Tom wrestled his way into the Academy and entered the Phi Sci community where the motto is "Phy Sci, QPR Hi" or "We graduate." Tom was doing well, eating very little, studying even less, and spending most of his time on the wrestling mat. After being dropped by his one and only for his best friend, he became a 150 lb football stud where he found the hands he thought he left with his loved one. From that point on 150 lb. football took up the time usually occupied by chasing girls. At first, Tom tried to mix the two subjects (football and girls) but later he found that three different dates in one night was too much. He quickly narrowed the field to one "sunshine girl" and passed on through second class year.

As a plebe summer company commander, Tom was working hard during liberty and hardly working during office hours. One night Tom decided to test the efficienty of his bumper system against the stability of Bancroft Hall. We only hope the fleet is ready for such ingenuity.

Dateline 1984: Bruce Brittain is now accepting applications for rental of his 37 houses. Voted to be the first millionaire in the class, "Slum Lord" was well known for his many business ventures in real estate and the stock market. Bruce excelled in his major in Mangement and had time to participate in the Military Parachute Club. He spent long hours playing "Acey-Deucey" and "Necking it," but most of his time was spent in the rack or watching "Soap." The Doctor Pepper addict was also well known for his decisiveness in service selection. Always one to help out his classmates in their studies, the "Financial Wizard?" was often found giving out the gouge on management and investments to his friends. He was even known to be correct on occasion. Whatever Bruce does at graduation time, he will surely have success.

BRUCE BENNETT BRITTAIN



10TH COMPANY

Jim arrived from Cleveland, Ohio and quickly asked himself, "What's the story on my roommate?" Jim handled plebe year with ease despite living with the Hulk and Disco-Liffe.

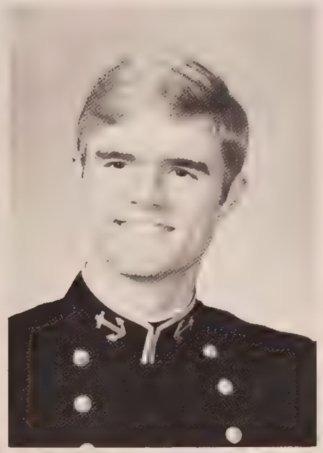
Youngster year found Jim in reclusion down a side shaft, but he was seen occasionally in the Wardroom, at all Ovary Lodge parties. Jim's love life bloomed that year with the discovery of Mary Alyce at Army. Jim has made enough trips to Philly to roughly go on two burger runs to McD's in downtown Burbank.

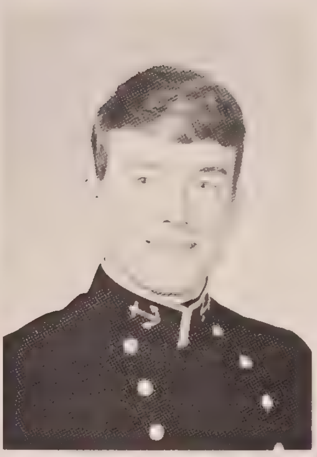
Jim had a good year as a Segundo. He became the Company Wires EI Prof, and worked his fingers to the bone as CAO (by immediately throwing away any work he received).

As a firstie Jim saw a car, three stripes and more of Mary Alyce enter his life. As Company Commander he never neglected his duty to attend every green alert.

Jim is a true classmate, always willing to help you with problems, or eat your popcorn. His hard charging attitude will make him the best in everything he pursues.

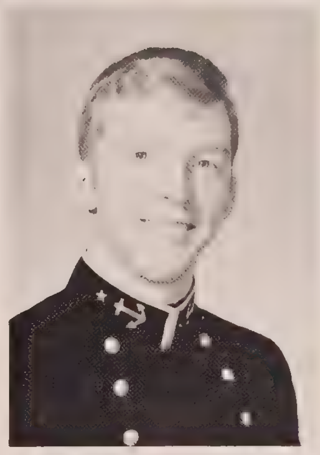
JAMES WARREN EDMONDSON





THOMAS JAMES GIBSON, JR.

The best place to start most stories is from the beginning, however, in Tom's case the middle is more appropriate, since he was in the middle of everything. The first was trouble. Had he been on aptitude probation, he might have won the probation triple crown. His first crown was for academics. After one particular semester he was almost elected president of the squares club. Some mad bomber made certain the conduct crown was soon forthcoming. The second thing Tom was in the middle of was confusion. His role as WUBA gang poobah firmly established this relation. However, Tom somehow managed to keep the questionable skits alive. It is hoped that he will be forgiven. The final thing Tom was in the middle of was friends. This was despite his efforts to insult them and humorize their seemingly important problems. He didn't mean half of the things he said, at least we can hope. To make this story complete, a beginning and ending are required. Well, he came from New Jersey and is going surface line. Good luck to all concerned.



WILLIAM KENDALL GRAY

The Red Ace streaked into boat school direct from Peru, Nebraska. Sporting the meanest red hair and freckles combination ever seen, Ken proceeded to amuse us for the next four years with terms like "Doodley-Squat," "Sloppin' Hawgs" and enough spit and polish to earn him four stripes on the Brigade Staff first class year. Ken gave everything his all, whether it was sailing, Aero Engineering, whuppin' his roommate, blind dates with chinless women, hoisting brews or catching Z's. First class cruise found the Red Ace on a FOREX cruise in New Zealand, where he learned how to drink rum aboard ship and chase New Zealand women. After three years of flying his rack, Ken leaped into the cockpit of a Fiat '24, which he plans to trade in for an F-18 Hornet. Wherever he goes in his career, Ken is sure to be a success, as he is capable and levelheaded, as well as a true friend.

10TH COMPANY

JOHN EDWARD JOLLIFFE

John Edward Jolliffe, the man who left suburban Detroit to travel to Annapolis. Soon John became a favorite with his classmates. His help was always there when needed. John had a personality and character that was hard to beat.

As a youngster, John's participation in Disco Dahlgren every weekend didn't seem to be enough for him, so second class year "Disco-Leaf" and "Uncle Ahmadi" explored the Washington discotheques. John enjoyed life even more first class year with his new Trans Am.

John showed a great interest in parachute jumping and expects to jump into nuclear power school after graduation. Gold jump wings on a submarine?

John will do well wherever he goes. He was that kind of a midshipman. He'll be that kind of a naval officer.

Good luck in the future, even though yours will be bright indeed.

STEVE M. JORDAN

Steve left the sunny skies and sandy beaches of Hawaii for the cold gray walls of USNA with the crazy idea of flying anything the Navy would be foolish enough to let him have. Always quick with a smile and a joke Steve is well liked by everyone who meets him. He's a natural athlete displaying his skills on the J.V. and varsity baseball teams plebe year, played goalie for the intramural soccer team and playing 150 lb. football first class year even though he's never played before. Academics never came hard to Steve and so many long nights were spent in "Sully's Deli" or "Disco 5-2." He even managed to travel a bit visiting the frozen fields of upstate New York, tasting the night life of New Orleans and climbing the rocks or skiing the slopes of Colorado. On weekends Steve can usually be found near his beloved X 1/9 with a girl on one arm and a beer in the other - usually in the vicinity of Notre Dame. Steve is one of the best friends anyone could ever hope to have and he'll go far in life, as far as his dreams will take him.

Roy traded green for blue as he came to good times ten from the Marine Corps following a year at NAPS. He refused to let plebe year restrictions interfere with his social life as he quickly found a local sweetheart to occupy his time. Roy became a personal acquaintance of the Supe, visiting him on two occasions plebe and youngster years to discuss academics. He soon found that E.E. and the rack didn't mix too well so he joined the ranks of the General Engineers. After a number of brief romances, Roy finally found the love of his life at the end of youngster year. He then became the invisible man as all of his weekends and many weeknights were spent with Christie during his second and first class years. No wall was going to prevent him from seeing his babe! Marine Air and marriage await Roy upon graduation form U.S.N.A.

ROY KOMPIER

10TH COMPANY

Beer, sex and violence is a way of life in the little coal mining town of Tamaqua, Pa. And so it was with Tamaqua's favorite son. For his first two years at Boat School Tony labored in Andy Couch's shadow, and no one knew who he was. Second class year found Tony bursting out of anonymity, but he still sweated everything. Deprogramming Tony took considerable time and effort, but by the time he was a firstie he was heard saying things like "I'm not going to study - let's drink!" and "I don't care anymore." When he wasn't too drunk, or after one of the local honies at Dahlgren, the "Supertanker" was underway in his car. Calling his Porsche a car is like calling the Hope Diamond a stone - it cost almost as much as his parents house. "Pencilneckny" always represented "Nuke" to his classmates - from his geek glasses to his HP-45 Tony is a submariner. A chip off the old block, or more correctly, a twig off the old branch. We wish Tony well in nuclear power, and may his mass always be critical.

ANTHONY D. KONECNY

PEDRO A. LEON-GUERRERO, JR.

Pete left the tropical island of Guam and backstroked halfway around the world only to find he had headed in the wrong direction. Originally headed for the beaches of the French Riviera Pete took the next best offer settling for four years at "Bancroft on the Severn."

After two months of glorious fun in the sun at Crabtown Pedro decided maybe he could make it to the Riviera after all. In a valiant effort to secure full veterans benefits, including severance pay, Pete deliberately made a run at the "QPR Square Club."

Being a double major (Management and Technology) was no problem for this versatile academic genius. The "Galloping Guamanian" could often be heard singing "Smile Sarah, Smile" while conjuring up such palatable delights as red rice and chorizos.

As a true friend "closes the lights" on his career at Canoe U. the MEN FROM TEN, especially his roommate of four years, thank him for all the good times. Until we next plot each other at constant bearing decreasing range, Good Luck and God Bless.

CHARLES JOHN MARK

After a year of partying at NAPS, Noons decided to bring his lax stick to the place. Noons, who hails from Long Island where every other lax player comes from, came to play and play he did. His favorite hobby during his first three years was getting drunk every other weekend. As a firstie, who knows how to handle responsibilities, he changed his hobby to getting drunk every other night. Noons somehow thought taking 18 semester hours meant he only had to study 18 hours a semester. Well, what do you expect from a Phy Sci major. Talking to Noons is like listening to a CB with his favorite words Max, NEC, pedal to the metal and ten-four in every other sentence. Speaking of ten-four, that's how many of Noon's other favorite words appeared in his sentences. Don't worry he doesn't kiss his mother with his mouth, just his beloved babe, Betty. Oh well future pilots, if you hear on a frequency, "I'm coming in for a blanking landing," you know you just encountered who else but Charlie Mark.

10TH COMPANY

WARREN R. McAULIFFE, III

"What brings you here stranger? Oh, ever since I was a wee tike I always wanted to be a Nuke, or was it a pilot, maybe a seal." The truth is, by the time this is printed he still won't know where he's going. "Well, what are your aspirations while you're here? I think I'd like to run 50 miles just for the fun of it and jog with my friends Jolliffe and Scholley without injuring them." "Let me ask you stranger, why do you run? I'm looking for a blonde haired, blue eyed woman who loves me!" He never found her, not even by Christmas. He did find his sister in Playboy and an old lady in D.C. Hey Warren, how's Rosella? Although he was not totally successful with women he did survive his roommates, a trip to Jersey, and we survived his music. Warren's favorite naval sayings: What it is!, Digit!, The last thing is, the guru wants to know, what did you do in D.C.?

THOMAS L. McDONALD

What can you say about a person nicknamed the Hulk. That he is emotional? Tom throws chairs down the hall to relieve tension. That he is zealous? Tom had to go from the Axe Board blues during plebe year, through second class academics, to land in first class year without weekends. He is *still* taking courses he considers might be interesting. Perhaps he has balls? Ask him about his cafe racer or the cannon in his room last year or the lines outside his room for advice before noon inspection, etc. Like the Hulk you can always expect Tom to be there when you need him, perhaps it is unfortunate that your room is destroyed but that's life. Of course sometimes he's there when you don't need him, like one-thirty in the morning growling and howling as he destroys your face with your own pillow. The aviation community will be getting one hell of a pilot for sure, the question is whether the F-14 can take the gee's. In parting, a McDonald quote, "truth comes out of the barrel of a gun."

Steve hails from the Big Apple which he left in the summer of '75 to seek fame and fortune in the hallowed halls of USNA. Steve displayed an early ability to survive plebe year as he turned into the invisible mid, rumor had it that he was seen playing company basketball in the afternoons and working diligently in his double major, Management and Technology. Well youngster year rolled around and Steve reappeared much the same as he was before but Saturday nights brought us a Steve we had not seen before. He was always at Disco Dahlgren on the prowl for another local lovely to fall prey to his charms. Another year passed and Steve acquired a Porsche and a 24 year old female passenger to go with it. Steve soon saw that he'd have to settle down though, and he sold the Porsche for a Celica and no one knows what happened to the lady. Though he's not sure what his service selection is going to be, Steve is sure to be a success in whatever he does.

STEPHEN S. McKENZIE

10TH COMPANY

Craig tumbled into the Academy from Overland Park, Kansas after saying goodbye to Dorothy and Toto. Originally a gymnastics jock, "Craigy Pooh" switched to the activity he was most successful at, hunting hose bags. A confirmed bachelor, Craig never stayed with a girl long enough for her to get her hooks into him. In order to have more time for his pursuits, he chose to be a double major. A fine athlete and company sports standout, he was forever skipping meals to lose the fat he thought he had. It must have been all in his head. First class year he would be found cruising around in his green machine Firebird on the prowl for some babes and a wild time. Upon graduation he will head for P-cola to fulfill his lifelong dream of being a pilot.

KENNETH CRAIG MOLLESON

RICHARD BURNELL O'DONNELL

Little Dick came to good times ten from Pensacola and established himself as gouge central as he necked his way to a 4.0 plebe year. Youngster year showed us that Rich was human like the rest of us as his QPR plummeted to a 3.9. A fierce competition Rich proved time and time again to be. The backbone of ten's intramural teams, woman could not resist his boyish good lucks but Rich could never find a girl he thought was beautiful enough. First class year, "SYAU SIBA" finally discovered beer and learned to party with the boys. With his hard charging attitude, Rich is sure to be a great success in all his endeavors. Dubbed by Frank Pete II, everyone was sure he'd wind up in flight school. However upon graduation Rich will enter the Nuke Power program. What a shame, he has such nice hair too. Good luck Odo.

DAVID OLMSTEAD

The "Little General" came to the Boat School via NAPS and made it clear to all with his spit and polish attitude and lack of hair that his heart belonged to the Marines. Youngster year, however, brought a lovely lady into his life who stole his heart away. Dave became known around the yard as the "little guy with the briefcase who walks at a 50 mph pace." During second class year, Dave could usually be found either at the Rickover Computer Room or at Notre Dame. Upon returning to Bancroft for first class year, Dave displayed a new look by allowing his hair to grow a little. This, along with the crazy beetle he raced around with led us all to wonder if this was the same Dave we once knew. Alas, it wasn't! To the surprise of many Dave decided the nuke puke life was for him. The Marines lost a good man. Good luck Little General.

10TH COMPANY

DAVID MICHAEL ROGERS

Dave joined one big zero from Canastota, N.Y. full of enthusiasm and high expectations. Plebe year quickly brought him back to earth though when even Shep bettered his QPR. Shifting his priorities to bigger and better things, Dave became a charter member of 10-B and could often be found visiting with Jack and Jones during study hour. Prior to hitching up with Olmy's Army, Dave's record collection and vast library made him a popular choice for roommate as evidenced by his nine former roomies. Second class year Dave discovered that weekends were useful for things other than mandatory study hours and Bone's program for physical fitness. Always one to party, Dave can usually be found making "Off-the-Wall" comments and expounding the better qualities of the "X" as seen through a Miller beer bottle. Dave plans to be an X1/9 salesman for his service selection and is sure to be a success.

FRANK GIFFORD SCHOLLEY

It seems rather silly to write about Frank, considering he will probably never read this. As a matter of fact, he is planning to use his "Lucky Bag" to block up his pick up. However, here goes. Frank always had a great uniform, although he continually took a hit in grease for his appearance. He was known as the ugliest plebe (or was it Brittain). In spite of Frank's good grades, he managed to avoid stripes by being a nice guy and always speaking his mind. Frank's involvement in JC's Raiders and the WUBA Gang also helped. Frank's life here was marked by excess. Excess food, excess sleep and excess workouts. It is rumored that Frank's family lived in Eastport. However, no one in the company could prove it. First class summer Frank decided to go to Florida. Frank did not want to fly, so he paddled a kayak instead. Well they say getting there is half the fun. Although Frank says he wants to be a seal, he secretly longs to be the social officer on board a Nuc.

"Shep" hailed his bus to USNA from Topeka, Kansas. He must have been on a gymnast special, because he has put in four solid years on the varsity gymnastics team. Between workouts, Doug managed to major in Mechanical Engineering. I think it was a tough choice - at least that's what I hear as he gets into the rack early every night.

Somewhere along the line, Doug managed to pick up his infamous exploding orange Vette to help him occupy his weekends along with a little feminine companionship. I lost count some time ago, but his hits have included several belle's from Florida and around Annapolis. These even included a youngster from West Point and one from elsewhere. Lately though, one young lady from Auburn has caught all of Shep's attention. He's all yours Jan!

During his first three years, Doug swore by Navy Air. Recently, though, the financial lure of the nuclear power program has begun to attract him. Gotta do something to keep that Vette running! Whatever - good luck "Chicken Legs."

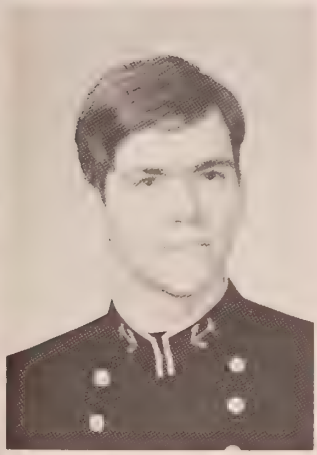
DOUGLAS C. SHEPHERD

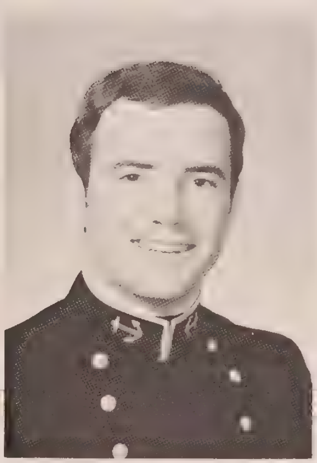
10TH COMPANY

This biography has much in common with Bob - both barely made it under the deadline. But our fondest memories will not be of Bob's timely (and sometimes untimely) arrivals, but rather of Bob's somewhat peculiar idyosyncracies. How will we ever forget the pipe that could not be touched by human hands, the scrimshaw belt buckle, or the watch that would beep at the worst possible time. When Bob became bored with his own possessions he would search everyone elses room until he found something to "fix."

Bob surrounded himself with the of sophistication, but those who knew him best realized he was no more sophisticated than the rest of us. Whether it was reading Tolkien, dining at Creperie or smoking imported tobacco, Bob was always a trend setter. However many things cramped his style, including beer guzzling friends and the loss of his eyebrow. We all wish pig-dawg a pleasant time with the nukes.

ROBERT VERNE SORGE





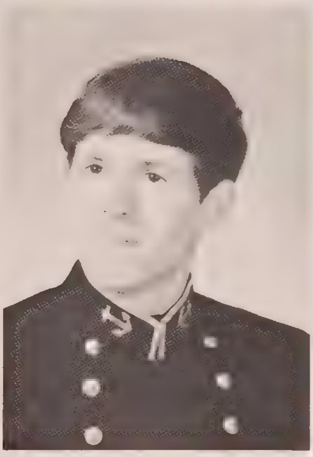
PAUL MICHAEL VAN CLEVE

(ALL-AMERICAN SAILING), PVC, some may think it stands for Paul Van Cleve, but others know it stands for the "Positive Value of Competition" Paul, always wanted to be on top.

As a Four Muskateer, charter member of the Fearless Syndicate, and All-American sailor, Paul was never known to turn down any offer of fun or challenge to the reg book. Paul's high participation in outside activities soon earned him the honor of five N's (1 Black 4 Gold) and the distinction of being placed on the Main Office honor roll. For all his deeds, Paul was never given the honor of marching.

Upon entering the Academy, Paul aspired to become a scholar, 1 year and 1 major later, Paul decided to major in sailing. As Paul continued to win regattas he found that sailing was inversely related to academic success. Paul's sail skill increased every year.

After 15 months TAD at USNA and an Olympic Bid Paul plans to go to Pensacola. In sailing or flying through life Paul will always be one to go for the favored end, and usually ends up on top. GO - NADS!



SCOTT WARREN WHITNEY

James 1:19-20

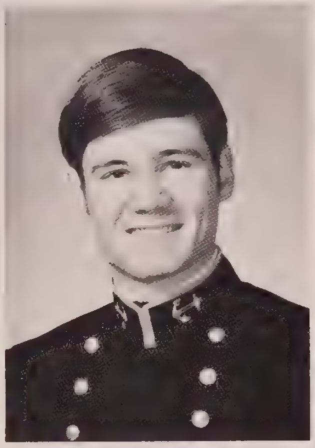
"Whit" came to GOOD TIMES TEN from the scenic town of GRAY, MAINE. An overachieving track and cross country runner, Whit's choice of attending Canoe U. was based on the flip of a coin. He flipped between M.I.T. and U.S.N.A. and lost.

At any rate, Whit was one of the hardest working athletes at Chesapeake College. Thanks to his characteristic influence on "The Fat Ital," Whit achieved the rank of cross country team morale officer - which unfortunately never qualified him for 3-striper libs - but did get him on a few extravagant away trips to cross country meets.

In the company area, Whit was known for his easy going way of life and "Whit's Bakery," opened on special nights with everything from cheesecake to chef salad on the menu.

All in all, the easygoing but puritan Whit will best be remembered by the cross country team for his rabble rousing renditions of "Please don't bury me" and by Good Times Ten for his famous saying: "Never put off till tomorrow, anything you can get out of doing altogether."

10TH COMPANY



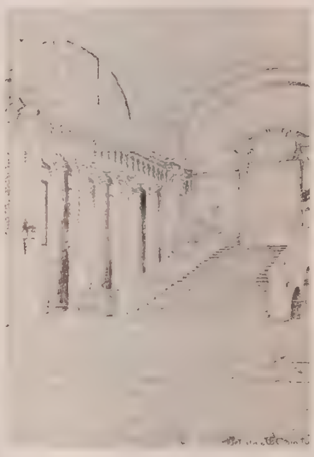
EDWARD TAYLOR WILLIAMSON

Ted had to sneak into the Academy, someone down at medical screwed up and let him in even though he's color blind. Rumor has it that this was a cunning ploy on his part to get into CEC, Civilian Engineering Corps . . . and we thought he wasn't clever. The only help he seemed to need was in choosing the color for his 280-Z. Ted was always the man to see for the gouge; seemed to do all his studying horizontally in the dark. An unrepentent womanizer, weekends found him far from the hall - ever get lucky? A good friend and scholar, Ted will find his life filled with much happiness and success (and a pretty girl) . . . . go WUBA Gang.

ROBERT J. WILSON

Herb made his way to Crabtown from the "Hick" hills of West Virginia. Although Herb was a standout for the Wheeling High "Wildcat" football team, he was not a recruited Navy jock; therefore, his only alternative was to beg the Navy football coaches into letting him get a crack at making the team. Herb not only made the team, he captained the J.V. squad and went on to anchor the starting defensive secondary which spearheaded Navy's "Blue Wave" defense. Herb "the copter" Wilson took pride in his un-reg crimson hair-do until the dant, skimming the Navy football program, noticed the hippie in full dress, demanded a new football program be made containing a clean-cut picture replacing Herb's long-haired earlier one. Herb was easily noticed about the yard walking with his rowdy jock friends who all competed together to see who had the biggest head. Herb's most startling surprise will come when he discovers that at Pensacola he will have to wear his uniform instead of his daily set of white works.

BANCROFT HALL ROTUNDA



11TH COMPANY

Don came to us from the booming metropolis of Peru, Iowa, and has been chewing tobacco and rooting for Iowa State ever since. One of his early haircuts earned him the nickname "Buzz," and convinced us all that he was going Corps all the way. The hair remained the same, but Buzz switched off between Corps and Nuke at least three times since that first year. Perhaps that deterrent patrol pin is a sign of his final decision. Buzz's four years got off to a good start with Elbert the Notorious as an element leader, and this may be why he never showed much mercy to anyone (especially the plebes) as an upperclass. As a youngster, he was almost daily checking for late sleepers among the fourth class. And as a squad leader, his plebes were sure to get drilled on every subject, without provocation. We all wondered if Don would buy a John Deere or International Harvester with his car loan. At any rate, We've enjoyed having him around, and will think of Beeler whenever anyone says farm boy. His motto: Damn the wenches, Rosie! Form two's, ahead!!

DONALD BRUCE BEELER

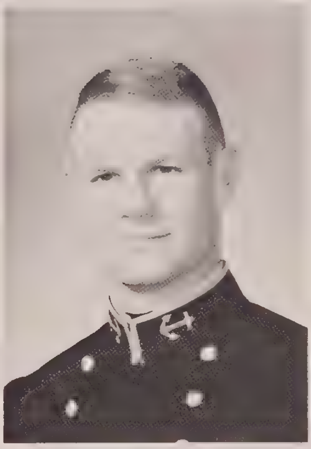
JOHN M. BOYLE

John Boyle, alias "The Brow" hails from Catasauqua, Pa., a thriving metropolis on the Lehigh River. He is, in a word, casual. Academics never bothered John, so long as they didn't interfere with his Sci Fi, rack or solitaire addiction. The thirty minute term papers were truly amazing. Weekends were well spent either at home feasting on perogies and genesee cream ale or in low level flight in his Buick (EA-4) Skyhawk between boat school and Severna Park. His musical interests stimulated late night practice sessions with a bass quitar, electric organ, and his two dollar trombone but his real talent surfaced in song adaptations, "Down by the Old Mill Stream" will never be the same. A man of simple pleasures, a fast car, a soft woman, a bottle of cognac and a long weekend was his recipe for a good time. He was a joker at heart and an excellent story teller. Service selection night will most likely find him choosing Navy Air. P-3's strike his fancy but anything with wings will do. Give em heck, John.

ROBERT ERCIL BURROWS

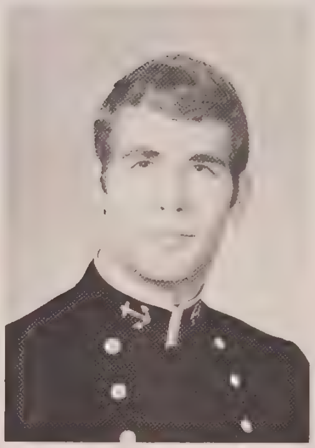
Reb came to us from . . . well, just about everywhere as he is a Navy Junior. What he lacked in height ("I'm not short. My feet touch the ground!!"), he more than made up for in spunk. Reb forgot plebe year like a bad dream and entered his 'ster year with a new girl and his little white TR-7 and established himself in the company as the furthest from Mars. He discovered during second class summer what we all knew to be true: a small flight suit was too large for "the short one." As a segundo he was known as a whiz in wires (since his father was an EE prof). Reb showed his mettle by enduring (from one who knows) three years on the D&B flag line. He finally got tired of getting sniped at with the squirrel gun and stole it. First class year he found out you can't fix engagements as easily as a car, but that's another story. Whatever Reb decides to fly he'll be a S.H. pilot . . . if he can see over the console!

11TH COMPANY



JOHN MICHAEL BYZEWSKI

John hails from Cucamonga (where?), California. After a year of playing Nicky Napster, John arrived here at USNA. Some of his more formal names are "Bazoooo . . . .," "Buzz," "Ski," "Sgt Airborne." John is definitely the athletic type. After starting out on the soccer field, he finished out three years as a letterman on 150's being co-captain first class year. Bazoo helped lead the team to E.C.A.C. Championship junior year. No one could ever find John during study hour. He and Maury Hall always had a date. However, he did find time to be involved in pre-airborne (Company Commander). From day one, he was destined to graduate and join the "few good men" who went before him. Always remember: Airborne . . . always studying . . . hands in the pockets . . . lifer of the Corps . . . drinking in the cemetary . . . falling in trees . . . his favorite exercise . . . max summer flamer . . . wires 20 Room 5115 0 - violation of taps . . . God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.



HERBERT SCOTT COLENDA

When Scotty arrived at Canoe U he was destined for a career in Navy Air. After his eyes went bad from too much studying, his thoughts drifted from aviation to civilian line to the Marine Corps to civilian line to NFO and finally to the Supply Corps after he underwent major knee surgery. Hopefully they put him back together well enough to allow him to make his own choice at service selection.

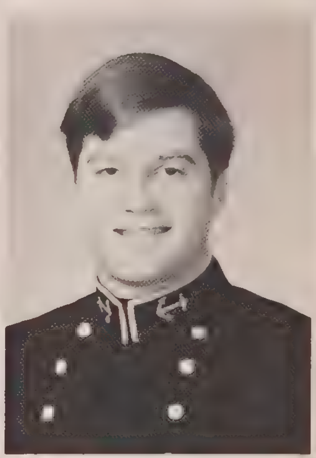
It's a shame that there isn't a law program at Navy as Scotty displayed many lawyer like qualities right from the start. When academics started, Scotty decided against Marine Engineering and became eleventh Company's first Physical Science major. At the same time, he joined the rack team where he excelled often.

By first semester, youngster year, he was being considered for deep selection as "Wardroom Czar" - a position he later held first class year.

Scotty will always be remembered by his classmates as the outspoken member of the "Grape Nuts Team" lover of Mexican meal, keeper of the pop corn popper, eleventh company hospital rep, and the one who always mopped the floor.

Yeah, JT is quitting . . . Again! When JT arrived at USNA from Garland, Texas he was met by a very startling realization; Annapolis was in fact not the number 1 law school on the east coast. As soon as JT found out that he could not fulfill his dream of being the only supreme court justice who also held a Wimbleton title, he packed up his tennis racquets and copy of Art 31 with Miranda-Tiempia warnings and started looking for the door. He looked for four years but never found it. By his 1st class year JT had sold two complete sets of uniforms and had to borrow his younger brother's uniforms so he would not have to run around in scivies. Somehow in all this JT managed to earn the dubious distinction of being the companies' biggest sweat. Nimitz Hall lost more money due to flood damage from beads of perspiration running from JT's forehead than the original cost of construction. JT was the only "bull" major in USNA to be seen soaking wet while listening to Spanish tapes. Have you ever heard Spanish with a Texan accent? The Cadillac wheeling, #5 doubles player, sea lawyer with a cowpoke waddle is alone enough reason to give Texas back to Mexico.

JOHN THOMAS DANIEL



11TH COMPANY

Mark woke up one morning in Rockville, Md. grabbed his toothbrush and guitar, and told his parents he was moving down the road to USNA. After surviving the summer, Mark decided to pursue a music career at Navy. Joining NA-10 he became known as "Elton Ensor" though his real hero has always been Elvis.

Punched by a midget in the knee, Ensor the plebe - youngster - senior, managed to make the excused squad. Being on bed rest proved to be no problem to Mark as he mastered the art of racking and then hobbled to class. Not once did all this excitement stop him from latching on to his Cutlass! Right on - Thank you Good night!!

Though academics and Mark never hung out on the same side of the street, he did manage to win the fight, bad knee and all.

The naval aviators will be proud to work with this dude, as I have been grabbing his ovation guitar, he will be off to Pensacola to earn his wings and get his ears sunburned. Max later Jake!!

ADREON MARK ENSOR

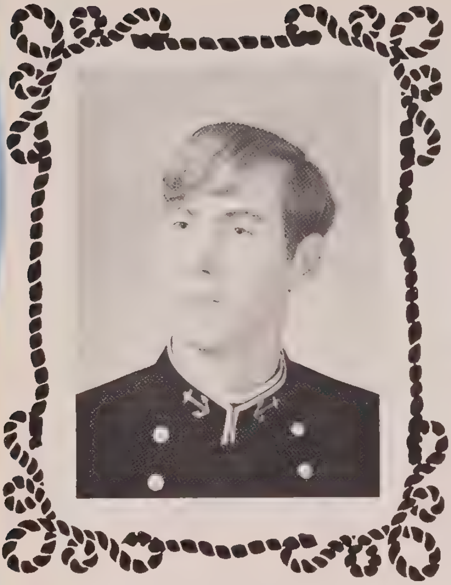
TIMOTHY MICHAEL GIARDINA

Timmy came to the boat school from Caldwell, Idaho legally blind, with money in the bank and a unique physical appearance (does your waist hang low??). Dreams of football glory and the good life soon became nuc power, company fieldball a "floor mat" and two "birds." After a brief (?) run with the embo, "Spud" saw the light and became a model (?) midshipman (we only got caught occasionally . . .) In the realm of academics, Timmy excelled. He frequently could be found helping other Math majors (not to mention his roommate) in their struggles with the books. All that hard work paid off, as three-striper libs made the pizza runs a lot easier. Despite several near disasters with roommates (Chimp, Beth . . .), and even a brief affair with J. M., Spud and Dud alias Mike and Herb) managed to sustain their four year common-law marriage all the way up to graduation day. Always a true friend, Tim gave much more than he received (I still owe 179 burger runs . . .). Thanks for everything, roommate, Later-de Mona-me . . . Bye, good looks!!

W. SCOTT GRAY IV

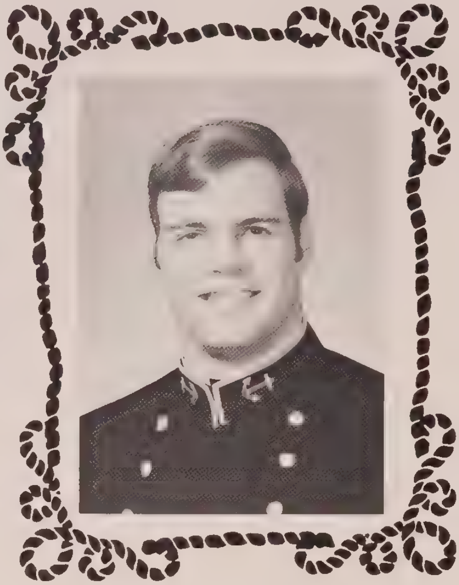
People used to ask, "Where is Scott from?" That was tough to answer since he moved 13 times before joining the UNSA Country Club. As a member in good standing, Scott enjoyed the swimming, track, and tennis facilities frequently. He even found time for academics. Finding Engineering Physics dull, Scott joined the "Bridge Builders" of Mechanical Engineering. Once established in the major, he didn't look for gouge, he became the gouge. Scott always had an eye for good looking structures, the proof being that he didn't miss a weekend with the girls, and he still made the Supt's List. The friendly skies would have had a great pilot if Scott could only see the plane. As it stands now he has chosen nuclear power. The nukes should be proud to have Scott, at least for a while. Whatever he wants in the future he will undoubtedly get.

11TH COMPANY



ARTHUR THORNTON HOWELL III

Art, more commonly referred to as "foul," came to U.S.N.A. as a mild-mannered Californian from Sacramento. Desiring to obtain a liberal education, he became a History major hoping to avoid the tedious number-punching of an Engineer. This has allowed him time to partake in such extracurricular activities as serving as a varsity football manager and as the company blood rep. An avid fan of racquet sports Art's playing time has been curtailed by two knee operations. "Fouls" ECA's have not been confined strictly to the Academy. Making practical use of his history major, Foul has never been at a loss for an insult to an attempt to justify his nickname. He has also distinguished himself quite admirably as Smitty's right hand man and for his exploits at tailgate parties and at the Washington O-Club. Art's academic record has been quite commendable, likely due to the fact that he has his advisor for three courses a semester. Narrowing his service selection choices to either nuc power or surface line, "His foulness" should prove to be a valuable asset to the navy.

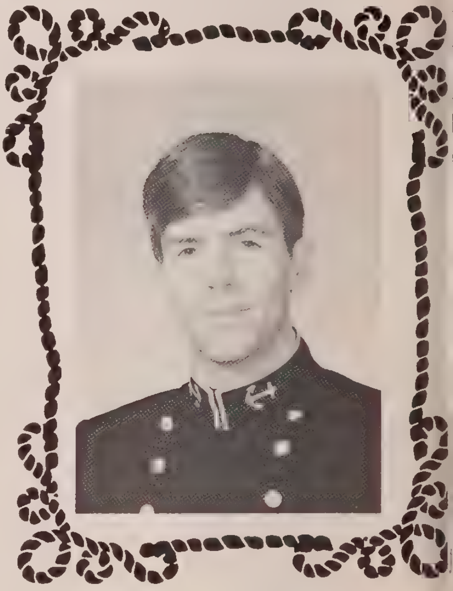


DAVID KIRK INMAN

From the day Dave arrived he was Navy Air all the way. His father was a Navy pilot and Uncle John, a '67 graduate, was responsible for the rough summer aboard the Kennedy. Dave was noted for his leadership abilities and became Company Commander during the Detail and fall set. He quickly established himself as Ma Beil's favorite son. Being an Aerospace major kept Dave near his first love, Rickover? Plebe summer brought him the Regimental heavyweight boxing championship and the rack during P.E. classes. He was noted for his love of fast cars ('66 Mustang) and exotic women (his sister). Dave was considered the company crying towel with his amiable southern demeanor and his desire to avoid the books. Life comes easy for Dave and only fair winds and following seas could lie ahead. He will be heading for the sandy beaches of Pensacola to begin the trek to his lifelong goal of Blue Angels. We would say good luck but in Dave's case luck is unneeded. Keep an eye open for the Thin Man in a blue bird in a few years!

Michael King came to USNA a brat of the foreign service and a seasoned world traveler. Disregarding the catchy slogan "Join the Navy and see the World," he instead joined up to show Navy a thing or two. Long haired and dauntless, "Kink" wasted little time in moulding the un-college to fit his own conservative-liberal-intellectual concept of the way things ought to be at a normal institution of higher learning. All things are possible to those who step to the beat of a personal drummer, who possess ability and a sharp sense of right and reason, or deafness to reason depending upon ones standpoint, and Mike is the proof of it. After the calm Christmas when Amy entered his life, the Bull mellowed a bit much to the relief of all. What has followed is a man fearless of the perils of integrity but not of marriage, with the mind of a submariner and the constitution of an airedale. Whichever way his loyalty at last falls, the USMC is winner.

MICHAEL F. KING



11TH COMPANY

W.D. was a crab from the OSU NROTC Unit. After his freshman year, he grabbed his seabag of bats and balls and came to the USNA as a 3.2 scholar - athlete and a true "whole man" mid. For some reason, his grades plummeted, he read Kung-fu books, and finally dropped varsity baseball. Being our only surviving black must have been a crippling strain. Yet the only aquatic event he ever flunked was the 40 mile swim. Apparently, his hair became water-logged . . .

He loved the books, his Mo-fat study plan gave him 4 weeks 3.85 2nd semester youngster year. He managed to salvage a 3.3 semesterly. Of course, Management and Tech ain't Mechanical Engineering. Debasement of the wenches was his motto - he accepted the "Omnes Viri" of his classmates. We were bigoted towards Warren, yet he proved to be above our petty schemes. He couldn't decide his service selection first Navy Air, Surface Line, a tour at Leghurst, Marine Corps, a sub cruise, then Nuke Power. Finally he glimpsed the light. A fine choice for a fine man.

WARREN DOUGLAS LEWIS

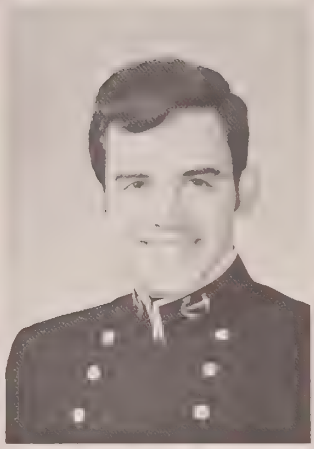
GEOFFREY SCOTT McFATHER

Geff's stay at USNA has been marked by an incredible ability to adapt to the changing circumstances academically. He started high with an Aero major until he realized he rather not study around the clock. He became president of the O.A. study group until he was impeached by "The General". Eventually he settled on Phy-Sci. As his major changed so did his post-graduate plans, until he finally settled on his original choice, Navy Air. Socially McDad arrived at USNA as a big beer drinker. Now the only liquid he buys too much of is gasoline for his Mustang. He has always been religious, but in his unique manner, studied several different beliefs. Similarly, Geoff's wedding date changed from three years after graduation to unofficially, an October night youngster year. He also continuously changed his diet plans, but never his weight. However, Geff did manage to survive three years, with his "Odd Couple" roommate. What a trip! In addition, he maintained his faith in America, pride in the Navy, high professional standards, and With his capabilities Geff will be a big plus to any unit he serves in.

MARK S. MEREDITH

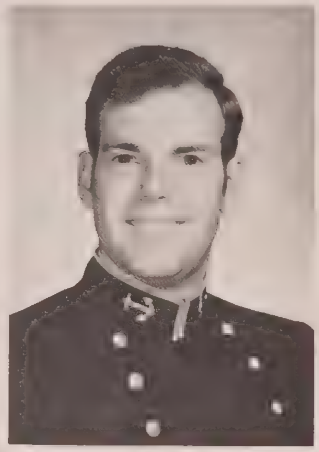
Mark "moped" Meredith is a quiet unassuming guy. He sets high standards for himself and as in his running of the Boston Marathon attains them; Mark has put more miles on his feet than he has on his car. But at times he was a little too ambitious as when he took cables and so now he has qualified as an L.T.M. (Leydorf Trained Man). Mark has really just two loves in his life: running and Martha. After he first dated Martha he began a valiant struggle to maintain his independence, but from the start he was doomed to defeat. (Although if being married to Martha is defeat more people ought to be so lucky.) Mark is a thinker and a doer and wherever he ends up after graduation his eyes will still be blue.

11TH COMPANY



FRANCISCO JAVIER MONTERO-VEGA

Javier Montero, alias "Cisco," "Jota," or merely "J," has done much for his classmates. He offered us jobs and refuge on his parents farm in Costa Rica when it appeared that life would become unbearable here. He has widened our horizons. Who among us knew of the land of the Ricans, not to mention cow carts, before we knew the J? Day after day during plebe year did he brighten our lives by playing foreign national, pretending not to understand the questions asked of him when in fact he spoke better English than his squad leader? Yes, Jota quickly won the admiration of his classmates. Parade after parade this summer we would cheer and chant his name as this three-striper ran across Worden Field. There is none who knows the computer better than he. A devout Systems Engineering major, he plans to build a robot, or should we say "J-Bat?" From ear to majestic ear on his perpetually smiling face, Javier is as true a friend as they make one that will be remembered well by each of us.



PATRICK HENRY NETTLES

He came from a small town (only 20,000 but everything's big in Texas) to the Chesapeake Bay Institute of Naval Science with high hopes like all of us. His initial hope of commanding a ship from a bridge chair was set aside for wearing a robe behind a Navy pulpit. Why did he stay? "You have to get a college degree from somewhere!" Pat was mostly quiet, but somehow managed to stand being a drummer in D&B. An easygoing personality seemed evident in everything he did (or didn't do B.D.).

Personal reasons make people do strange things, but Pat had one main motivation. That motivation being service to the One who said, "So shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but shall accomplish that which I purpose, and propsper in the thing for which I sent it."

A knight in shining armor rode his white horse to Navy in the summer of '75, bringing with him tales of honor and battle from the streets of New York. Black eyes and dented brick walls gave proof to these stories of glory.

NA-10 found in Ed the talents they needed in a lead guitarist. It was through this organization that Ed found ways to relieve his restricted liberties as a plebe.

Ed managed to get himself out of youngster cruise, too, by performing his impression of a midshipman with Mono. He continued his professional training at the hospital, after his removal from the ship, by studying the P.M.S. procedures for bedpans. In his last year at Navy, Ed left his mark as the President of the O.A. Study group. He was often found collecting and distributing gouge to all of us.

Ed is a good friend and will make a fine contribution to the naval service. He leaves USNA to join the air industry promising not to drink anymore. He won't drink any less, but he won't drink any more. Max later, Ed!

EDWARD JAMES PATTERSON

11TH COMPANY

Phil came to us from Newtown in the great state of Connecticut after finishing quite an outstanding tour at Newton High. His notable air of confidence was first displayed by his singular college application. But those closest to Phil will remember him best as the guy with the 4.0 room. Lysol became his weapon and cleanliness his santuary. Never a dirty mirror or wardroom T.V. screen, and for that we are thankful. Phil dove full-fledged into a Mechanical Engineering Major and found himself competing academically with firsties as a youngster. Second class year caught us all, but Phil managed to keep those M.E. fires going despite "Wild Bill" Lee. Phil's olfactory sense was always of notable mention as he could sniff out even the most well hidden chow package. Cookies and Iced Tea were his favorites. There are those who say Phil still has his first paycheck, but we all know that when he finds his dream car, all that saving will have been worthwhile. While we will all keep our eyes open for those 6 cloned brothers, still in Connecticut, we will always remember Phil as a great guy and a dedicated friend. Best of luck Phil!!

PHILLIP JOHN PILEWSKI

BRADLEY DAVISON POST

You would not believe what these years at the Boat School have done to Brad. We saw him first as a long haired flying biker, and watched the transformation into a gibbering dense hulk. Physics does that to anyone. From the slopes of Colorado he is; evidently the thick air poisoned him. The wife he left behind; his wealth squandered to further his vast holding of personal correspondence. But navy, we are grateful to B.D. He was an excellent screen plebe summer, yet his buddy Deezo worked this defect out. He is an agnostic beater and blower, a strange combination at best; although these latent tendencies had no true chance to mature, he tried to develop them, bulge corps or no. Postie is a good friend, a quiet man, a trusting fellow. We hope that everyone is as open with him as he has been with us. We know that he will fulfill our motto to which we are found "Omnes Viri '79." And may God save the Queen B.F.B.

STEVEN H. ROSS

Steve is a man of many; of many habits, many accomplishments, many origins, and many practical applications. He was continually searching for practical fleet applications for the many aspects of life here at the Academy and came up with some real winners. Steve, also known affectionately as Rosie, came to USNA from Adrian, Michigan but his family was always on the move, so much so that during youngster cruise he got home (?) and found out that his family had moved to Chicago. Rosie was lured here webbed feet and hands to swim for Lew. Little did Lew know that Steve's swimming career resulted from excessive dating of a swim coach's daughter. All joking aside Rosie still holds Jeannie close to his heart along with his gold jump wings, his "N-star," his rice-grinding 280-Z, his thermos of coffee, his Mechanical Engineering major and his catalogs from Fredericks of Hollywood. Oofff! We have a felling that Steve will continue to be a great person and will be invaluable to the nuclear navy. This is *the* guy that we all hate to leave.

11TH COMPANY

WILLIAM JOHN SAMPSON

W.J.S. Otherwise known as Vile Bile or two Beer Bill, could usually be seen bolting Bancroft early on any given Friday afternoon during first class year. Fully equipped in his MGB with a funny cap and a plentiful supply of Strohs hand grenades, off he would fly, south for another weekend devoted to improving officer-enlisted relations. On any given weeknight of the year you could find him in the wardroom or the Swamp, working diligently at reading the latest book he has picked up or just relaxing with his pipe and stash.

Being an Air Force brat, he has lived in several states and countries and usually gives a very confusing answer to the question, "Where ya from?" Clovis, New Mexico and England seem to be favorites. In the true aviator tradition, a plebe detail reveille meant waking up around eleven for Bill. Mix a little Wild Turkey and water with helicopters and country western music and you'll end up with this airborne cowboy. Hopefully he'll handle a helo better than a Monte Carlo.

JIM SEBASTIAN

The Lambrusco Kid became the company's 8mm movie king (G-rated) as he attempted to bring blimps, killer bees and the incredible adventures of the good Herr Dr. Deal to the motion picture screen. Admired by everybody that knew him, Saipan has always shown an unusual imagination caused possibly by F.O.D. (Foreign Object Damage) in his brain, or maybe by all the banging that his head suffered during plebe summer every time his roommate gave him a push in the upper rack. A fanatic of Frank Zappa, he attempted to indoctrinate his plebes in the ways of "deals" and beer. As an Aero major he once bayoneted his statics book in a fit of uncontrollable and typically Marine rage. For a while there, he wore a patch over the damaged eyes he got when he ventured too close to one of Ape's spaz attacks. He is also responsible for the invention of a new letter, "J" which is like an "I" but much more versatile. Deal, face, Glitch!

11th Company's token pineapple is a native of the great (?) state of Hawaii, yes that great state that cost us $11 a month in income tax. Dave quickly showed his leadership and management abilities by assuming the challenging position of Smitty's babysitter. These abilities were further developed when Dave and several other members of the 11th Company opened "Joe's Bar and Grill." This fine establishment managed to keep its doors open, despite the efforts of the 'Dants, OD's, and the one and only "Mups." Other 11th Company activities and positions that Dave has been involved in or has held include: owner of the most elaborate stereo saloon; 11th Co. Surfing Rep; the "Prince of Demos" 77-78; and our local beach bum, always equipped with a tan and a pair of beach sandals.

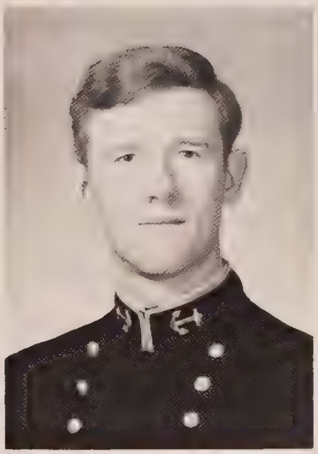
Even at this late date Dave is unsure of his service selection, will it be air or Nuc? Whatever it is, his many friends in the Brigade will agree that he will be a success both in and out of the Navy.

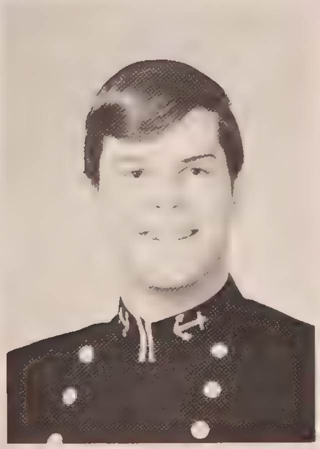
DAVID SADAO SHIKADA

11TH COMPANY

Britt joined us from Grafton, Wisconsin, not a metropolis but they sure must know something about Electrical Engineering. The company locksmith, repair man, and EE answerman, Britt glided through academics, While he continued to make the Dean's List, he never missed his favorite TV shows, or a minute of possible rack time. As for weekends, well, Britt certainly could afford them. Early into youngster year weekends became a priority item. This combination of academics and relaxing weekends, not to mention being a brown belt in judo, proved Britt to be a well-rounded mid. Britt being easy going, he never shows signs of being pressured and can usually find the funny side to the most difficult of situations. although the son of a WWII flying ace, Britt has decided he wants to pilot a submarine someday. Well, he wants to go nuclear power anyway. What his hopes and dreams are, Gray only knows. But whatever they are, you can be sure Britt will reach them.

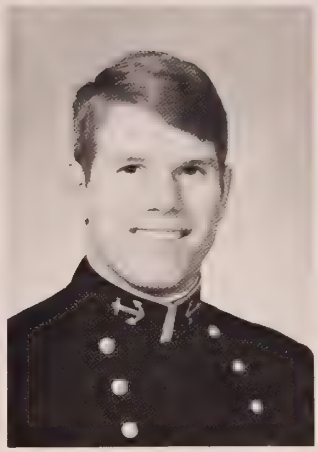
BRITT CARL SKOGSTAD





BART ROSS SPARKS

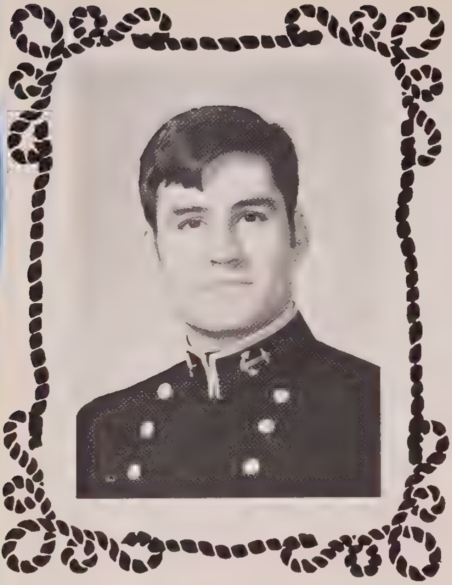
Bart Ross Sparks, sometimes known as Sparky, 11's token red head, came to the un-college via a year at NAPS. Bart was a French fry and plain peanut butter nut. (Where's the jelly, you Communist). A dedicated flager, Bart spent four years in the Drum and Bugle Corps rising to the top as Sub-God his first class year. Even though he was 0-3 against Air Force he gave his all to the Corps development and it reflected by his grades, first class year. Some of Barts fonder memories include the pizza hut party youngster year, being company blood rep, being a devouted Math major and playing musical women his first class year. Between spending money and time on Charla, Mary, Genie and Lord knows who else, he barely had enough to pay for his Honda Accord LX. Thank goodness air is his true love because after he sank his boat he'd never make it in the surface navy. One heck of a friend - God bless and God's speed.



ROBERT SHERIDAN WALSH

Plebe summer proved easy for Bob since he spent most of it in his hometown Chicago playing football. Deciding to continue his football career, Bob played with the varsity football team plebe year. Later retiring from the Big Blue, Bob decided to stroke his way through Navy with the crew team. Not getting enough strokes and missing his #1 love, Bob returned to football with the lightweights (150 pounders). After letting 3/c year and tiring of making a 158 lb body out of a 185 lb. frame, Bob decided to turn to the intellectual side of life, become a scholar, and pursue a double major (awfully noble). Finding himself with some free time and always setting his own top priorities. Bob bought a Corvette and a Teddy Bear youngster year, in that order. Bob finally saw the light however and dumped one but kept the other. Respected by his friends and classmates as a "natural" leader, it was appropriate that Bob's talents were recognized as he held the Company Sub-Commander position first class year. With being easy-going and fun-loving Bob will have no problems making a secure, successful future for himself. We all wish him the best of luck. We want Nugent!!

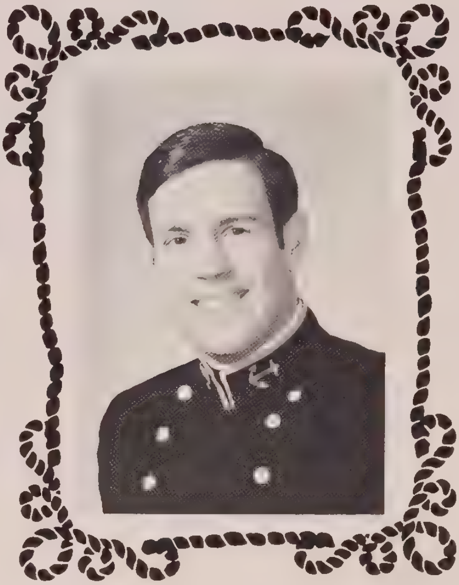
12TH COMPANY



RAYMUNDO AGUILAR

Ray left his home in El Paso to come to the Boat School and train to become a brown water sailor, hoping to one day command his own border patrol boat on the romantic waters of the Rio Grande. A trip to Vancouver on Youngster Cruise however changed his mind as he realized the skies held more promise for a man of his talents and the backseat looked the best for a man with his eyesight.

Two semesters of "Wild Bill" convinced Spic that long hours of hard study held the answer to his success at USNA. This devotion to the Eberhard Co. has not kept our friend from becoming a future Wimbledon champion, or a replacement for Jacques Cousteau; and he always has time to spend a weekend at his sponsor's/adopted family's, where he can feel "young" again. After finding out what it is like to be a "day late" youngster Christmas, Ray was afraid of pulling up "a dollar short" and still hasn't decided on a car, but we all know he will somehow make it to Pensacola.



JOHN R. BALLARD

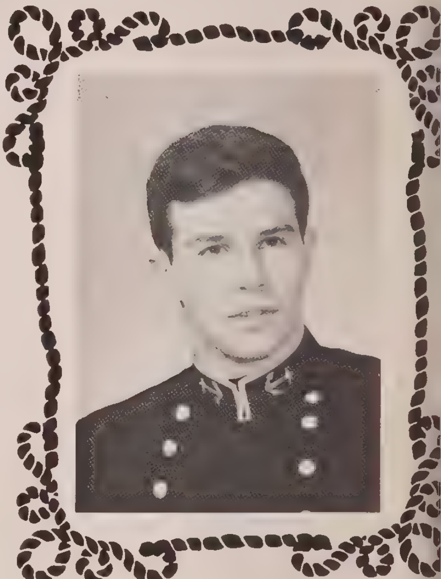
Jolly "green" John has been U.S.M.C. from *before* the day he was born! Talk about dedication! If there ever was a doubt, no one ever knew. John's four years at USNA have been characterized by a devotion to his pastimes of shooting the bull in his History major, varsity fencing, jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, and publicly despising anything connected with nuclear fision or calculators. (Not necessarily in order of preference!)

The first annual 12th Company Indy 500 experience was a fantastic success thanks to Indiana's "Randy" and with a mother that loves to cook for mids (and a sister that several classmates would *love* to have cooking for them!) We will always remember those days of max brew and chips.

For John it's off to Quantico and safe he'll be, Marine Corps airborne, infantry.

Underneath that tough exterior and macho physique is a warm and friendly individual - who wrote that lie? Just kidding. Everybody likes Joe, but not because he's rich. He's smart - invests all his money up in Baltimore. Joe has always been one of the "rocks" of Twelfth Company, aqua-rocks, that is! The only aquatic test he did well in was the underwater swim. The Marines will find themselves a good man come May when Joe signs in because he's a hard worker. "Work hard, play fast, sleep often!" is his motto and he sticks to it, especially the sleeping part. Joe can fall asleep anytime and while doing anything. As a result, he holds the company record for stopping a car in the shortest length of time without rolling it. Take it easy, Joe.

JOSEPH V. BOLAND



12TH COMPANY

Andy acquired many nicknames over the years at the Boat School. "Mundane," which is the most common, by no means describes his lifestyle as a mid. He quickly gained popularity and has been in every ECA imaginable, the most notable being Ring Dance Committee Chairman. He also strived for academic excellence - one of his favorite places to sleep was the library. Coming from a military high school, "Ange" really knew the ins and outs of military life - the first one out on Friday and the last one in on Sunday. Andy found many ways to get his highs, whether it be jumping from airplanes, visiting local flames, or . . . "Ondine" will always be remembered for his company concerts, cowboy boots, social study hours, long distance romances, imitations, bad cruise grease, and his easy going personality.

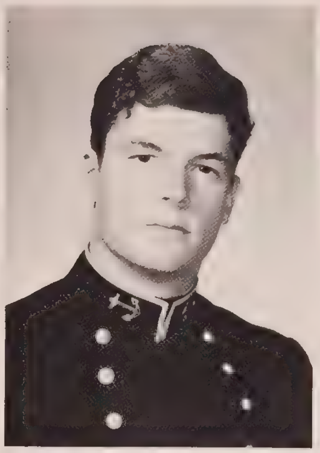
Though the Navy will probably lose him after 5, "Mundus" will leave an impression that will last for 20+.

ANDREW T. BROWER

CHRISTOPHER W. CABLE

The "Cabes" came to us from Stratford, Conn. Well-liked by all, Chris is a hardworking but easygoing guy. When the phrase "Put out for Navy!" was coined, it's author must have been talking about Christopher Wheeler Cable. When he was a plebe, people thought that anyone who studied as hard as Chris did would "flame out" in about a semester. However, his beading paid off because after absorbing every bit of knowledge in sight his first year he has been able to coast through the last three. His intelligence is only outdone by his personality. "What a great guy!" Ask Chris to do something and before you're through he'll say, "Sure!" His goal is EDO and the Navy needs people like him in the front office!

All ahead two thirds!



MARK WILSON DECKER

Mark came all the way across town to attend Canoe U. Plebe year he became a news column regular from a starting position on the varsity soccer team and co-captain of the plebe lax team. Youngster year brought endless hours of study and a permanent nickname, "Max." He strove to max all he did and was involved in everything from hang gliding to "4 pts." and stars and strips.

His home became the refuge for many youngster autos and drunk classmates, none the less the welcome mat was always out, and the hospitality was deeply appreciated. Second class year saw the dawning of the star fleet command of which Max was the CO. Even though Mark had female connections in nearly every college in Maryland and Virginia, his 20-10 was primarily focused on the Ivy Leagues.

Whether commanding a squadron or managing a corporation, you can bet Max will maximize.

12TH COMPANY

MICHAEL JAMES FOREMAN

Always quick with a quality imitation and a non-stop imagination, at first it was hard for us to see just where this Ohio boy was coming from. But through nearly every company function, Mike managed to "stay tall" (while the rest of us "got small") and keep 12th Company laughing out loud at a crazy sense of humor that only good friends (and mothers?) can fully appreciate.

A Navy pilot from the very start, Mike's eyes held up despite some serious beading and a "minimum gouge" approach to a gougeless (?) Aero major. He'll be heading south to Pensacola after graduation with plans to step into that husband role as soon as his sweet Oklahoma fiancee finishes her college education. It's highly probable that we'll be bumping into Mike cruising those "friendly skies" as soon as Uncle Sam lets go.

ROBERT G. GRAHAM

Robert Gordon Graham came to the Naval Academy from DeKalb, Ill. "Did you ever see one of those signs next to a cornfield that looks like a flying ear of corn and says 'DeKalb' on it? Well, that's where I'm from!" Bob definitely kept a low profile during his first year at the Boat School, but cross country kept him running and he didn't have much spare time. Once he almost bought a t-shirt that said: "Yes, I'm in this company!" After establishing a reputation for walking softly, plebe detail came around and some people found out that he also carries a big stick! Bob's grade average is proof of his ability to "bead" but he's also known for his ability to have a good time. Some of his good time toys include a Pi-Phi beer mug and a '78 Corvette with a "Don't laugh, it's paid for!" bumper sticker. Bob is a hard worker but the only thing he validated was French (he tried to validate youngster boxing but five seconds and a whiff of ammonium sulfate later he didn't know if he was a youngster or a plebe!" He's made it to the top of his class, though and to three stripes. And he deserves it - right?!

Bill "Grange" Granger came to us from Nicholasville, Ky, and like the rest of us, "had a plebe year." After the two month "English" course during plebe summer, "Beeall" turned into "Bill," and he was talking like the rest of us. His upperclass years were quite eventful and youngster year was no exception; he wanted to make sure *all* plebes "had a plebe year." Little did he know, though, that during that year he was to meet his OAO. Warned the dire consequences would befall him if he continued to buy expensive gifts for her, he continued — and he fell! As a Segundo, he was still conquering - expensively. This time, a brand new Grand Prix bit into his wallet. Moreover, his OAO drove it more that year than he did. "Grange" went through another plebe summer, but this time (as a "firstie"), he was on the "dishing" end; poor plebes didn't know what hit them. With this background, "Grange" will end up either flying or driving (boats), and it will be because he "had a plebe year."

WILLIAM R. GRANGER

12TH COMPANY

Griff came to us from Enon, Ohio pure of heart and mind. His ways quickly changed. His career started with his membership in the "fantastic five," an elite group, slightly ahead of their time. Never a theory man, Scott was more into nuts and bolts. This is the reason why he could not tolerate mechanical failures in such things as candy machines, Fords and bathroom fixtures. Griff soon found himself as the Chairman of a private social club known as the "Souse Family." To prove his appreciation for such a great honor he decided to celebrate his 21st birthday by downing 21 shots of turkey. It was a valiant effort but I think the beer chasers did him wrong. His first class cruise earned him the name of "low rent." It must of had something to do with burgers and beer, all night movies, sleeping in the park, and pacers. Griff has always been a good friend and considerate roommate. We all wish him the best of luck in everything he does. Just remember Griff, life isn't always as easy as the high bar.

FREDERICK SCOTT GRIFFITH

LARRY A. KHILSTADIUS

Harry, Twelfth Company's flower child, came to the naval Academy with chants of peace, love, and Bobby Dylan as well as a pad of excuse squad chits and a seabag full of white works as his entire wardrobe. Better known to his teammates as "Killer," he left his hometown of Albertlea, Minn. to wrestle, eat junk food, and sleep for Navy. Larry with his knocky knees and provocative amble missed much of his 4 years here at Navy. Seldom would the "All East" wrestler ever be seen at any formations or company functions during his short stay and intermittent visits to his roommates in Bancroft. As captain of the wrestling team and director of NAFAC our "innocent" Harry enjoyed quite a few episodes with certain young female midshipmen, isn't that right, Harry? Oh bitch! Those long evenings spent in search of gonge certainly paid off for him and us!) We are sure Larry will find some use for his tennis racket, white works, and wrestling shoes in the Navy. T-hunt, T-hunt!

JEFF S. KLINGENSMITH

Jeff came to USNA from the steel city, via NAPS. Moose, as he is more affectionally known, quickly established a reputation in the company. As a plebe he was a bona-fide member of the fantastic five. As an upperclass he demonstrated his academic and athletic prowess. His computer programming is well known to be as extravagant as his ways with women. During school one could usually find Klinger in the wardroom, weight room, or asleep. On libs he was forever in search of a place to race his car, blondes to woo, and beers to chug. A devout rock fan, Moose frequented most of nearby discos (Pier 7, G.J.'s), frequently during the week! Many a blazing weekend was spent drinking at Pitt and knocking on women's doors until six in the morning. Presently Jeff plans on a short visit to TBS and then on to Pensacola. We expect one day he will put his acquired management skills to work and perhaps the world will have a new burger czar.

12TH COMPANY

ROBERT J. LUTI

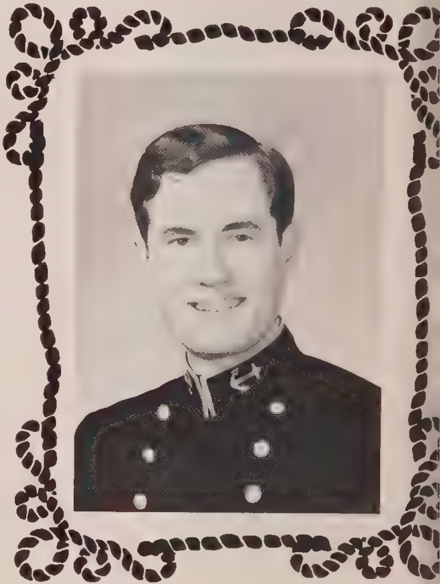
794356
"HAZUBLIKA"

THOMAS M. McPHILLIPS

Quiet, reserved and good-natured are some of the best words that can be used to describe Tom McPhillips. One of several "burgers" in Twelfth Company, "The Squirrel" bought his car early so he could spend many action-filled weekends in his native habitat, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Did I say car? Tom's little Triumph is more like a go-cart! He doesn't get in it, he puts it on! Then he turns it on. Then he turns it in - to get fixed! Tom tried to fix it himself once but things mechanical (i.e., paper clips, Flair pens, etc.) tend to give him trouble. Luckily he knows a lot more about management than he does about cars. He'll make a great naval officer and a fine pilot (after all, there's no clutch to worry about!) Good luck Tom!

Dave came from Littleton, Colorado to "Canoe U" with dreams of becoming a naval aviator. Plebe year, Dave was blessed with the most feasome third class flamer in the company, "CDR Tim." Eager to make a good impression on this youngster, he decided to utilize the curved walkway, wearing raingear of course. The world seemed to collapse shortly thereafter as he registered his first "demos" for Navy. Understandably, Dave was furious the next year when curved walkways became a fourth class rate. At the end of youngster year, Dave went to the "Indy 500", where he started experimenting with spirits of alcohol. On the return trip, from Indy, the boys made a "Pitt" stop. After consuming several brews and shots of Jim Beam, Dave decided he could enter the upstairs patio by using the "giant stride" method. He managed only to put his whole leg through the garage door window. At the commencement of second class year, Dave turned to more serious things. He set his sights on a silver anniversary Corvette, a sense of professionalism, and academics. Dave has come a long way since day one and is sure to go far in life. The phamtom Corvette still evades his grasp, but perhaps by graduation a dream will come true.

DAVID T. MORONEY



12TH COMPANY

Cool Dave makes his hometown in Lorain, Ohio. He came to the Academy with the dream of someday flying a jet. Another fine football player from the Buckeye State, Dave excelled in football at Navy. He was a frequent visitor to the axe board but came away with his neck intact. He was voted the best dressed man in the company. He attributes this to GQ and Peerless Clothiers. In his second class year, Dave received another claim to fame. He became Disco Dave and taught his roomates the way to move their feet. With disco, came a surge of personal grooming standards that attracted the females for miles. He was also nicely tanned due to the scenic balcony in his room. Dave was also involved with the sailing team. he was recruited with the infamous question "Can you Party?" True to form, Dave was a true asset to his boat in the quest of the party. Dave will become more serious shortly as he pursues his dream at Pensacola.

DAVID R. OLSON

ANTONIO AGRA ORTEGA, JR.

Tony came to USNA from Pila, Philippines not knowing what to expect from his new way of life. Ortz however adapted to Academy life rapidly acquiring the ability to consume large amounts of food and drink. Indoctrination continued for Tony as he learned new and often used phrases from his inquisitive readings of various "educational publications." Although two of his former roommates have gone civilian line, Tony has never been AC board bait surviving some the the toughest profs USNA has to offer. When the week was over, Ortz would commute to his favorite hideout (other than Guzman's room), Oxon Hill terrorizing the female population there. Tony has decided not to choose McDonalds for his service selection although he had been considering it. Instead, he will return to his homeland to serve his country in the Philippine Navy. Tony will find success in whatever he chooses to do. We will all miss him.

BRIAN F. PHILIPP

T. Philo Bear, Brookhaven, Mississippi's hero, came to Annapolis to sleep. After a brief encounter during plebe year, Philo decided to give up Navy football to enjoy his summer leave, the rack and food. The Bear never had any problems with girls, they all thought he was cute, funny and pudgey. Once he got acquainted to city life he became the disco king of 12th Company. This John Travolta protege went as far as winning a disco contest in the 'burgh with someone else's girl! As time went on the Bear became progressively blinder. A result of this blindness was the custom body work he performed on a Corvette one night in Baltimore. Philo claims blindness, but we all suspect Strohs. Speaking of Strohs, the bear developed quite a taste for mass quantities. On the serious side, Brian developed his talent on the guitar, now if he can learn to sing . . . First class summer convinced him that nuclear power was the only way to go. Brian and his little blue Mustang were loved by all.

12TH COMPANY

DONALD PAUL RICHARDS

Midshipman Donald P. Richards, alias "D.P.", alias "Wonder Boy," alias "Disco Don," etc., etc. has existed at USNA for four years in a world all his own, a world he was quite successful in constructing. Not unlike '79 he found it difficult to excel at academics and therefore found refuge in building "beach muscles" which was duly noted by any of his roommates when they found him with his shirt off gazing into the mirror at his "washboard stomach," as *he* so aptly put it.This would be crew jock is always full of good intentions. It seems that during second class year (Oh, yes!) he could always be found with the '78 stripers, and we always wondered why his overall standing was 200 above his academic standing. Something to do with MQPR and striper grease maybe? Oh, well, we all know what road is paved with good intentions. He really is a great guy, though. Debbie can attest to that, as well as Chris, Linda, Lisa, and Dianne. He'll probably tell one someday, as Bobby Sherman said; "Make up your mind, you've got to come into my world and leave your world behind." Surely not until he's tired of beach muscles though.

JAMES A. RIOUX

Rux, Re-oaks, Kid Rious came to us from Hurley, New York. He set his sights on the 2.00 mark and never got much higher. Besides his wife Chris, Jim's only other hobby was sleeping. The mystery man, whose moods changed as often as a chameleon's colors, felt so bad about eating spaghetti at Donatelli's along with 4 crafts of wine that he gave it back via the head. Perhaps if we were English majors like Jim, we could find more to say about him, but it's not hard for us to say that Jim's QPR and twenty-five cents will buy you a cup of coffee. On the serious side, Jim was careful in choosing his friends and those that he chose were glad he did. Those of us in 12th Company wish Jim and Chris the best of luck.

Mike "Smittus" Smith is a unique specie of midshipman who floated in from California. His bright red hair and different mannerisms immediately endeared him to the upperclass. After surviving plebe year and his two roommates (who tried burning and throwing him out of their room at times), Mike settled down to academics and improving his drinking prowess from one beer to two by graduation. Smitty acquired four prize possessions here at Canoe U. that he constantly talks about. They are his TR-7, EGO, three stripes and Trident Scholar project. Most of us will remember Smitty for being Smitty.

Seriously, Mike always was there with the gouge when you needed it. He was willing to help others and took many jobs others didn't like to do. Smittus was the brunt of many jokes due to his high intelligence and Smitty statements and actions. However, he was able to survive these jokes and occasionally laugh along with others at them. Mike will do well as a nuke and a person once he leaves USNA and we wish him luck in the future. But what happened to "Do you have any rates? I'd prefer rates to Tuna."

MICHAEL K. SMITH

12TH COMPANY

Al saddled up in Odessa, Texas with his bow-legs, cowboy boots, southern drawl and headed for Crabtown in '75. Al has tried to maintain a low profile for his entire tenure at the Academy - during intramurals period he rigorously worked out horizontally and at night he studied nocturnal thought processes. During plebe year Al believed that he could run cross country and sleep at the same time . . . the coach didn't think so. He brought his Texan eating habits with him - his favorite meals being salt, mustard, taco sauce, and jalapeno peppers. The disco scene never appealed to "Steely Al," all he needed was a jukebox with country tunes and a cold PBR. Since his "wife" moved up from Texas Al has had his hands full every weekend - even the duty weekends. Al is the only mid who gets mad if you wake him up early for formation . . . at the ten minute call. If the Navy can't handle this crazy Texan - Eastern Airlines will.

ALAN PAGE STEEL

THOMAS KURT TEYNOR

Tom "Tunes" Teynor" came directly to USNA and "tight twelve," from the wilds of Minnesota and adapted quickly to life in the Navy. He took up all the best of the mid sports: booze, women, and the unforgettable lotus. Plus he managed to keep up a very respectable grade average as a man in the Fysics is Phun Department. Through no fault of his own, except perhaps a special guest for the magic fish he aptly won the name "Tunar" and was never the same again. Also the monster of intramural sports took its toll on Tom and his favorite knee, but he has never slowed in the race for max brew and chips.

Always a friend and often an outing companion extraordinaire, Tunes was an unforgettable part of 12 and a man we shall never forget.

Tom can be remembered by the following saying "I know which way the wind is blowing . . . but I still have to follow my own course."

JOSEPH FREDERICK UNGER

Joe, better known as "Mung" came to Canoe U with a strong desire to fly. It did not take long for him to find that he had "more than enough to meet the requirements for Navy Air. He soon gained a reputation as the most "stable" mid in the company. Few have had the guts to challenge his dominance including his own roommates, but to no avail. In the final showdown, Joe always pulls through. One of the more misunderstood members of the Gators, he managed to be at the wrong place at the wrong time, be it at the football stands or just in the Hall. The O.D. seems to be just around the corner waiting to zap the Mung. A very serious student, Joe mastered the principles of Aerodynamic "Gyration" in his tenure as a "mushroom," applying the basics into practical use. This Poughtown reject will definitely be an asset to the Airdale Community.

12TH COMPANY

STEVE LAIRD WALSH

Steve came to good old USNA straight out of Moon Township, Pa. and never stopped running. He spent his summer leave at Airborne, jungle warfare, and picking 3 summer campaign ribbons in summer school. Known by many names, Johnny P-neck, Para Rock, Samuri Midshipman and of course Walsh, his humor always kept the situation lively. Even with all the fun, we all know that a serious determination and a real desire for professionalism made Steve what he is Right. Alongside Steve will be Lisa, the only girl that could put up with him. We will see them both often in the future - dedicated to the Corps.

JOSEPH A. WILSON, JR.

Stoney Joe Wilson came to us from that Bromall town, Pa. Joe had an enjoyable plebe year making friends with everyone, especially a little red head. After a short ride in a van about March '77 Joe became our company motel room rep.

Come second class year Joe figured he had kept his nose clean too long so he "lettered" in three driving related sports. Joe spoke with "Clout" never hesitant to throw in his two pesos.

Academics really were no problem for Stones but the the 4-1 telephone room posed a threat. The truth is that he double majored!

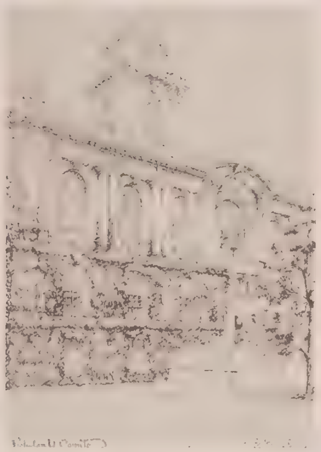
Joe's interests were varied from any possible concert he could attend, "glowball" wars, to a good "book?" After heading to P-Cola with his new bride he plans to moonlight, driving in the modified stock car category at the local track.

"If the minimum wasn't good enough it wouldn't be the minimum!"

THE COLONNADE

13TH COMPANY

MAHAN HALL



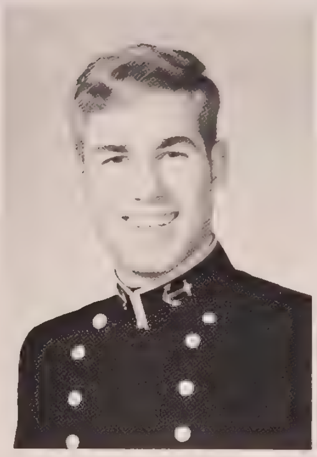
DOUG BARTLETT

Bart came to USNA from the rolling cornfields of Illinois. Being a good high school gymnast, he just kept up the work for his four years here to become Navy's leading all-arounder and high scorer for the team.

Bart had plenty of other interests when he came to us too. He has always been one who goes hard for anything he attempts. Whether in the gym, skydiving, partying, the opposite sex . . . whatever, it really didn't matter. In fact, he went so hard for a couple of the above that he decided EE wasn't his bag and those other things were. Who knows, he's probably better off too!

Bart is a prime example of those men lined up for the "Mighty Fine" branch of the Nav. His friendly, easy-going nature will stand him in Good Stead throughout his Naval career and in the Civilian Line afterwards.

Whatever it is that you end up doing - "GO FOR IT!"

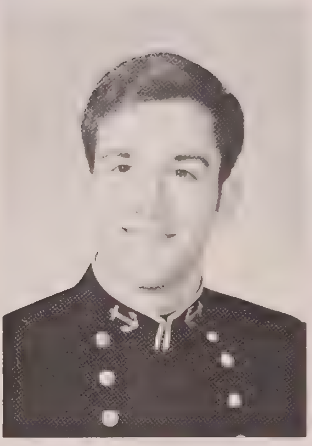


CHRISTOPHER JOSEPH BREHANY

Chris was referred to as Chris only by his mother and was generally known throughout the company as Bruha, Waffles, Brewski, Brehano-man, or other sundry and less printable titles. Coming from the shady valleys of Beaver, Pa., he entered the Academy as a shy, humble, likeable guy who read defense magazines, folded his jockstraps, and couldn't tell Elton John from Led Zeppelin. He graduated as a brash, likable guy who still folds his jockstraps and reads defense magazines, but now he listens to Styx. Brewski acquired a reputation early by being the first plebe to know more protopics than his squad leader. Despite a string of SQPRs that resembled a sawtooth waveform, Bruha always found time to go babe hunting on the weekends as his little black book (bound in three volumes) can attest. As he blazes off to oblivion in his Camero with his legendary lists clutched in his sweaty palms, we wish him the best of luck as he joins the proud ranks of the surface liners.

Thanks Mom and Dad for all your love and prayers.

13TH COMPANY

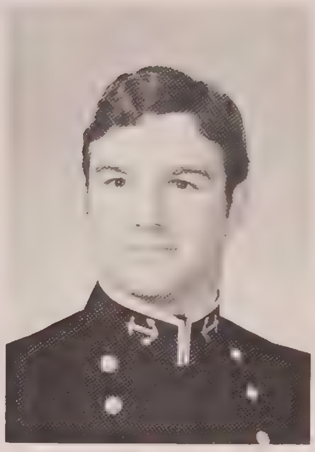


JACK A. BRUNO

Jack Bruno came to Annapolis in the summer of 1975 from the small and unknown town of Ravenna, Ohio. We never could get Jack to pin down exactly where it is, but since he is a diehard Cleveland Browns fan, it must be somewhere in that area.

Jack had a busy and tough plebe year as Pep Band, Drum and Bugle Corps, and swimming sub-squad ate away his time. The perseverance paid off, though, as Jack was Plebe summer D&B Commander. He also astonished the world by passing the forty-minute swim on the last regular lesson of first class year . . . one of life's minor miracles.

If the Corps was Jack's love, the Naval Academy computer was his nemisis. Nightly battles in the Rickover terminal center ended in May, 1979, as Jack proved to himself, the computer, and the Academic Dean that he was worthy of a Systems Engineering degree. if only by the smallest of margins. Surface line will mean happy sailing for Jack in the years to come.

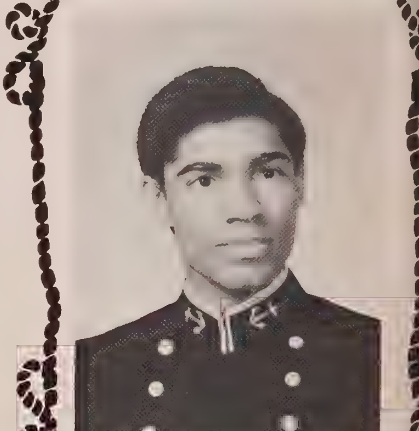


WILIAM J. CALKINS, JR.

Bill arrived from sunny Southern California not really knowing what he was getting into. Well it's been four years and he still doesn't know. Hopefully it will all be clear in the "fleet." Bill's career at USNA consisted of an endless search for a good time - always with a beer in hand. If you were in need of a rousing discussion on why to leave the Academy his room was the place to go. Seems kind of strange that even though friend after friend left for greener pastures Bill stayed snuggled in the loving arms of Mother B. Well, now its on to the real world and many more good times.

Cuz came all the way from OK just to be part of the gang at Hassle Castle. Finding existence here relatively unstimulating he opted for jumping out of anything he could get above 10,000 ft. Upon his arrival at sea level frequently he would find it a "top down day" and roar off in his blue "B," his only true love. Being one of the "Phi Sci Qper High" crowd, Cuz had plenty of free time to perfect his skateboarding techniques - much of his practice taking place during study hour, when he terrorized plebe mates endlessly (sometimes leaving indelible track marks on their stricken bodies). A "summertime sailor and sunshine patriot" Cuz decided to cut his 1st class cruise to only 12 days (enough is enough!). If Cuz decides he has enough time between babes and brews he might go Navy Air for grins but the corner room is such a nice spot and Timmy's is so close we might stay here forever. Right Cuz?

DEWAYNE G. COUSIN



13TH COMPANY

John often asks himself . . . . . . WHY . . .?

Was it a true holocaust?

The DAY has passed and the sun begins to peek promisingly from behind the black clouds. Hopefully for John, the guiding light will endure for 5 years.

If not . . . he did it once and can do it again.

T.P.S.

JOHN A. CURRENT

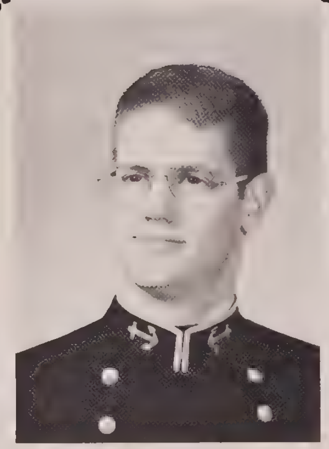
MICHAEL D. DAVIS

"D" rolled out of an Indiana high school and right through gate one. He was bound and determined to have a good time here, and he did, but he broke just about all the regs doing so. A lot happened to Mike in his second class year, girls, good times, and restriction. He made it to first class year after a long hard fight. Everything was set, a Management major and NPQ. It looked like a good start in a business career - but the doctors decided he wasn't color blind. Another Navy good deal! . . . huh Mike? Being a four year man on the gymnastics team, Mike was elected co-captain his first class year. Along with this he earned the position of company sub-commander. Leadership seems to be his bag - and he is good at it. Remember Mike, wild times are the best times. See you on the high seas!

JOHN M. DOSWELL

Joe and Isabel's baby boy, "B.J.", came to Annapolis from the "booming metropolis" of Hayneville, Alabama, after a year at NAPS. He knew more about the Navy and girls than Rich and Valdez put together and had no trouble retaining his sanity plebe year. His sense of humor and joking manner made Doz a favorite in the company (until he assigned 3/c cruises) . . . funny how *he* got that "resort" trip to the Philippines huh?) Never one to sweat the academic load, Doz went Man and Tech and quickly found he could pursue other "endeavors" (tube, partying, looking at slides, etc.) and still manage to "get by". John, always a night person, was either supplying tires to "midnight auto" (six to be exact), partying with Rich, or pursuing the opposite sex. One, of the many, tried to "light up" on a bus to Army, one heard wedding bells in New Orleans, and one met him at a tea fight and has somewhat kept his attention ever since. Wherever John goes, his unique story-telling and "good 'ole boy" personality will make him a friend to remember. (It's been great, Doz!)

13TH COMPANY



ERIK N. DOYLE

Nickname: Smedley
Erik came to the Naval Academy from the volunteer state of Tennessee. He is known best by the crew jocks as "Smedley." He has worked hard to be on the #1 shell for heavyweight crew. Erik unlike most mids does not brag about how well or poor he did in classes, but he comes back bragging on how well he did on his ergo workout. Another favorite pastime of Erik's is getting to bed by ten o'clock. Some people have a hard time keeping up with their homework, well Erik has a hard time trying to keep only one week ahead of his work. As you can tell Erik is a hard worker and will contribute a great deal to the Corps.

DANIEL T. ENLOE

Dan Enloe, from Danville, California, stumbled through Gate 1 early one morning with the rest of us and proceeded to distinguish himself with firsts - like setting off the cannon in T-Court during one plebe summer morning formation. Then he bagged it. Until youngster year given a choice between wine, women and song, Enloe would choose a fast car. And did. Youngster year. He bought it from the 14th Co. Officer, went on his weekend and got engaged. Two more firsts. Then he bagged it again. Second class year saw Enloe as a bachelor again for yet another first. First class year he distinguished himself as being the first man I ever met who could sleep in class with his eyes wide open. He got so good at it that he had to tape his eyes shut when he racked out for real at night. And that is not a sea-story. Incidentally Enloe is convinced that his name is Enloe Enloe, since nobody ever calls him Dan. I wonder if his wife will call him "Enlooooe!"

Joe skiied in to Annapolis one bright, summer morning in July of '75. Then the snow melted and he decided to stay on. Once he made his mind up to stay Joe went all the way and became a NAVAL architect (later he wised up and became a mechanical engineer). Joe's interests include: women, sky and scuba diving, camping and drinking Matt's Beer. Besides enjoying "Matt's on Tap" at home in Utica, New York (Where? . . . Oh . . . fifty miles east of Syracuse) Joe also put a few away here at Canoe U. One thing he will be remembered for is his impeccable neatness. He is the only man in the Brigade that has been known to brush off his underwear. More importantly, Joe is known for is his dedication to the Nuclear Navy. He has already spent two months "under" and plans on more successful missions as a submariner. The Nukes are lucky to get such a talented man as an officer. Good luck, Joe!

JOSEPH M. FALLONE

13TH COMPANY

Gary left his native Tom's River, New Jersey to enlist in the Navy in search of adventure and a steady job. After two years fighting airsickness in the back of P-3s Gary decided that the pilot's view from the front of the plane was better than the view offered in the rear. He accepted an appointment to the Un-College aspiring to become an officer, and more importantly, a pilot. After his two years in the "real" Navy Gary had a difficult time accepting his new position as a plebe but under the tender tutelage of the upperclass he settled into his new existence as a midshipman. Contrary to all advice Gary decided to major in Aerospace Engineering and soon established a reputation as an academic wizard. His sports car, purchased at a "bargain" price at the end of youngster year, is rumored to have rusted out while Gary was forced to spend his weekends in the hall - studying. Never being one to allow academic failures to deter him Gary excelled in scuba, judo, sailing, and fencing during the week and, when his grades finally improved, he even managed a few social calls to certain area colleges on weekends. Judging by his efforts at the academy we're sure Gary will be successful in whatever career he finds himself in in the future.

GARY F. GRAY

STEVEN W. HANSON

Early in his career, "Muk Lou" aspired to follow in his father's footsteps and fly for the Air Force. Unfortunately, his cross-town college, USAFA, declined his invitation, Muk, never a fast learner, opted for Navy.

On the yaul team he learned many of the secrets known only to sailors: the single-handed spinnaker set, how to drink your weight in beer (about a six pack for Muk); and how to keep in shape by carrying your boat's wheel back from practice. Always eager to excel, he found himself looking for opportunities to apply these principles in everyday life. These usually came on liberty, where one find youngster evening at Army, he got somewhat overly zealous. In one masterful stroke, he secured for himself a place in the youngster hall of fame (the alcohol abuse program) and a new name: "Sludge."

Rickover's rovers know true talent when they see it however, and the future will find Steve driving ships for the nuclear navy.

A. C. HARLOW

Yes its been a long hard four years. Al Pooch Harlow has felt it the whole way. Al, not exactly the modern day Einstein, matched daring and skill to bring his grades as close to 2.0 as possible before bringing them back up again. He worked on the negative slope for three semesters before he got tired of it and started the upward trend. What a life! Those times were not as hard for Pooch as they could have been. Through a friend, who was the wedgie wrestling champion of 7th Wing, Al found and accepted Christ. Of course, about that same time, he made a choice that few good men make. He decided that he wanted to join the boys of red and yellow; that's right, the U.S.M.C. Of course, that's only the beginning of a series of bad choices. He is also going to be a June marriage case. I hear that Al is losing again at Academics. Hang in there Al. Good luck in marriage, the U.S.M.C. and grad school.

13TH COMPANY

JOSEPH C. HARRISS

Injun' Joe could never know
Why they thus had named him.
But life with RO and the incredible ZO
Had somehow sorta' maimed him.
It started quick, his mental famish;
The way his mind grew dim.
When majors came he voted Spanish!
'Cause calculus done him in (ole).
"'Twixt food and sleep he plied his trade
(Though studies he might blunder)
For hockey was the winter made;
His hip-checks roared like thunder.
In the seventh wing so dark and dim
Throughout its dank interior,
People felt at east with him
Because they felt superior.
In youngster year we called him Walter
For it was plain to see
His roommates one by one would falter,
Just ask Lizzo, Thompson or Key.
Looking back, his past upon
Joe feels that it's been fine
And now the fun will carry on
In the Navy's Surface Line.

PHILIP C. JOLLY

Phil "Jutly" Jolly hung up his Texas draw and his Marine greens of the Marine Military Academy and came to USNA to don the Navy blues. Once he managed to get enough nerve to enter the gate for the first time, Phil realized without a doubt that he was here to stay. Always a glutton for punishment, Phil chose Ocean Engineering for a major. He worked hard and did well in his major, but with experience he slowly succumbed to that terminal disease of "senioritis." With each new semester he discovered that serious studying seriously interfered with weekends. Even though Phil and his van were gone on most weekends, he still managed to keep up with all of his courses all of the time . . . Well most of them most of the time, anyway!! Preferring to fly over the waves, Jutly has his sights on NAVY AIR, land bases, and P-3's. We wish you all the luck in Pensacola! May God be your Co-pilot.

I have weathered the storm"

Pete is known by the class as the deep voice with the questions. Commonly seen with a tool in his hand and a smile on his face (on weekends), he is a mechanic at heart. He is practical, lives hard, goes fast and will try to die young. But he still has one final question to pose:

"Was it all worth it?"

PETE P. KURZENHAUSER

13TH COMPANY

Good-ole Lubes came all the way from Oshkosh, Wis. just to provide Marsh and Cuz with beans for cokeskies and brewskies. Fortunately he managed his academics better than his finances and he grabbed the history major (the biggest straw). Lubes knew everything except what was on the test, being a veritable font of useless information. One night in the rain Jim got a little upset, but otherwise he was the famous "laugh a minute" Lubes, renowned for his quick wit and slow feet. The star of company heavyweights, Big Jim was an athletic wonder - and his amazing tolerance for alcohol made him a living legend in 13. Lubes came to Canoe U. with the illusion that he'd end up a nuker on Rickie's boat team but he soon saw the error of his ways and grabbed the green.

JAMES EDWARD LEIBLE

RONALD W. MARSHALL

Marshman lived just down the road but he claimed he "didn't know any better." While here he played the game as well as anyone could expect, and after an eventful youngster cruise in Subic (2 days underway?') he returned 3/c year to the show that never ends. His penchant for verse actually received some tangible returns (money that is) and he couldn't be controlled after that taking on his job of USNA poet laureate with unmatched zeal. But he couldn't have been too smart when he signed aboard Muk Lou's yawing yawl bound for Bermuda. Fortunately Marsh and Injun navigated to the small isle using insect entrails and other neat stuff they learned in NN203. Though his company soccer and softball dynasties rarely lasted past the season opener they did actually win on occasion, breaking a long-standing company tradition. But if anyone got him through it was the "old girl". (Hello, Maureen) HIYL. He will certainly shake up the surface line comjunity when he leaves THE BOAT SCHOOL and many accomplices.

RAY A. PIETRZAK

Coming from the blue water navy, Zak left beautiful Elma, N.Y.?? with high hopes of being a stronger link in the chain of command. Being a B.O.O.S.T. graduate Ray figured he had ol Canoe U" wired. Wrong!! As an Ops Analysis major, Zak was found either in the library or Mitscher Hall studying during the week. Although he was a well rounded athlete, Zaks only love was pole vaulting. Weekends and free periods found Zak at the Field House practicing for the 1980 Olympics. One night in October while at Disco Dahlgren Zaks life made a radical change. Who would have known that during "Harbor Lights" that little girl from Wilson College would soon be involved in a June Week wedding. Although we told him not to do it he always knew the "best cure."

13TH COMPANY

JAMES L. REUSS

James L. Reuss from Salt Lake City, Utah and lots of other places (at least his parents moved a lot). Coming to USNA just weeks out of a wrist cast and shoulder sling due to skiing accidents - Jim continued his plebe year doing crazy things. For some reason Jim loved the speed and grace of competition snow skiing and as a result everything he does has a touch of risk to it. When Turpin introduced the recon-raid to our receptive plebe ears Jim went crazy and got so good at it that whenever anything weird happened we would turn to recon-Reuss.

Through youngster year Jim tried to lay low and succeeded since, he had found the sailing team and the Kennedy Cup. Studying was not one of Jim's favorite activities but he kept at them continuously because that is what keeps mids in. Always on the verge of trouble, but never really taking the plunge (or at least he has never been caught at it) would be a good epitaph for the fun-loving midshipman from the city of the Latter Day Saints.

DAVID B. RICH

Dave came to the Academy from the "big city" of Windber, Pa. knowing as much about the Navy as he did about girls. After the shock of finding out that he wasn't "just here for the beer and the women" Dave danced his way through plebe summer and joked his way through plebe year which ended with a bang June Week. Dave had a crazy notion of being a Marine Engineer but after a month he saw the light (and the TV) and, well . . . Man And Tech forever! Between switching class sections and service selection, Dave proved he could be a hog on the basketball court and swim like one in the pool. He became the first to buy a 280-Z, plow a ditch with it, break a heart, and "breeze" his way into four stripes - all in one semester. Wherever Dave ends up, you'll find him cheering for Pittsburgh, drinking iron city beer, telling a joke, and being the center of attraction. Alex and Marianne should be proud of their baby boy! (Especially that "Roman" nose)

Nickname: LUUUUUUKE

Luke, from Alto, Texas, came to the Naval Academy from the Marine Military Academy. Best known for his quickness and good floating ability (that is all he could do in the pool), Luke worked hard all four years so that he could play darts during exams. With another Ops Analysis major as a roommate Luke did not have to work too hard. But he did do well in classes.

Though Luke was always able to get along with us when we told off-color jokes, he reverently went to church, Wayfarers, and OCF meetings. It can honestly be said that Luke never seriously said a harsh word to anyone that did not need it.

We will all remember taking Luke water-skiing on his birthday. He was always participating in pep rallies, costume days, and all those "fun" things we did during our four years here.

Good luck Luke, I hope to see you in the FMF - you will do well.

JOHN LUKE ROGERS

13TH COMPANY

The "tall Texan" came to USNA from Cibolo, Texas. He always refers people to San Antonio though. Cibolo not being big enough to get the attention of a gnat. Roger astonished everyone, including himself, when he received an offer to apply for a Rhodes scholarship, but the modest man turned it down.

Roger is always there when needed, consistently going out of his way to help others. The naval service can do nothing but prosper when Roger Sassman joins the officer corps.

ROGER W. SASSMAN

DOYLE E. THOMAS

D.T. spent most of his time playing music, or arranging it for someone else to play here. The rest of his time he spent trying to be a Mechanical Engineer. He won't say that he enjoyed his stay here, but "It was never too dull." As to where he'll go from here, in his own words . . . "Didn't I tell you? . . ."

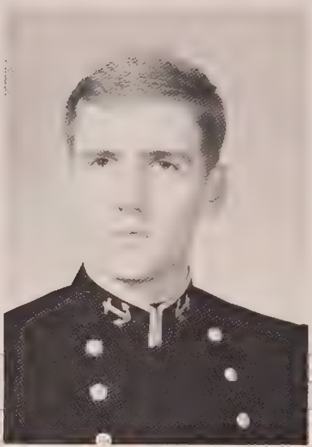
SAMUEL E. VALDEZ

Sam came to Annapolis knowing less than Rich about the Navy and girls, but he adjusted quickly to life at the Academy plebe year and soon became a "favorite" of the upperclass. He entered youngster year at the top of the class "ladder" but soon found he was afraid of heights. In athletics, he realized track was his real calling since he ran a precise (exactly 6:30) mile. Sam lends a special air to any room he enters and if he goes to sleep, his snoring will keep any living creature awake. He's an avid fan of television, disco music, ugly tennis shoes, and getting "lucky" with blind dates (very lucky a few times). Sam met his true love youngster year and hasn't seen straight since. What he has seen in the road between here and Janice's, which has made Academy life easier. (As well as increased profits for local businesses). Wherever Sam goes, you can be sure to see a green formula with the "T's" down and Janice in the passenger seat. Good luck Sam, it's been great!

13TH COMPANY

R. STEPHEN WEIS

Steve left the state of sunny Florida in July '75 to become a member of the incoming class of 1979. Right from the beginning, Steve showed signs of being a potential high achiever, although at come arounds he had a strange habit of bringing his pet frog. "Wus" decided early in his academy career that he really didn't enjoy sleep, women, or weekends; so he satisfied his masochistic tendencies by following the path of an Electrical Engineering major. By the end of youngster year, Steve more than proved his capability of controlling the almighty moving electron, which had been the downfall of so many in the past. His ability to excel, quickly carried him up the ladder of academic success. Still afraid that he had too much free time on his hands, Steve became both a Trident Scholar and 13th Company Commander. Somewhere along the line some one forgot to inform him that firstclassmen were granted unlimited weekends, and Monday nights were made for Michelob and football. Steve made an important personal discovery during his time as Company Commander. He quickly learned that its much harder to understand the difference between right and left than it is to understand the operation of a bistable multi-vibrator. Steve's plans for the future include as little sea time as possible and a great deal more time behind the books. If you plan on looking for him in ten years or so, skip the Navy and start looking for his desk at Western Electric.



ROBERT O. WRAY, JR.

South Carolina kid and plebe summer and living with Brehany all of a sudden (jeez!). Sweating white works, and moving into the hole with R.O., Zo, and Injun Joe, and the Conduct Kid, eyes out of the boat again, and plebe Christmas . . . . .

Going home Mr. Wray and hitchhiking and Navigation and Naples. Thomps, Kurtz, Gary, Sludge, Ron, and The Famous Bruce Springsteen youngster rap sessions and sailing through Chesapeake ice . . . . . .

Segundo summer partytramid forget where you are and courtships and Mechanical (yech) procrastinatineering. Zoomie roommate and Bruha (again) and building a home in the Johns Island woods and hey look I'm a yawl skipper . . . . . .

Bermuda wearing whites and Sardinia's southern shore. Four stripes and Honor Chairman and noisy bands and the DJ biz. The MGB that couldn't roll straight and harriss' smelly hockey uniform one more year. The phone, the guitar, and Bill the woop brother.

"Keep one foot on the ground, Son, the rest is up to you . . . . . ."

OLD SANTEE BASIN

14TH COMPANY

Well time to take that final long weekend. Seems like yesterday you blew in here from the "Windy City" with your football and "Big Bucks" photos. Too bad neither worked out. Of course "Negative - Yardage Punts" never quite cut it. You sure found your heart in rugby though, and had no trouble finding the parties, never letting anything get in your way, like academics, E.E., or a series of small trees.

I'm glad to see no single girl has caught the "fast" yet. Not that you didn't leave a few broken hearts in your rambling wake, among other things. I'm sure no one will ever forget your youngster year in Dahlgren from Saturday night to those philisophical Sunday afternoon discussions. Ah, those lost weekends. Plebe year rumbles were such good training for Bennie's parking lot, and the Cleveland Alley murder.

Best of luck always, Fred. You'll kick "A" anywhere you go. Call collect when the cosmic elf can play "Cat Scratch."

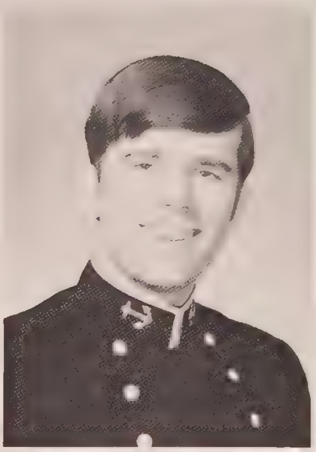
FREDERICK A. AALBUE

DON E. BARBER

Don pretended he was a bagger. Yet blew his image with a 3.0+ QPR, a black belt in karate and 3 stripes. His disdain for officers, profs, roommates and other humans was understandable - how could he relate to people who didn't understand cool? Deep down though, Don is a friendly concerned individual, genuinely involved in other's problems. "Better you than me," he shrugs, "it's not my fault you're from Pittsburgh."

Never one to spend lonely weekends in the hall, Don Juan had more girls than you could shake a '79 crest at, - or get one back from. First class year, Don was hooked and odds are 27 to 1 that he will be at the altar in June.

As the Brigade First Lieutenant Don was very busy, trying to avoid trouble, work and his superiors. Unable to accomplish any of these, he attempted to sell Bancroft Hall to cut his losses. Again to no avail. Thus Don is giving up the realty business for a career as a pilot and he is turning in his Navy blues for the Marine green. No one deserves him more than the Corps.



KENNETH E. CHURCH

Ken hit out from the farmlands of Pennsylvania for the boat school, making only a brief stop in Newport that turned into a year long rest at NAPS. Ken was a bit restless at USNA, he never seemed at home unless he was in the midst of a moto on his Yamaha 400 or trying to break the 10 second mark in the quarter mile on a souped up bike. When not riding, Ken was always breaking the books in search of an elusive 3.0. Ken was never too busy to do a little armchair racing with a good friend though. 14th Company's master mechanic will be missed by all next year. The Navy gains a very talented person in Ken, but the Navy's gain is team Yamaha's loss, though in 5 years we might see Ken's name back up there with Jimmy Weinert and Bob Hannah.

14TH COMPANY

FRANCIS C. COBLE

Francis C. Coble assaulted the hulk of USNA in his greens back in July '75 calling Alliance, Nebr. his home base. He made it through all the obstacles of plebe summer in fine shape, except for one short pole. When academic year set in, his true self began to show through. Why carry a 3.0 when you can get twenty hours of sleep a day and still get through? We all began to wonder youngster year when he returned with silver wings upon his chest and said "jumping out of airplanes is better than ----." Youngster year was a rough year, but what's a few flags among roommates when a few beers will cure it. Frank's room became the most feared room in company second class year, not by plebes but firsties. Now that Frank's got the company all squared-away he's decided to can go out on the weekends; now if only we can get him to come back. The Marine Corps is getting a great man on graduation day.

RICHARD B. FITZWATER

Richard B. Fitzwater, known as "Fitz" or "Sparky" comes from Dubois, PA. An ex-Navy nuke type and NAPSTER Rick had his hopes set for command of a nuke. This soon changed. His roommate of 3½ years and the EE Department convinced him to look towards the Marine Corps for a career. Rick did a lot of work sitting down, after fours on the crew team got him into a habit. Also, living up to the Joe mid image Fitz got himself a pair of docksiders and a Vette. The one smart thing he did was to become a member of that elite group of airborne qualified mid's. Fitz's room was the oldest in the company, having 47 years of experience. Many people looked to the room for advice. But not on academic matters. Fitz and his roommate were in a close race for the anchorman spot. As graduation gets close Fitz is getting more and more anxious to open a good bottle of scotch and to put on those 2nd LT bars.

Someone told Frank that Annapolis would be an interesting change from sunny Guam, so he decided to journey 6000 miles to the fabled Boat School and give it a try. Well, it sure was a change! "Buddha" found that he had to give up Chimoro and learn the strange new language of CMOD, ASAP, BOOW and the dreaded OBSTCR Frank settled in, and with the delights of USNA chow to spur him on, bent himself to the task. He has blended in well, using such effective camouflage techniques as a back shaft corner room and a Camaro. May he always have "fair winds and a following sea" as he goes Surface Line to beat the high cost of getting home.

FRANCISCO A. CRUZ, JR.

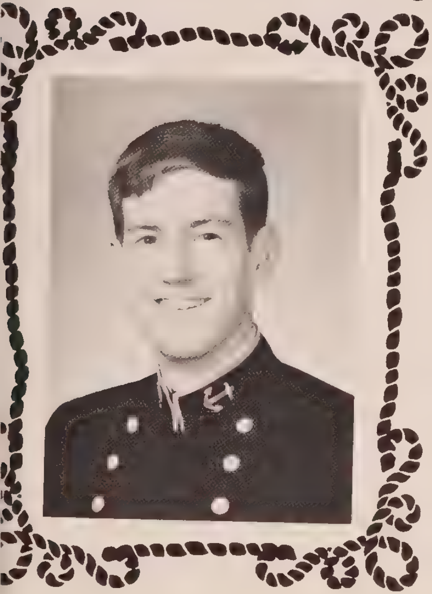
14TH COMPANY

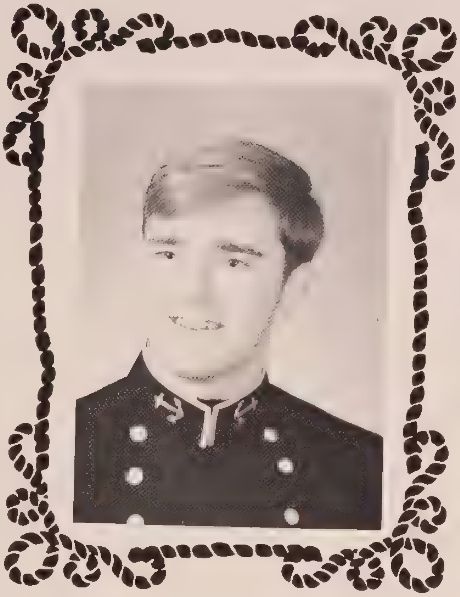
Kevin arrived at USNA on a hot day in July, and has not stopped sweating since. Realizing that gouge must have a source as well as a sink, he opted for EE and, along with Bog, Mad Dog, and Baltimore George, served as a duty EE for many a gouge session.

Father Delaney picked up his handle on third class cruise when he volunteered to serve mass on the fantail. He was always willing to lend a helping hand, be it EE EI or just a little encouragement. KJ spent his free time testing the tread life on his Addidas on those snowy miles along the wall, or else piloting the "Philadelphia Express" to Wilmington, Newark, West Chester, Norristown, and intermediate points.

Kevin is planning to go down to the sea in subs, and, as time passes, I'm sure he'll reflect on these words from Coach, "I told you so - but you never listen to me!"

KEVIN J. DELANEY

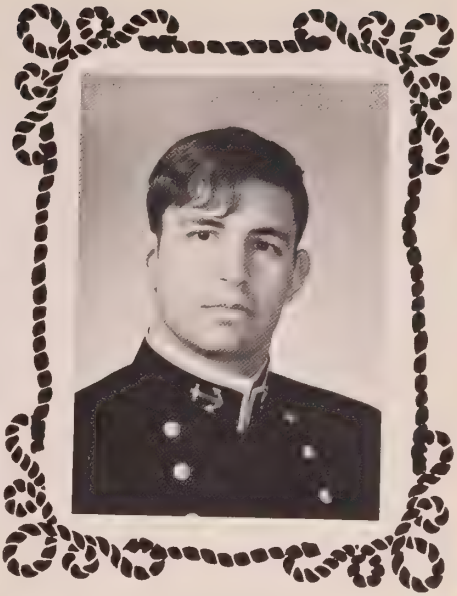




MICHAEL DAVIS DIVINNIE

"Boy came to Crabtown with wide eyes, an honest face, a blistering fast ball, and a Tennessee drawl. He leaves showing plainly the results of too much EE and too much "Mad Dog" and George, his roommates. EE put dark circles under the wide eyes, and George put him on a motorcycle. The fastball still sizzles, but that Nashville "y'all" has strains of Philadelphia and Chicago in it now.

But to the end, Mike retained that Southern charm and has always been a good friend and classmate, whether giving EE EI, or studding out on the athletic field. Our efforts to corrupt him were in vain, and he may have reformed us all a little instead.



WILLIAM H. GRIDER, JR.

Bill floated into crabtowne from Irving, Texas one hot July day. Though no flights were available, Space-Cowboy was able to drift blithely all the way to Annapolis on the gentle summer breeze. His mild demeanor was shortly altered as "Superbowl Bill" became engrossed in football and lacrosse. Bill soon became the bloodthirstiest man on the most easygoing heavyweight team on the company football circuit.

Billy didn't attack his Electrical Engineering as successfully as he did opposing quarterbacks. He became 14's first double E casualty. Whatever enthusiasm Bill couldn't muster for circuits testbooks he directed to study of his Bible. For such a devout Christian Billy spent a suspicious amount of time admiring the Dallas cheerleaders. Like all ranchers, "TACO-BREATH" was an insane Cowboy supporter.

Despite all of this, Bill is a good old boy and would sacrifice himself to lend a friend a helping hand. "He who gives heed to the word will prosper, and happy is he who trust in the Lord." We can all be sure Bill will carry that happy little world of his to the fleet. Before him lies a long, successful career among surface liners.

14TH COMPANY

DAVID D. HAVRILLA

Dave looked ready for anything on I-Day, packing untold numbers of guns and a heavily beared mug. Well, the guns had to go but "The Mug" settled in, despite some retlessness during each full moon. Dave has proved easy going, except for the wild-eyes snarls produced by the appearance of those mids in the funny cap covers. Still a gun nut, he has been the company's most vocal defender of the right to keep and bear arms (at least enough to stock an army). Though he still dreams of owning a 'Vette someday, Dave did break down and get a "cheap British import." He soon gained much confidence in his Spitfire, and is willing to challenge all comers, including snowplows on occasion. Dave shows promise of a great career if he can just keep his healthy attitude of unbridled pessimism.

MICHAEL A. HECKER

Ma came to the Naval Academy and was immediately lost in the crowd, only because he couldn't see over most people's kneecaps. However, Mike soon rose above the crowd in the academic world. This brought Mike to the attention of the people from Rhodes. That was until they found out he owned a used Fiat, and a interesting little car it was. Known for such incredible feats as over-heating in sub-zero temperatures.

Then during second class year Mike's life style took a strange twist. He became a member of that weird Michigan groupie of Mort and Jerry. For example, do you know that it takes a fuel mixture of five parts scotch to one part ice to give Mike enough thrust to fly.

Flying is something that Mike always wanted to do. However, he was unsure if he wanted to fly for the Marines or Navy. That decision was soon made for him when his family threatened to disown him if he went Marine Corps. We know not what the future holds in store for Mike. However, we do know that Mike will always be flying high. (One way or another).

Steve,

Well bud, there were a few times that I had my doubts about making it here. But you were pretty sure I was staying and that gave me encouragement. I'm sure you enjoyed all the people and places that happened into the four years we roomed together. Freddy, Ma, Cro-Mag, Eggbert, Waz, Psychoba, George, Den, Larry, Sparky, and Frank were always ready to have a good time and it was very rarely that we weren't in the crowd. You can bet that I'll remember 'borrowing George's Jensen,' 'drinking at Vorn Dicks,' 'watching some good rugby' and all that 'garring' and 'staffing out.' We did enough of that didn't we? Seriously bud, they were four good years and I can't thank you enough for helping me out. I know that your career will be promising and your life rewarding. You gave the Academy your best and even if they reciprocated, you'll still come out on top. Bueno Suerte, Compadre.

P.S. Your turn to make corn.

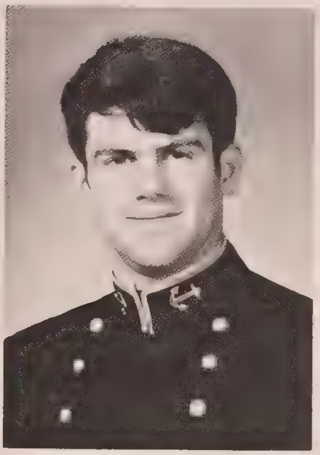
Jay

STEVEN D. HERNING

14TH COMPANY

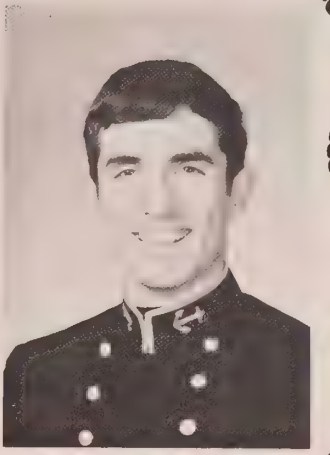
Garp wandered into 7-0 from the mighty metropolis of Winchester, Massachusetts. Shedding his flippers for white works and his first shave, Dave rapidly grew unaccustomed to Navy academy life. With his perenially high water trou and rude tongue, Garp became justly known as a cynic. He spent his first years faking legal pull-ups and discovering new ways of tormenting his roommates. Cheifs Karp, Johnston, and Brownie headed the great all-star sub squad teams of '75-'76. Although a naval architect, Dave refused to sharpen his neck and became instead an ardent wardroom rat and rackhound. When second class Hood arrived, Fishy Dave got hooked by a blonde Disco Dahlgren groupig. When that was over he bought a humungus car and graduated to Fran O'Brien's. Dave still can't hoist his bulk to the pull-up bar properly, but at least he befriended his oldest roommates. The great god of Thermodynamics helped Garp decide to search for the adventure he was promised from the deck of a surface liner instead of a conning tower. With Dave the surface community will receive a fine officer and reliable connoisseur of good libs.

DAVID J. KARP



GEORGE FRANCIS MAYER

The swamps of Jersey will never cease to amaze the world. That is where George calls home, but then again so does "Bruce Springsteen" and South side Johnny and the Asbury Jukes." After choosing the Systems major he found it to often be a thorn in his side. Chet did manage to find time from his studies to drive the best Trans-am the world will ever see. The car that always was awaiting some new performance part that was still on order. Will he be able to pull the same tricks on our Navy jets? The Blue Angels will never be the same. Watch out Pensacola girls, "But is she sixteen yet?" a real playboy is on the way this year. Though a good mechanic, George always remains a student of the bigger hammer theory, "is the choke on?" George's unshakeable confidence will serve him well as one of the hottest jet jocks to hit Pensacola in a long time. All of us in 14 will miss the Jersey kid who was "Born to Run," whether in his, "T.A.", or his Tomcat, or from the altar.



WILLIAM H. MEADER

Aqua-rock Meader be-bopped in from 29 Stumps, California just in time to attend a party at Fran O'Brien's before beginning summer vacation at the un-college. Thinking of all those awesome women back home kept him cool and dry through those hot summer nights. An unshakeable authority on bizarre music, Bill acquired a Mofus stereo that worked once in a while.

A nuke from the word Rickover, Bill chose Marine Engineering and quickly proved his academic prowess. For some reason, this man who can face a reactor without flinching lives in mortal fear of sit-ups and H_2O. Inflated gabardines wouldn't keep him afloat so he walked along the bottom of the pool past the 200 and 400 mile swims.

Now Hart wields a sword, and it is not unusual to see him leading a platoon; Tounge firmly clenched between his teeth. Bill will certainly prove to be a valuable asset to the undersea world of Hymen Rickover if he can only forget that he is surrounded by water.

14TH COMPANY

AMADOR MUNOZ, JR.

Jay,

I remember looking at the nametag on the door, reading Munoz, and thinking, "Hope he speaks English." You did, just seldomly. But you've caught grief since day one for being the "Quiet type." Our Air Force fledgling bond helped when the Navy came down hard, like plebe year where we both sweated your AcBoard. But plebe summer with Uncle Mal will always be a fond memory. Four years as your roommate has given me a thousand stories. Like weekends in Ocean City, visits to the family in Georgia, drunken sprees, Lido's pizza, watered in Cleveland, Millers-in-bottles (in gym bags on 7-4) and "The greatest staff room in the Brigade!" You gave me support when I needed it most and more important told me when I was wrong. You are truly a friends' friend. Your family can be proud, the naval service lucky, and I'll always be honored to call you my closest friend. My best wishes follow you and Cindy. Hasta Luego, Compadre.

Steve

P.S. Your turn to make corn!

MICHAEL THOMAS PARROTT

Mike, Cro-mag affectionately called by his classmates, walked through the gates on 7 July 1975 to become one of the nation's finest. During his freshman year Mike developed the reputation of being Kid Clutch. Now that it is time to leave and the shoe is on the other foot the frosh call Mike an HBI. But then what else can you say about a person who shaves a "N" in his chest because the freshman took 1st place in a p-rade.

Cro-mag has always been known for developing new modes of transportation like driving a Fiat under a Peugeot or being towed around by his tie after a wild Saturday night. He has never had trouble with women especially when I fixed him up with one or when he snakes mine. But even though he enjoys the company of the opposite sex I sometimes wonder why he wrestles, maybe his annual herbies have something to do with it?

Mike is studying to be a narc, but then plans to fly, seaplanes??!! Since Mike and I both have all-weather sweaters we don't room together. We are afraid we might clog up the drains. I guess in Orlando he will manage.

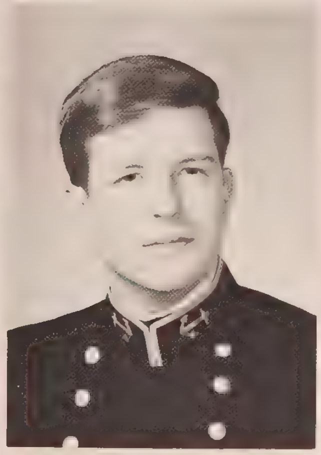
Known more affectionately as Psychoba, Mad Dog, or Dobers, John is a native of that great city of Chicago. He came to Annapolis, a suburb of Chicago, in order to "find himself." He found himself alright, with hours of Electrical Engineering homework every night. But even with his many hours of rack time, many discouraging test grades, and every weekend partying, he maintained above a 3.0 G.P.A. He had the gouge. Dobes was famous for his incredible resistance to being woken out of a deep sleep. Water in the ear, fire alarms, doors slamming, or tickling his nose never phased John in the least. Many E.E. classes have started without him, only to have him come in ten minutes late with sleepy eyes and massive rack burns. Another thing J.P. was famous for was his drawings. It started in EE221 with stick figures of what had happened that weekend and perpetuated through every EE class. He later advanced to actual two dimentional figures and for the next three years, many a drawing livened up an otherwise extremely dull class. Dobes, we've had some great times together. Best of luck, Bue.

JOHN S. PODOBA

14TH COMPANY

Bob sailed right into Navy from Charlotte, North Carolina. As a Soviet Studies major, he found time for other interesting escapades. He sailed on the *Eagle* during third class summer and still managed to drop in on Red Square. With long treks to Mitscher Hall to study wires and taking flying lessons on weekends, it was almost impossible to find him during second class year. Bob who? Well, a shortened 1/c summer didn't stop 14's phantom from circling the globe before going on first class cruise in the Virgin Islands. Navy air awaits him as well as the beaches of Pensacola.

ROBERT DANIEL POTTER, JR.



RALPH DUNSON QUARLES

Ralph came to the Naval Academy from the metropolis of Ball Ground Ga, where his '57 Chevy was still the show car in town.

As fate would have it, Ralph made two mistakes on July 7, 1975. The first was one anyone could make. While on his way to a fine music school, Ralph made a wrong turn and during a twenty measure rest stumbled upon Gate One. Being curious and still having eighteen measures to count he wondered into a strange building called the Field House. Delighted to see what he thought was a bassclef, Ralph ran to the sign, but was soon corrected and began calling the symbol GOLF.

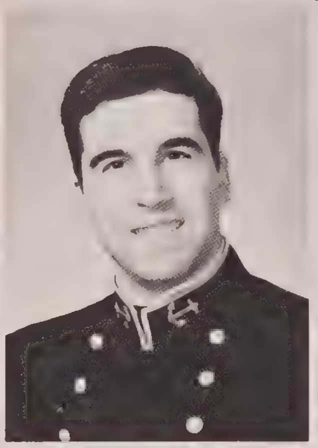
Well, in all of the following excitement of finding a person who could really talk and be understood in the uncivilized North, Ralph lost his place in the score that danced in his eyes. Not being able to accept two mistakes in one day, Ralph decided to hang around the Boat School and prove that there really is a music major program in Annapolis.

Well, all that is left to be said is may the tunes of the waves always be mighty fine.

DENNIS J. REILLY, III

Hey Dennis - finally out and what times. NAPS vacation; summer runs from Jimmy Legs; "Turn off those lights, I'm trying to sleep!"; Aero labs; Trips to OC, "Knock, knock, Hey, you guys got any extra room?", How about those snowballs - smash 6; From there to chilly on the roof, surviving on PB&B with 7 and 7; Whadaya mean I can't have this room?!" oh, my God! Not weird Harold (crack, crack); rack action; Aero action; reflection pool action; tuna action; From trucks to Z's to the best pizza in the work and back to more labs; But what integrity! - "Playing Cards" (Are you sure?) in Newport; Rear assaults in Jimmys; Frontal attacks in Cleveland - "Get out of here you guys;" Get out of my school; No ON's here; A bit hard to study while tubing out, right dude? And with all this Aero, what else in the end but Navy Air - the only way to fly! AMF

14TH COMPANY



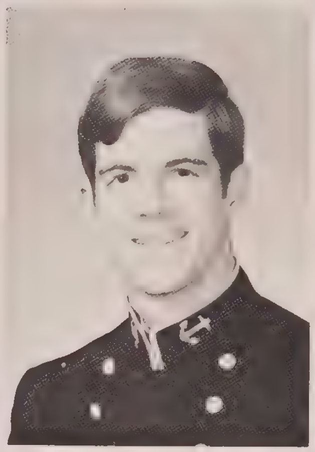
GREGORY RANDOLPH REINHARDT

Four long years ago, in a place far away, a young man overcame great obstacles to become one of the nations finest. He became known to all as "The Smiling Plebe," and to his many close friends as "Egg."

After a short run with the crew jock's and joining the "Five-O" Club, this Kentucky thoroughbred soon adjusted himself to the sedentary life of the hall jock.

Luckily, fluids and the rocket convinced Egg that he really did not want to become an Ocean Engineer. He soon focused his efforts on fascinating research project, such as the mass flow rate at Rudy's and the interior acoustics of an ice chest.

We will all miss Greg's smile when the Navy takes him away from us. Army will never be the same without the smiling Reinhardt clan. Navy Air wins this one, so stand by P-cola, here he comes! Good luck Greg!

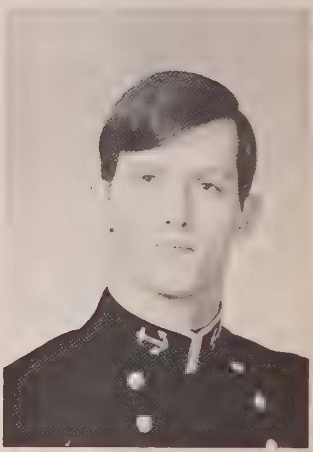


LAWRENCE SCOTT RICE

It must have been the reknown sunny climate of Eastern Maryland that brought Larry to the Boat School, or was it the smokey banks of California? Oh well, he came, and with him, recipes for all sort of ambrosia. Never did get to taste that Sangria. Maybe that's what he used to blast those ants. Speaking thereof, Larry has a talent for having a blast on moments notice, or lack of. If not on the water skiing or sailing, he could be found tinkering with his two-tone Tiger. If it's not on fire. Nothing like being fried, Uh Larry? What's a black N anyway? Good thing Springsteen was in town. Let's go to Riverboat Inn to celebrate. Mmm . . . road trip. Second class cruise taught Larry two basics: survival and navigation - PB&J and direct routes to the package store, but perhaps not as much as Mexican FOREX - "Pass the beans" and "Which way out." The quest for Aero gouge never ends, its so hard to find in the rack. Or maybe its on the ledge, nest to the cheesers and paper airplanes. Be seeing you in Pensacola, pal. AMF

From a town outside the windy city of Chicago Terry came to the Academy. Terry, known to his friends as "Rock", came with wrestling on his mind. It was not only on his mind though, because the plebe summer wrestling smoker made him the victor in his weight class. Academics were never easy for Rock, but then again it did not matter unless he was below that magic 2.0. After four years of wrestling for Navy and a lot of time lifting weights he is making his way to outshine Arnold Schwarzenegger. The rest of his time is spent working on his classic 60 Vette. During his stay here, Rock acquired a taste for fast bikes, fine cars, and good music but won't really miss leaving this institution of higher learning, or all the mids with the funny cap covers, behind-omnes viri. The next time he sees his friends he will probably be driving a Vette painted in camaflouge green to match those dirty Marine fatigues. All his friends will miss him and wish him luck and another five inches of height.

TERRY E. RUDDY



14TH COMPANY

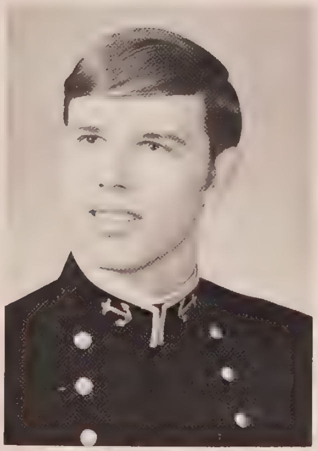
"On the eighth day, God said, 'Let there be Wardroom Rats." Suddenly, the Waz appeared, and God said, 'This is Good?"

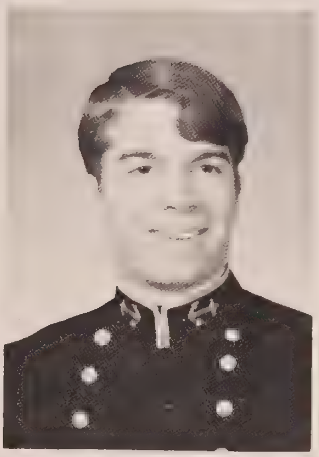
- Gensis (19:79)

Upon his arrival at the Naval Academy back in '75, Pat's contribution to the human race was dubious at best. With a nose like Tecumseh's and eyes like Ray Charles', about the only natural talent he had was an ability to sniff out and run into bridges. But once he entered the Academy, Pat proved that he did indeed possess some rare skills. As a System major, he made many startling discoverys, the most important of which was "The Wazilewski Theorem," which states that the QPR is proportional to time spent in the wardroom. He also proved that too much TV makes you go color blind, which explains why Pat's no longer going Navy Air.

What will happen to Pat once he graduates is impossible to say, but certainly he'll have many exciting adventures in the fleet. It would not be surprising if some day they made a television show about this giant hulk of a man and called it, "The Incredible Waz."

PATRICK ANTHONY WASILEWSKI



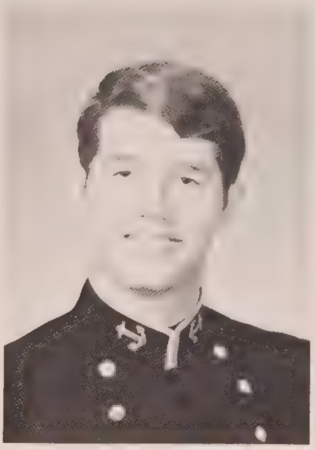


GEORGE H. WILSON

Benny Goodman's, parking lot fights, Ocean City, Army games, plebe summer boxing, CB labs, lightweight football champs, water balloons, Dahlgren Hall, Weems Creek, Canoe trip, Hood College, LT. Plank's green alerts, Freebird, Notre Dame, rumbles, pep rallies, fire crackers, Irish-American Club, plebe summer detail, Rudy's, Pappy's, "Boy," "Fast," "Cro-mag," "Ma," "Mad Dog," "Waz," Gregg, Frank, Buddha, Silver Bullett, Laundry fights, food fights, Tropicano, Tailgaters, Steve, Munzo, Miller in bottles, Singapore Slings.

These few words cannot come close to describing the good times you and your friends have spent together over the past four year. Of course, it was not all fun and games for you as I well know. You always lived by the motto "Work hard, party harder" and your academic achievements and contributions to the company attest to that. I know that when we are old men looking back through these yellowed pages and these names and places with all the good times come to memory, you, George, will be the first person people will remember. Take care, Good luck.

'Dobes

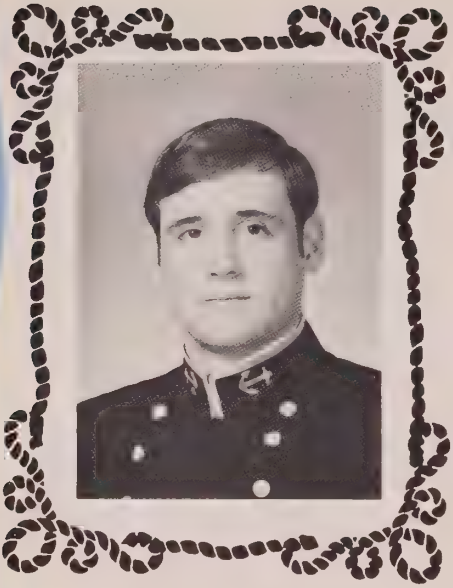


DAVID W. ZAISS

Dave came to USNA well-prepared for his career as a Bull major. Prior to a year at Bullis Prep, he shoveled manure on a farm in Oxford, Pennsylvania. To most, mastering, the intricacies of the the Chinese language and mind, would have been too much, but Kwai Chang took to it well, though it required total devotion to task. In fact, by 1/c year, we noticed his eyes picking up that oriental look, and he often skipped noon meal to eat instant rice (with chop sticks) in his room. When he did go to meal, he carried his Chinese flash cards, and incessantly mumbled under his breath, stopping only to point out "interesting" Chinese letters. Those that say he brought his cards to the Ring Dance are wrong - Dave was on cruise then.

But to the end, Dave has been a good friend. He always was able to laugh both at himself, and at his EE roommate. We wish him good luck and know he'll do well wherever the Lord takes him.

15TH COMPANY

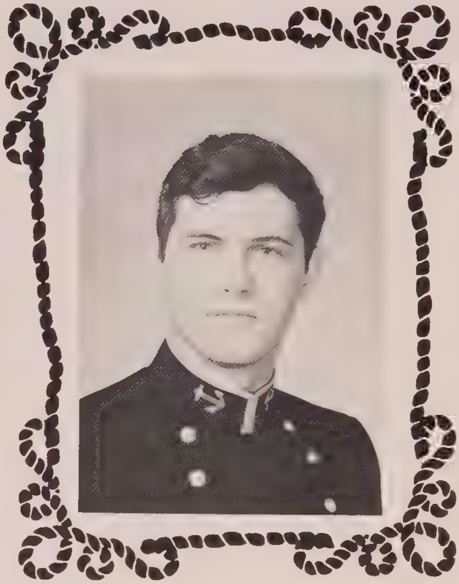


KEVIN C. ALBRIGHT

Kevin, an extremely clever fellow, is a native of Timonium, Maryland, and attended NAPS in Newport, where he was well paid and didn't save a cent. He did manage to enjoy himself though.

Since coming to the Navel Academy, he has had to wrestle with some weighty problems, such as which sport to star in. Recruited for baseball, he seriously considered the coach's invitation to come out for lacrosse. After thinking over his options, he decided to captain the soccer team. Winter however, will find him donning his skates for what he maintains is his best sport, ice hockey.

His other problem is women. Despite the fact that all the nurses try to fix him, he's hard to get. "Her again? I wish she'd stop calling . . ." It is hard for them to figure this gentleman out, and they only get one chance. "Well, I guess she blew it." Someday though, a lucky honey will net an extremely considerate, industrious naval pilot, a guy who'll play home run derby with the kids in the backyard, and be the favorite of Honey's friends. This man will be Kevin Albright.

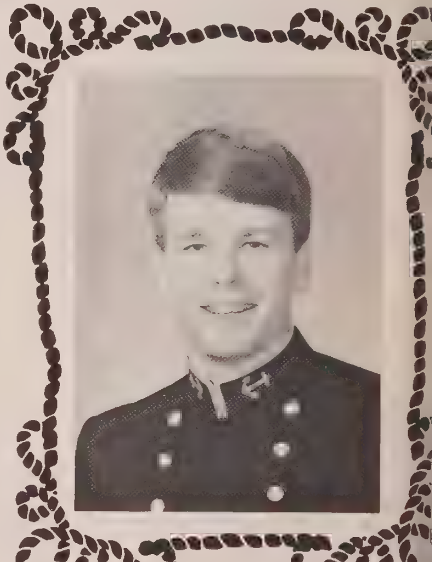


HOWARD BOUKNIGHT

He came in July of '75 and left May '79. In the intervening years Boke took his share of hits and received his just rewards. He always seemed to rebound with a smile, though, a few choice words. Even though he wasn't a heavy drinker, as were many of his friends, he had a lot of fun in the jolly town of Annapolis. His attitude toward sports is well known, and his favorite, the horizontal workout, fits him beautifully. Barring a few minor things, I think I can say he enjoyed his stay at the Academy.

Frank, who hails from God's country (Coronado, Calif.) came to USNA with aspirations of leading a more sedentary life than he already had. I mean he thought they had a tram here to take him to and from class. Affectionately known as the load, for reasons that won't be enumerated, Frank could always be counted on for a good show. I mean who will forget punk . . . and all those unsuccessful wallet checks! Never at a loss for words but always at a loss for money, the load spent his spare time dodging creditors and living on Gee's paycheck. Seriously though, Frank managed to excel as quarter-back for the batt football team even if he didn't excel at pull-ups. As a Math major he managed the most incredible string of fifteen hour semesters in USNA history. I just hope he didn't miss any hours.

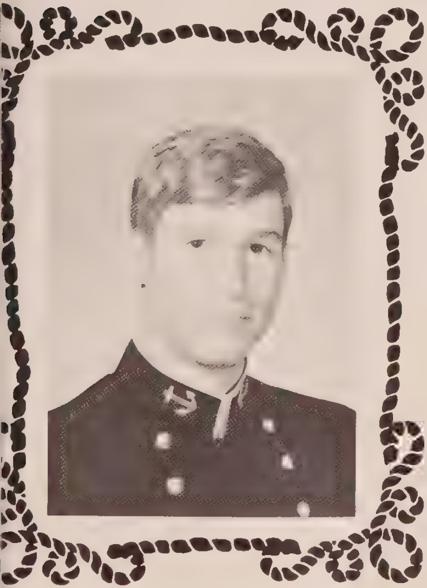
FRANCIS J. BURKE, III

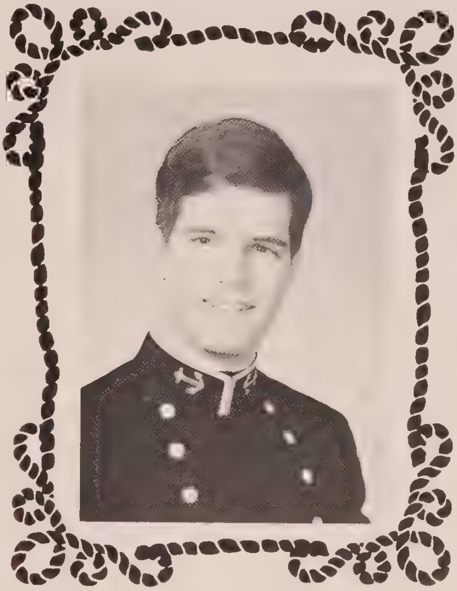


15TH COMPANY

Ken came to the Academy after a year at the University of Maryland and immediately experienced a culture shock. A few rough spots and detours couldn't stop him though and he quickly found his place at USNA. An accomplished sailor and grappler Ken gave meaning to his nickname "Killer." Ken always did his best, displaying similar enthusiasm toward academics. Although some of his instructors didn't concur. This enthusiastic young man shows a great affinity for scotch, I'm sure he will be remembered by all (particularly a certain youngsterette). When he was at his best before the Army march-on 2/c year. As a firstie, he finally got something that was fast and foreign . . . . A fiery red Fiat to match his temper. His open ear, helping hand, and crooked nose (?) have made Ken a lasting friend to many. Best of luck and no worries to you Killer in the world of high flight.

KENNETH D. COBURN

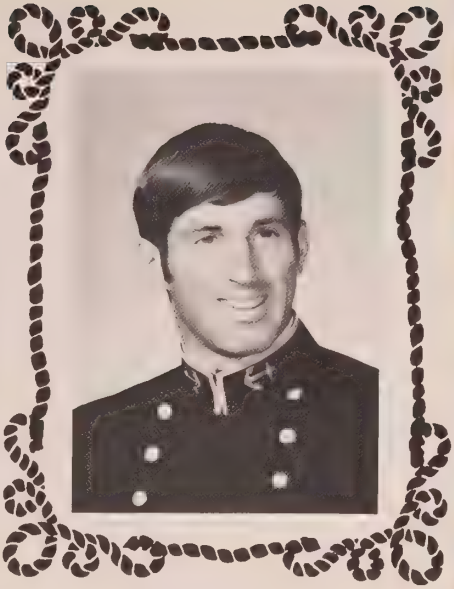




JAMES RODMAN FOTHERGILL

Yimmy is from White Folks Bay, Wisconsin, a suburb of that great clean city of Milwaukee. Having a flair for the finer things in life, Jim would make an excellent millionaire . . . But, at Navy? Very charismatic, he can handle money well, and thereby the ladies, although he never seemed to have enough of either. The sailing team took much of his time, both in the school year and during the summer. His adventures took him to many places where he met very interesting people . . . . Marion in Philly . . . Tricia in Sea Cliff . . . and crabs in Baltimore. Like Moses in the Sinai, Jim saw the burning bush in New London (Doc wasn't exactly alone). On the serious side, Jim has been quite active here at 'Nablis, balancing his time between academics, sailing and various committees. With these, and many more memories, he will never forget USNA or his friends.

"An obbergoot to boot and we ain't leavin' till we're heavin.'"



KENNETH GERARD GIGLIOTTI

Ken Gigliotti, affectionately known as "Gee" by his friends. hails from nearby Lexington Park, Md. After a year at NAPS, Gee brought his Italian speckles to USNA. After some initial troubles with school work plebe year, he settled down to do well in the Oceanography major. Ken always had the perfect solution to academic problems, though. When things aren't going well, just throw your calculator full speed off a cement wall. What better way is there to let off steam. The only other problem Gee had at USNA was his acute insomnia. Some attributed it to a sort of neurosis but he insisted that it was the extremely bright [illegible] in Annapolis that left him tossing and turning night after night. Only his shrink knows for sure! Really, though, Ken is a very generous fellow. Without his timely loans, I would be securely in the hands of my creditors. He excelled as a varsity soccer player for three years also. Gee is all right - me and Gee are "buds."

15TH COMPANY

FELIX HERNANDEZ

Felix (no middle name) Hernandez came to USNA from Whittier, California via the Rio Grande (and to think that he barely passed the forty minute swim). Yes, folks that's right, Felix hails from the same town as another "infamous" American, Richard Milhous Nixon. Felix's antics during plebe summer, while amusing to his classmates, did not impress the firsties. Who could forget such immortal moments as the time he forgot to wear his neckerchief to noon meal formation or when he was caught rolling his eyes. A man of many talents, Felix coached the battalion fencing team to the brigade championship and has contributed many fine photographs to the [illegible] also does one hell of a chimpanzee [illegible]ation. Fe, a History major, may not be able to solve simultaneous equations but just ask him who the second emperor of the Ming dynasty was. His hero is Napoleon Bonaparte. He even has a picture of the Little Corporal under his blotter (next to Nixon's picture). As Felix would say, "Peace, love, and narcotics and Reagan in '80."

WILLIAM P. HOKER

Originally from New London, Conn. Bill now calls the Annapolis area home. After spending a year at Towson State University developing a social style all his own, Bill decided to get serious and give the Academy a try.

An International Security Affairs major, he has excelled in the area of Latin American affairs. Not one to be accused at spending excessive time on technical studies, Bill has maintained a solid grade average and at the same time kept up with his many social obligations.

Always the center of attention, Bill has made a countless number of friends in his four years here at the Academy. His quick wit and fabulous sense of humor has been a constant source of entertainment and relief from the every day pressure.

Upon graduation, Bill plans on joining the surface navy. With his ability to communicate and gain the respect of everyone he meets, Bill will no doubt excel in the fleet as he has done here at the Academy.

USNA was nothing new to Chip, having been reared in the Navy tradition by two of the finest parents anyone could ask for. He could rightfully call many places his home. But, home is where the heart is, and that's Virginia, land of fond memories, good times and Anne. After a shot at lacrosse, Chip elected to lend his talents elsewhere. This gave him the time to pick up things like scuba quals and lonely girls while on Dahlgren Hall watch. His van was never hurting for lack of use. Commuting between Annapolis, Fairfax, Laurelwood, Cedar Point and Norfolk left little time for anything else, but we still managed to tip a few cool ones on the road. A trip to Army always meant one thing: beer and some of the best lasagna this side of L.P. City. Chip tried Ocean Engineering and reluctantly had to lower his goals. It seemed that he was always in the Lee of Rickover Hall and could never get to windward. A good man deserves the best. Good luck, Chip.

GLENN REPPARD JONES

15TH COMPANY

Hailing from Vallejo, Calif. Sandy came to the Academy via NAPS. Known as "Sa" to his friends, Sandy played JV football for two years before gracing the varsity team with his presence. Beginning as a split end, Sandy soon discovered that he could outrun the defense, only to find that the quarterback couldn't see him! This year Sandy is playing wingback so the defense will think there are only three men in the offensive backfield.

When Sandy is done playing tackling dummy for defensive ends who outweigh him by 40 lbs., Sandy can usually be found among several members of the fairer sex. His quick wit and golden tongue have made him one of the ladies favorites, to the dismay of some of his less fortunate classmates. But there is still hope for them as Sa has found a California beauty to direct his attentions towards. Planning on going the surface/air option, Sandy is sure to make the Navy a better service to be in. Good luck Sa.

SANDY AMBROSE JONES

GEORGE ALBERT LAST

George rolled in from Columbia Station, Ohio and thoroughly convinced all that he was a direct descendent of Woody Hays. We believe that still, poor boy. During plebe year George showed himself to be one of the most loyal and hard working members of our class. Too, he got engaged, which took a lot of hard work. Seriously though, George was one of the best people to party with. Not only did he spike the conversation well, he was a cheap date. George's motivation and ability to lead was never truly rewarded, unless you count that one "Good, Job, uh . . . Oh, yeh, . . . Mr. Last," from Duke. George was always the spearhead of politics in our cozy group. Constantly telling us of the virtues of Democrats, union labor, and American products. So how come he drives an MGB? George wants to be green and he wants to fly. Reminds one of a grasshopper doesn't it? He should have no trouble though, being the most fit and trim mid around. I rank him 1 of 27.

STEPHEN L. MASON

Steve hails from the frypan of the U.S., Scottsdale, Arizona. His stay at Navy has taught him many things other than academics, but that is not to say academics isn't important to him. He was on the Superintendent's list three times and even got a 4.0 second class year. His major is Chemistry and he's thinking about being a doctor, although the nuclear surface community still looks mighty attractive. He doesn't drink or smoke and is an enjoyable person to be with. He is fortunate in having a beautiful girlfriend that he spends a lot of time thinking about when he's not spending time with her. Although not the best athlete, he tries hard and is a star receiver on the company lightweight football team. Steve will go a long way in life no matter what he sets his mind to. Only the best will suffice.

15TH COMPANY

WILLIAM PRESSLEY McKINNEY, III

W.P. came to USNA from North Carolina, or God's country as he called it. His goals were to gain academic knowledge and to grow professionally and spiritually. Despite practically living in the wardroom and bowling alley, he gained a proficiency in Math and Physics. By working with his classmates in his company, Bill was able to gain a high degree of professionalism. Most important to him was the spiritual growth he enjoyed through the support of his Christian brothers and the grace of Jesus Christ, his Lord.

ROBERT J. McNEELY

"Big Bob McNasty came out of the South looking real mean . . ." actually Bob's one of the nicest guys. (Those cute lanky Southerners!) Too tall is an Oceanography major - yet most of his time is spent (a) in the rack (b) contemplating the direction that birds fly over McDonough (c) fondly recalling the good ole days of Lancelot Link - and then doing imitations almost as good as Felix (d) complaining about how hot he is (e) stumbling into closets while looking for bathrooms (f) or getting all excited while talking to Ted about the ectadeglosicphilum in the homoespeculaticus family. Then there are always the "heavy" workouts - 10 pound benchpress, 5 pound deadlift, back to (a). Running is also one of Bob's fortees, HE'LL never forget his immortal pleading word "Waaiit!" Yet Bob doesn't need his legs anymore he now has a Toyota. He takes really good care of it by VARYING HIS SPEED - right Bob! Still, Bob is one of the greatest, goodnatured guys around. Good luck B.

Ted claims Reno as his home, but actually he comes from such places as Okinawa, Morocco, and Miami. Ted was one of the first in the company to get engaged back in his youngster year, which has made Tina an integral part of his academy life. Ted is an Oceanography buff, and scuba diving and dolphins are two of his favorite hobbies. C.T. has proven himself to be a ferocious defender on the lightweight football team. Ted is one of the friendliest guys in the company beside being one of the brightest. He is an excellend student when he applies himself and even gets an occasional 4.0. He would rather help others with their homework than do his own, but he spends most of his time figuring out ways to be with Tina. Ted has a deep concern for his fellow man and hopes to enter the field of medicine during his Navy career. He is a very talented individual and will continue to be successful.

CHARLES TELFER MILLER, II

15TH COMPANY

There was a time when we were wondering whether Gene Miller (better known as Gene Who?) was actually a member of the Fifteenth Company. Geno is probably the only midshipman from Buffalo who came to the Academy with the intention of becoming a professional tennis player. Most of the time Gene can be found playing squash with the Commandant, challenging a local pro in tennis, or taking leisurely trips to Californis to become a national badminton champ. He has also been a great asset to the Glee Club and often helps out as a Big Brother.

Surprisingly, Gene has been a dedicated student in his field of Chemistry, but has shown to be even more dedicated to a strong belief in the Christian faith, exemplified by his constant fellowship and witness to the Lord. Also known as Mr. Disco (a name he acquired while serving as plebe summer company commander), Gene is a natural leader and shall do well in Navy Air as he always strives to be the best. "Well, we'll see you later, Geno!"

EUGENE A. MILLER, JR.

DAVID J. OTTERSON

It was a hot muggy July day when Dave cruised into Crabtown on his snowmobile. Hailing from Caledonia, Minnesota, Dave quickly acclimated himself to Southern weather and women. The Navy may have shorn him of his long, golden locks, but that didn't lessen his power of partying.

After a brief stint with the crew team, Dave realized his true calling and became the star running back on the batt football team. Always a good student, Dave showed his astute business judement when he bought a sports car as a segundo. Does that thing work yet??

Dave spent first class cruise in the land of his ancestors, Sweden. And we can't forget Marilyn's Super Inn in Subic! How do you spell your name, Dave? Otter-San?

Whatever Dave's service selection, the Navy will gain a valuable asset. We're going to miss you Dave, but just remember, "A good time was had by all!!!

JAMES VICTOR PENDLEY

Jim came to us July 7, 1975 as a foreign national of the sovereign state of Texas. We soon learned that it wasn't Jim's academics that earned his appointment. As a true Phy Sci major, a few trips to the Academic Board seemed to settle him down. Studies never really seemed to slow him down however. Being a true Southern gentlemen, the ladies would always have him over to their house to meet their parents. This would often result in months of hospital recovery, and an invitation never to return again.

After living a year with Jim second class year, I can understand why all his previous roommates voluntarily resigned from the Academy. The first thing I had to overcome was the language barrier. Always a believer in cleanliness, his room was easy target for company officers.

Jim was known to all as the most sincere, unselfish person you could know. A quick sense of humor and broad Texas grin has made this cowpoker the most liked and respected friends I have met. Good Luck.

15TH COMPANY

BRUCE A. REICHERT

Bruce Rackhard; a second class citizen, president of the fearless syndicate, charter member of the four musketeers, and head of the mad dog clan is known throughout the Brigade for his devasting crusades. With his kinky hair and kinky habits, Bruce has always managed to stay on top, whether it be crashing blue pigs (yawls) or wailin' gailin' rides at Wilson. Although NPQ for failure to observe colors by day, Bruce is noted for his late night accomplishments, both academic and extracurricular. Bruce added fame to his name for concocting the punch that leveled ACTRAMID 2/c summer. Bruce's pickup served admirably as a 3/c and 2/c escape/party mobile, but found its true purpose catching footballs for the 150s. Despite a severe case of Bermuda road rash, Bruce's sailing career was highlighted by his winning the intercollegiate big boat championships. Never being one to come up short, Bruce will be lending his talents to the Supply Corps.

PHILIP GREGORY RENAUD

Phil hails from the Northeast - Somerset, Mass. He was quite a trombone player, but decided against the D&B once he arrived here. He has managed however, to bring his active social life along with him, as well as maintaining excellent grades. Chosen for a national medical test, the "bald one" has had almost every part of his body operated on. This has given him a feeling of invulnerability, as is evidenced by the manner in which his Jaguar is driven. It would be thought that he was preparing for flying jets, but his eyes were found to be placed sideways, so he'll join the mighty fine.

An excellent man, successful and conscientious worker, Phil will do well wherever he goes.

Duncan came to the Naval Academy from Wexford, Pa. a suburb of Pittsburgh. He arrived that fateful summer day with a full head of steam and never slowed down once during the four years. Though Duncan worked hard, he partied hard too earning the nickname "Drunkin Duncan." The only thing that Dunc liked better than good hard partying, was nice soft women. Note the plural! Dunc fit the stereo-type of "a girl in every port" perfectly. Besides the women, Dunc has shown outstanding prowess in the sport of lacrosse having won two varsity letters, and a bolt in the right shoulder to hold his arm on. Above all else though, Duncan's outstanding characteristic is his great sense of humor, which will be welcomed by wardrooms in the fleet throughout his career - Good luck to you in the nuclear navy Dunc!

DUNCAN WILLIAM RICHARDSON

15TH COMPANY

Lee marched into Navy in July, 1975 from the Marine Corps via NAPS. His close-cut hair and love of the military impressed all of us. Lee was always ready to lend a helping hand and provide some motivation when it was needed.

It wasn't until after Plebe year that his other love became evident. By now Lee's love for partying and the fairer sex is almost a legend. Gifted with the ability to cause women to swoon, Lee was the focus of much jealousy by his less fortunate classmates. Lee knew more of the area's young ladies than the rest of the company combined.

Lee breezed through his Management major and finally received recognition for all his hard work, first class year when he was elected Brigade Honor Secretary. While this post was the source of much additional hard work for himself, the extra liberty he received was a source of additional envy of his friends. Lee managed to find enough time away from his work during the week to enjoy the finer things in life. Iris?

J. LEE ROGERS

KURT D. SCHAFER

The "Big Fella" came to the Academy from Cheyenne, Wyoming, via Crystal Lake, Illinois. Shafs is a true cowboy at heart exemplified by his love for country music, good scotch whiskey and his treasured .357. His patriotism comes out by his being named his high school class redneck and having John Wayne for a hero.

Shafs also put in his time with the football team, playing three years until injuries got the best of him. You could always find the "Big Fella" on the sidelines by looking for the guy that had the sun reflecting off his head. Bald is beautiful!!

Shafs had a penchant for the game of odd or even. I'm sure a little Italian will agree with that. Speaking of little, how about the tailor made car that Shafs bought second class year. Go spitfires!!

Shafs plans on flying helicopters or going surface line. Whatever it is the fleet is going to get one of the best. The "Big Fella" will be missed by his many close friends when the parting time comes, graduation 1979!!!

BRADLEY E. SMITH

Out of the Rockies of Colorado, Brad came to the Academy with hopes of flying his way into the history pages of seapower. Beginning his career as an Ocean Engineering major, Brad later decided he would rather take a double major. So he changed to Management and Technology. Being the financial "wiz" that he is, Brad can always be found conjuring up a plan to start his own "disco" club or buying some wild extravagant sports car (like a 1970 Opel). Among his many talents, Brad is a real "Fred Astaire" with the women. His greatest triumph was a trip to France to visit Nancy, which seemed more designed to her advantage than his, since Brad doesn't speak French. Presently a member of the sailing team, Brad returns from trips to inform us of exploits of Virgin Islands and wild Carribean parties! Brad will become a naval aviator come May '79, an enriching addition to a proud tradition. Good luck, Alias Smith.

15TH COMPANY

ROBERT A. SOLIK

Bob Solik is one of the hardest workers on the weekdays. On weekends he is out with his fiancee, Beth, but who can blame him. Bob has amazed many people by his continuous high interest in such dynamic and stimulating courses as Combustion and Heat Transfer. Phasar control and counter rejection are but just a small sample of Bob's invigorating vocabulary. Don't get me wrong, Bob does other things too, such as . . . um . . . well bake cookies with Beth. (sure he does!) The rest of the time (two minutes) is devoted to his friends and thus, consequently, he is known better as Bobby Breakdown or just plain Walt. To add to his "dismal" record, Bob is fond of AM music, you know teeny bopper groups like Abba, etc. and finds the Allman Bros. "distasteful". Well excuseee meee! By the way future NFO's, watch out for Bob in his F-14 as he takes off into the wild blue yonder and on into space (where he belongs). Good luck Bob!

DAVID A. SORANNO

Italy's gift to the Naval Academy, David A. Soranno, alias Roink Wrinkle, has consistently maintained his position as number one neck in the company. He spent most of his weekends in the hall studying and effectively avoided making any distracting relationships with the belles of Annapolis that might have dragged him from his books. Every night, with calculator charged and pencils sharpened, Dave could be seen on the way to the library in search of knowledge. Dave, did you know that the world's largest lead smeltery is in Moberly, Missouri? "No, I dint. That's interesting." Dave performed admirably at jobs such as watch coordinator, assistant drill officer, and other jobs that excused him from watches, formations and parades. He is famous for his strange diet (he eats nothing but kosher dill pickles and sunflower seeds (and for his low alcohol tolerance. Once, while intoxicated from inhaling alcohol fumes, Dave slurred, "I'm loose as a goose . . ." But a guy with naturally curly hair and a backhand like Dave's can't be all bad. So good luck, kid. Best wishes and bon voyage (that's French, Dave).

Mike came from the fleet as an enlisted nuke. Knowing how much nuclear trained officers are needed, one must wonder whether or not Mike would have made it had the Admissions Office known he had no intention of leaving here as a nuke! In reality Mike is very professional and capable of handling any job. That's why he was made Battalion Sub-Commander. Since he has so little to do he gives the B.O.M.S. brush-offs before inspection. Mike's goal in life is to buy a used car lot and sell only 1962 Oldsmobiles, which he has quite a passion for. Upon graduation this aged "Munchkin" plans to settle down to married life with his *young*, Detroit raised financee. On the serious side, Mike has studied hard these four years as a Marine Engineer major, maintaining a high QPR (and making sure we all knew about it!) He will graduate high in his class and will make a fine "swailor."

MICHAEL PAUL SUSALLA

16TH COMPANY

ISHERWOOD HALL

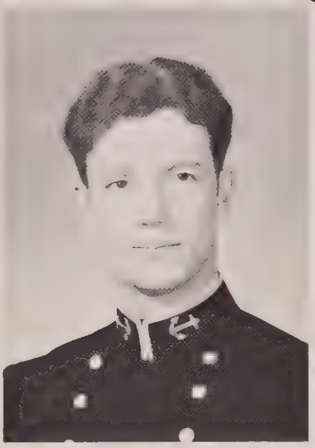
BRADLEY R. BECKER

Having lived for 18 depraved years in the Big Apple, "State," as Brad is somewhat known as, surfaced in Crabtown, U.S.A. Preaching the sound "Yankee" wisdom his years of city life bestowed upon him, he made a big impression on all his plebe classmates; in fact most of us even knew his first name by youngster year. "Arnold" never worried about studies, as evidenced by his choice of major: "Rackematics." Once when asked what a 6'N day was, Brad replied that he thought it was the number of Big Mac stops made in an Annapolis to New York drive. Nonetheless, between workouts, he made good enough grades to become "Ass." Brigade Ops. As a firstie; thus earning himself the nickname "The Blue Whale." (If you question) the nomenclature as his roommates about his hump), don't worry Brad we all appreciate you and will be sure to recognize those triceps in weight rooms throughout the fleet. Good luck in the NFO community Brad, and quit buying medium-size t-shirts.

TIMOTHY R. BOONE

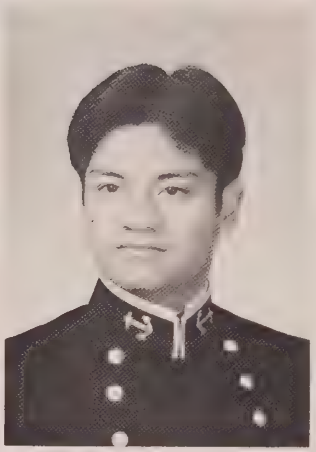
Tim Boone, affectionately known as "the Beast," was one of the more amiable guys in the company. He gained his nickname because of his avid enjoyment of rumbling. There were times at night when a loud yell would be heard and, upon entering Tim's room, one would find him standing upon his desk, as if possessessed by some demon, and ready to pounce upon his roommate. Tim was also the first of sixteenth company's illustrious group to bite the dust, meeting the woman of his dreams at the first plebe tea fight. I guess you could say it was love at first sight. Being the resident company mathematician, Tim was the only one who could figure out the difference between an Epsilon and a Delta. And what about those California street races! Tim was the only guy to ever challenge a Porsche to a race - in a 1974 Maverick. No Tim, the difference in speed between your car and that Porsche was *not* less than Epsilon. We wish him luck wherever he goes.

16TH COMPANY



ROBERT ALLEN BRANT

R.A. came to Annapolis all the way from Charm City, which, for those who can't make the connection, is also known as Baltimore. Nevertheless, it can't be denied that R.A. brought with him more than his share of charm, as evidenced by the multitude of girls that so willingly crossed his path. And his ability to remain unattached bears witness to his intelligence, even if his grades never did. R.A. chose a Management major and turned cost efficiency into a personal way of life. He stuffed his lacrosse stick under his pillow early in the game so he could better prepare for what he did best: party. And party he did. R.A. had quite a knack for making himself comfortable wherever he was, and you never saw him when he wasn't flashing his Cheshire grin. An avid outdoorsman, R.A. always managed to get out and get some fresh air, even if it was only while he was driving his vintage Corvette. There's no doubt that he'll end up exactly where he wants to be.



JAMES D. ESTRADA

"Well you can tell by the way that he uses his walk, he's a dancing man with no time to talk." Straight from Manila Bay via San Diego, Jimmy spent much of his Naval Academy career, shakin' shakin' shakin' shakin' shakin' shakin' shakin' his booty. Known for his stylish threads, long hair, bad ride and overall coolness, Jimmy swore that John Travolta was "just" a tall Filipino. In between his epileptic (disco) fits, Datu could be found in Chauvenet in hot pursuit of his Mathematics major, something at which he excelled. Liked by all who know him, Pino will always be remembered for his competitiveness and determination to become successful in life, assets of which the Navy will benefit.

Fishcakes arrived at USNA bearing the official stamp of approval of Wilmington, Delaware. Owing to his hard work and diligent use of a multitude of natural abilities, he needed only 2½ years to overcome this obstacle. Afterwards, things began to take off, as did "Cakes." Every weekend in fact. JD never wore out his shoes, but he and Beast, a shiny black mass of steel, rubber and audio gear called a Z-28, were notorious from Syracuse to Atlanta, Ocean City to Marietta. Foreign policy kept JD's feet "in the brown" but wires ensured his nose was forever scorched. No ambitious female, nor beckoning book could tie Jon down long enough for his jets to cool. It will be no surprise when JD flames through flight school on full after burner. A three time winner of the 16 Co. "Most Easily Amused" award, we can expect to see JD's easy smile leading a trail of exhaust gas in the sky, and hear that ever puzzling question, "Does a one-armed man row in circles?"

JONATHAN D. FISH

16TH COMPANY

The Doctor arrived at Canoe U. right from the shores of Crabtown. He became USNA's only commuter, and proprieter of the frat's weekend resort. The Doctor always kept the company well supplied with home cooked food, not to mention a great sense of humor. Even though the Doctor could always be seen with a lacrosse stick in one hand and a Michelob in the other, he had no problem hanging on to women. With his sly wit and charming smile, many a father will breathe a sigh of relief when their flowers of femininity will finally be out of his grasp. Ed's academic performance, second to none, last to almost all, gave the Dean a run for his money. Whenever Doc took time off from his world travels, he did find a little time to concentrate on his M and T major and to secure his second class parking lot license. Oh, and if you're wondering why we call him Doctor, you'll just have to see him operate.

EDWARD J. FRANCIS

FREDRICK K. GERHEISER

Ready Freddy, hailing from the booming metropolis of Lambertville, N.J., blessed 16 for four years with an unmatched combination of knowledge, good looks, and athletic prowess. Ask him, he'll tell you. It seems as though Fred never missed a party - no matter how hard we tried to miss him. Though he took pride in his ability to party-hearty, it is widely known that Fred could get the maximum effect out of the minimum. Sunday night soap operas were commonplace on 7-1 as we eagerly anticipated tales of new loves or new heartaches. Always maintaining the highest standards of professionalism, Fred swore for four years that his hair was only 3.9999 inches long. In recognition of these leadership abilities, Fred was selected to develop 12 "little Geekheisers" during plebe detail. This done, he retreated to 7-2 as the penthouse's senior resident. Always an airdale, Fred drove a "Bomb-er" for two years when first class cruise confirmed that fighters are for him. Fred, we all wish you the best of luck.

RONALD L. GLASS, JR.

July 1975: Ron came to us bowlegged, neckless, insecure, and unsure of himself. He only knew that his hometown Reading, Pa., was somewhere north of Annapolis.

July 1976: After youngster cruise, Ron had discovered wine, women and song and was ready to apply his newly acquired knowledge. Still no neck.

July 1977: R.L. continued to excel in his academics. With his wild oats sewn, Leroy matured with the acquisition of a steady girlfriend. Ron became famous for the one position he could always be found in whether wrestling or in his room. That is, on his back. Ron finished the year by getting mono for his five weeks of summer leave. Still no neck.

July 1978: Ron is now married and applying his Management skills on some reserve vessel. He still has no neck but who cares now.

16TH COMPANY

JOHN L. GREEN

Greeno came to us from Big Sandy, Montana and quickly established himself as the resident cowpoke. As adept at breaking a woman as he was at breaking a horse, Johnny Glamour was rarely without his share of female admirers. Greeno's trademarks were cowboy boots, a can of Copenhagen, gutrot whiskey, and a feedlot ballcap. Naturally, he loved the outdoors and could always find time to get out and get some fresh air. Perhaps Greeno's greatest legacy is his collection of amazing exploits with the Duke. Of course the Glamourous One continued the tradition after the Duke's untimely departure. No distance was ever too great for Greeno to seek out a big party. From his native Montana to the Jersey shore, from Florida to the Indy 500, from Japan to the French Riviera, Greeno covered 'em all. Of course, he did spend some time at the Academy, but John had so much horse sense he rarely needed to study. As he rides off into the sunset, John'll bring sunshine with him wherever he takes that smile.

RAYMOND J. GRIFFITH

Never one to find an easy solution, Ray took a roundabout path to USNA. Originally from Wilmington, Delaware, he finally landed in Canoe U after spending time in Great Lakes for both "Boot" and "A" schools and Newport for NAPS; thus firmly establishing his position in 16th Co's "Old Men's" Club. Being the professional type, "Grif" began his officer training with a three day baloney and brew survival course in the frozen Georgetown tundra. Rapidly progressing from this point he soon mastered the fine arts of juggling and dart throwing while earning a membership in the dozing and doodling Physics majors club. Thinking of a possible career in aviation, Ray wasn't satisfied by Pensacola's flight time and attempted a Chevy van barrel roll on one of his frequent Hood College excursions. Not thrilled by the outcome Ray appears to be headed for sunny Orlando. Hope you enjoy living in a submerged pipe, Ray, good luck in the fleet, and hope those Phillies have better luck next year.

It wasn't easy for Tod to leave it all behind in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but he figured he'd give it a chance. The grey skies here were quite a letdown after those he was used to in the land of enchantment, but he did manage to develop a fondness for snow. Far from thrifty, Tod was known to indulge in fast cars, fast horses, classy women, good booze, and loud rock and roll. When things got a bit too hectic for him, Tod's favorite escape was to get back to Mother Nature. And since school and athletics didn't require much effort, he spent a lot of his time working on concerts and organizing parties. When he got a striper position after serving one of the longest restrictions in history, most people suspected the stripes were an excuse to remove a bad influence from the company, since it was apparent that he only came to the Academy to get a Corvette and avoid doing his own laundry and cooking. See ya'll at Saddletramps!

TOD E. HIRT

16TH COMPANY

The redhead came to us from the Buffalo pastures of Oklahoma. While oblivious to all the frantic activity around him plebe year, Stan was allowed many a Saturday night of individual p-rades to contemplate his career as a barber. Happily from our viewpoint, he decided against barbering and opted to become either a moke or a pilot. While pursuing his goals via an extremely difficult Management - Engineering curriculum, Stan distinguished himself both in the classroom and on the company intramural teams. Stan and the "Doctor" were neck-in-neck for the company anchor man throughout the first five semesters, but then Stan discovered that a 3.0 would save him twenty-five cases of beer on his car insurance.

Buc-Buc will be remembered most for three of his own special traits: his humor and good-nature, his rabid support of the Sooners, Yankees and Cowboys and impersonations of Rip Van Winkle. Stan was never one to allow his vertical to horizontal ratio exceed one.

If you think United has friendly skies, wait until Stan gets his wings.

STAN HUDSON

MICHAEL G. JORDAN

Mike skiied into USNA from the mountains of Big Bear, California. Having been the big fish in a small pond he found the slopes at Canoe U weren't all downhill. Still, he was the most handsome, athletic, debonair, and modest individual in 16th Company - just ask him!

Shorty's abilities were widespread. He quickly established a reputation as an intramural star in tennis, football and softball. Not to be slighted is his 2 year record as co-holder of the "Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval". His driving skills are known far and wide, having learned on the side of a "hill." Mikey is the only person to put a VW out of commission by passing it at Mach 2 in his Red Streak.

Mike's prowess did not stop here. He had a knack with the weaker sex, which could have been put to good use except he always seemed to be spoken for; not AGAIN Mike!

After a thorough look around, Mikey finally found a girl to keep. He's sure to continue his success wherever he is.

ROCKY D. KROPP

The co-captain of Navy's baseball team, and the proud pitcher of the first no-hitter since 1965, Rocky was truly a strike-out king. He wasn't just limited to baseball, however. In his spare time, his sport shifted to that of women. Rocky truly had a built in girl-o-meter you could measure a girl's beauty by nearly watching his jaw. The prettier the girl, the farther it would drop. Like baseball, Rocky never liked the "easy" opponents - always going for the most challenging women. And, unlike his pitching average on the field, his batting average off the field was something less than super. Especially when he faced his toughest of opponents - the California women. And the toughest one of all was the girl known as the "California Sunshine." However, Rocky's not a quitter, and his batting average is sure to improve. Who know, he may even get a hit against the one they call "California Sunshine," even if it is a bunt single.

16TH COMPANY

T. KIT McCULLEY

Kit, receiving only green lights, traveled an entire five minutes from his home to arrive for plebe summer. Being an Annapolitan definitely had its advantages for Kit, especially in the department of female companionship, something he was rarely without. Being the son of a professional football coach, and quite an athlete in his own right, Kit devoted four years of hard work into the Navy football program. It was because of his antics on the field that Kit acquired the illustrious name of "Bulldog," or Dog for short. Bull-dog was famous for never leaving a room without taking a last check of his glamorous profile. On weekends one could find Kit driving a silver Porsche with a classy woman in the passenger seat heading for a little of the good life. The good life is where Kit is destined, for as he goes forth from the Academy his positive attitude will surely make him a winner in whatever endeavor he undertakes.

DAVID M. MORRISS

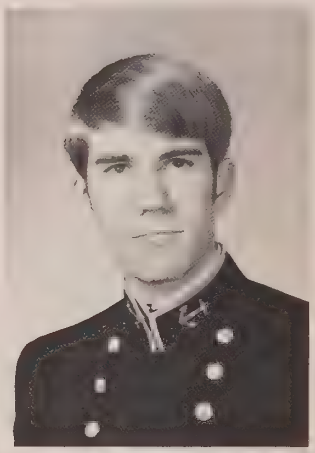
The "Hillbilly" came to Canoe U. from the backwoods of Tennessee endowed with a rebel yell and dreams of flying a Navy jet. Once here Dave proved to be an excellent roommate providing many chow packages throughout his stay and a different type of food for one particular youngster roommate. This manna from the top rack, accurately described as "cookies," was however, hardly edible. Dave's uncanny ability to study has made more than one person feel guilty. The word "neck" must have been made with Mack in mind. Dave will also be remembered for sponsoring one particular "religious retreat" to the hills of Tennessee at the beginning of first class year. "Goin' Buck" seemed to be the favorite sport that weekend along with "kill the keg" as the suave Tennessian showed everyone how the hillbillies really party. Failing eyes have clouded Dave's future, however a few things seem certain, he will somehow find a way to law school and also find a way to satisfy his taste for the better things in life.

After long deliberation Kent decided to give up the leisurely lifestyle of the South Carolina Plantation Belt for life along the Severn. He brought with him the money-mindedness of Andrew Carnegie and the academic prowess of Charlie Brown. Although out of his "literary" element as a Physics major Kent studied hard and eagerly awaited each semester's finals - not for the grades but for the money. During one particularly difficult semester he collected $627.23 in pennies from the base of Tecumseh. His was the first car to be financed by the superstitions of midshipmen.

On weekends when Kent wasn't collecting returnable bottles he was venting schizophrenic tendencies in the only socially acceptable way - acting. As a Masquerader his roles ranged from Constable Warren in *Our Town* to Captain Morton in *Mister Roberts.*

Kent takes his learnings and earnings into a career as a surface jock with the philosophy, "If you can't dazzle 'em with your brains, you can fool 'em with your mimes. And as a last resort you can buy 'em with your bucks."

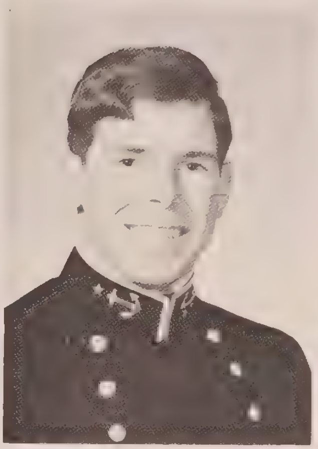
KENNETH P. MORTON



16TH COMPANY

Dave came to us from the vast frozen wastelands surrounding Duluth, Minn. He arrived on a pair of baurer ice skates and began skating his way through four years of "Mother B." He spent many an hour in class, in labs and in his own room conducting research for his Trident Scholarship research program. His thesis, of course, was that sleep is not a quantized particle but a wave which oscillates in direct proportion to the amount of work that is not being done. "Guy" (Gey) has an uncanny ability to be at the right party at the right time. Be it Georgetown, Cleveland, Ocean City, Tennessee, Hood or an outlaws concert; if there was a party, Guy was there. The mild-mannered Clark Kent was not always so mild after a few "B's." Having survived the horses of Dover, the bologna, mustard, bread and broken legs of Washington, and the depths of Watauga Lake Dave is now ready to take on the world. Look out Rickover, here comes Guy!

DAVID J. NORTON



DAVID PROTHERO

Coming from a family of ten, Dave opted for a less crowded environment; one in which he could be an individual and not just a face in the crowd. At USNA, he soon became recognized as an authority on all subjects. His knowledge extended from the mechanics of how to catch a rainbow, to sports cars (he drives a 1974 Gremlin - "The Beast"), to the philosophical proof that he was God. In addition to his overwhelming knowledge of the trivial, Dave also displayed an uncanny ability at salesmanship. Not only was he able to babble at length about anything, but he could easily convince his listener that it was true. This talent proved quite useful at striper boards. During one particularly verbose board, Dave managed to convince them that not only should he have stripes, but that he should be Commandant. Later, after they had regained their senses, the board decided to give him five stripes. Dave's goal in life: "To be king of the world." If anyone can do it, he can! At least, that's what he told me.

BRIAN A. RODGERS

Brian hails from Spokane, Washington, a semi-urban mixture of homes and forest. Although his father was only a Mayor and his brother a mere lawyer, Brian hoped for better things. Taken in by the sign "It's not a job It's an adventure" Brian chose to become a midshipman. But first, off to that elite New England Prep School for some reading, writing and rassling.

He learned well at NAPS, if you consider one out of three well. Bar is still working on the reading, and writing, but he has the wrestling down - finished in the top 12 in the nation in 78.

Brian Rodgers - you can sum up the man in a word - sincere. If you need to talk to a guy who will care, who will understand and who wil give you good advice here he is. Good luck and God bless whether you go nuke, surface, air or mud. (Rom 3:23, Rom 6:23, Rom 5:8, John 1:12, I John 5:11/12, Rev 3:20)

16TH COMPANY

MICHAEL S. SLAUGHTER

Owing to a prevailing westerly wind, Mike managed to drift over Annapolis from Cincinnati, Ohio. Had it not been for an alert midshipman with a grappling hook, Mike would now be somewhere over Europe. After surviving for two years as a happy bachelor, a certain high school sweetheart finally succeeded in landing him as a prize catch. His social life being thus sharply stifled, Mike spent his weekends working on his car or tumbling out of perfectly good airplanes. He assumed the role of resident Company Wires Wizard and actually took pleasure in that generally avoided field of electricity. (But then Mike also enjoyed having his five wisdom teeth pulled) As a second class and then as a firstie, Mike took it upon himself to be the shepherd for all lost and wayward plebes. This fatherly attention soon earned him the dubious honor of being the first firstie to have his name immortalized in graffitti. Between the confines of a submarine and the inevitable apron strings, Mike's days of unchecked drifting are fin. .

JAMES THOMAS STRADER, JR.

Tom came to us from King of Prussia, Pennsylvania via NAPS. As time went by we came to know him as a man with drive. Tom played hard and worked hard. A serious student and a devoted member of the lightweight crew team, Tom was no slouch when it came to lettin' the good times roll either. Starship projected the image of the tall, dark, mysterious stranger to the ladies and they ate it up. Somehow Tom always gave the impression that he was just passin' through. He always let the girls find that out for themselves, though, but sometimes he explained it when he could remember their names. One thing Tom will always be remembered for is his sharp wit, particularly by those who were victims of it. But underneath that exterior, Tom was sensitive and understanding. Wun Hung Wo was certainly the most chivalrous member of the four mustgetheirs, and he could always be counted on to say what he thought. We were lucky and proud to be his friends. Time loves a hero.

Diggs sailed into Crabtown from Raleigh with long blonde hair and bloodshot eyes. He's lost and is still losing the hair but his eyes continue to resemble a North Carolina road map. Diggs spent much of his Naval Academy career trying to prove that sailors have more fun. He was highly successful. When he wasn't sailing he was using his Naval Architecture major to design the ultimate party boat. When Diggs left small boat sailing for the Big Stuff he took up small car driving. The ferocious four cylinders of his Pinto wagon pushed to the limit as it strained to pull around its cargo of 120 lb empty headed . . . ., and 12 oz. empties. Turner best be ready when Vann yacht's chairman of the board sails past the competition after a quick 5 on a reserve can. By the way, Diggs has rarely been known to overstand a mark, and I doubt the Navy will stand in the way of his true calling. Fair winds and following seas then and now.

DAVID D. N. VANN

16TH COMPANY

Spence arrived at Annapolis in the summer of '75 full of the innocence and naivety expected of a devout Catholic boy. However, Plebe year's Army-Navy weekend brought a marked change in the Little One. He no longer viewed life through rose-colored glasses - the glasses were now filled with burgundy. In addition to being a connoisseur of fine wines (like Spinada?), Spence developed a strong affinity for good brew during a memorable summer trip through Europe and later on the waters of Wautauga Lake. Overcoming both shortness and being only a part time student (an English major), he achieved the erstwhile position of Club 16's head cheerleader - both during plebe summer and AcYear. Immediately taking charge, Spence banished a "favorite" company officer from the friendly confines of 7-1 forever. Service selection was no problem for him. Aviation never had a chance as Spence, blind in one eye and unable to see out of the other, becomes a proud member of the Surface Line community.

J. SPENCER WILLIAMS

U.S.S. BANCROFT

JACK V. WILLIAMS, JR.

Galloping in from the hills of the lone star state via Newport, R.I., "Bull" sought his fame as a Navy football player. Quickly disillusioned, and brought to a quick realization that there was more to life than beating heads on weekends, this hardy Texan became a true academician. In fact, Bull was so engrossed in the academic program, he tried Poly Sci, Physics, and Oceanogrphy before saying to hell with it and settling on loose women and rock and roll. Unlike his fellow animals in Frat 16, Bull threw his loan not into a car but into an 8 cylinder Krieghoff. Luckily, he had enough left over to buy a very hot '71 Ford. It must have gotten the job done, for there was never a complaint heard from his much acclaimed collection of beauties, including a famed Dallas Cowboy crowd pleaser. The fathers of Crabtown will finally breath a sigh of relief when Rickover takes Bull to the bottom of the sea. But one thing we'd like to ask before he goes, "Are *things* really bigger in Texas . . .?

17TH COMPANY

BRIAN EDWARD AUT

Hailing from the sunny state of Florida, Brian arrived at the Academy only to lose his tan as well as his grade point. Plebe year saw him clinging to his books as well as an oar. When crew and academics conflicted Brian had to go with the books. Anyone who frequents the weight room or the swimming pool knows him as he prefers working out to almost any other activity. He is a very hard person to get to know, just ask anyone in his company. Those who do know him well have a friendship that they can depend on. Service selection sees Brian going Navy Air, a dream long in coming. As far as the Academy goes, it was a nice place to visit.

RODNEY E. BRYANT

Rod came to seventeenth company from the land of the razorback. With cries of SOOOEEE echoing through the halls of plebe summer, he started his four years with a determination that was hard to match. Following a brilliant football career at NAPS, he continued his hard work and dedication to earn for himself two varsity letters on the 150's gridiron at Navy. Of course, this didn't hinder his successes gained through many long nights battling with his "dual" major in Management and Technology. Never one to pass up a good time, he could often be found roaming the campuses of Hood College and U. of Md. in quest of the fairer sex. Much to the dismay of his cohorts, he was rarely without success and was often observed escorting some of Maryland's finer specimens. Contrary to the opinions of his charred plebes, USNA will be losing a fine man as Rod changes from blue to greens on his way to Quantioc, then on to Pensacola as a Marine NFO.

Arriving from the cold northlands, it didn't take Dan long to decide that he preferred the climate of Minnesota to that USNA. Ignorantly choosing Systems Engineering as his major, he was often found behind a book at night and face down in the classroom during the day. Never letting studies interfere with "life," Dan made it known that a well rounded college education entails far more then what is taught in the classroom and set out to find these "seats of higher learning." Aggressive both on and off the athletic fields Dan has established a well deserved reputation with area college girls for his "wrestling" techniques. A charter member of the "Wabash Cannonballers" Dan hopes the Navy won't deter him from making the "Indy 500" infield an annual stop. Navy air is Dan's poison - later on!

DANIEL R. CARTHEY

17TH COMPANY

Possibly being there, California's second Admiral Zumwalt, Sean was immediately encircled by 76'ers in 17. Due to his stellar performances, Sean spent many early morning hours marching E.D. Combine this with his somewhat lacking scholastic prowess and Sean was looking for an outlet for his tensions. He found it at Army where he made the phrase "blowing tubes" a reality. Shipping out to Hawaii for youngster cruise convinced Sean to stick around at Navy. From his roomie's Phil and Al he acquired the title of "Bird," not necessarily for his bird-brained antics, but because afternoons found him in his nest contemplating Z's. Flaming came easily to the bird as a segundo, somehow he managed to raise his QPR in-between nights in the ward-room, the "Birdmobile," and scorching plebers. First class cruise found him back in Hawaii picking up where he left off. Finally a firstie, Bird made frequent Friday flights to the O'Club. Choosing surface line out of San Diego, Sean at last will be on the West Coast again. Best wishes classmate.

SEAN T. CATE

JOHN T. COUNTS

Hailing from East Greenwich, R.I. (where?), "Mouse" has been a stalwart member of seventeen. A Navy junior, J.T. did his buddies a favor during his plebe year. He was always able to redirect the attention of the upperclass away from his classmates. Unfortunately, it usually fell on himself. After taking a nose-dive in Aero, "Mouse" got smart and shifted to Phy Sci. Academics were never known to interfere with his rack. As a consequence, "Mouse" was a three-time year round resident of Canoe U., culminating in D&B CAO for the detail. He has been a dedicated member of Catholic Choir, being V.P. in his final year. The Gorilla man is going to make like a man and go Low and Slow. Good luck to him up in the blue. He'll be a great addition to the fleet. Always remember, Road Trip!

TIMOTHY P. EBBINGHOUSE

It took until July 8, 1975 for Tim to discover that he would rather be back in Wabash playing golf and drinking Strohs. "Hose," as he was nicknamed, never let the Academy get the best of him. After all the Navy good deals, one could always count on Hose to cheer, "Okay, who doesn't like it here?" Whether it be listening to country music, chewing tobacco, or organizing football pools, the easy going Hose was always quick to find an excuse not to disturb the dust and cobwebs that so faithfully guarded his books. Abandoning 150 lb. football after plebe year, Tim quarterbacked the company lightweight team to a Brigade championship and concentrated his "offensive" efforts on more worthwhile activities. Hose will long be remembered for introducing us to the wild life of the "Wabash Cannonballers" in the infield of the Indianapolis 500. We'll miss Tim's carefree style and friendly smile but there's no question the world is gaining a man who will live life to its fullest.

17TH COMPANY

MARK DOUGLAS EDWARDS

Skiing in from Lakewood, Colorado, "Meds" has been on a rocky mountain high ever since he came aboard USNA. Simply existing through plebe year, Mark realized he wasn't an engineer. Using his quick wit, he saw that Poli Sci was for him, since B.S. - ing was his bag. Involved in Glee Club and Chapel Choir during his entire stay at Mother B, Mark assumed the position of librarian segundo year and as a firsty took V.P. for Chapel Choir. Hey Meds, got a good deal on a car for me? Oh yea, then what's that Toyota you're driving around! Working at the grass roots level, Mark ran a tight squad both for the detail and Ac year. Stripes you say? Too bad his "In Yard" plan didn't work. We knew he should have left Annapolis on his weekends. Have a question? Go to Meds. The inevitable font of knowledge has an answer. Right or wrong, it's convincing. Good luck, Mark, playing hide and seek in the depths for service selection! Try to remember which girl lives in which port and never come down off your mountain.

DAVID JAMES FROST

Good ol' "Freeze" mosied from Northern Virginia into USNA with his characteristic carefree attitude. He came here with the intention of playing football all four years. However, it took two and a half years and several injuries to finally persuade the "Dog" to chase women instead of footballs. He could always be found with one lovely in particular, though. After Dave's football days were over, he continued to do his bit for Navy by helping the football team through the Management curriculum. Dave earned the name "Disco D," after a couple of performances on the Dahlgren Hall dance floor third class year. For Dave's ultimate performance, he stopped the show at "The Barrels" in Pensacola. "Disco" even developed his own version of the hustle second class year. He could always be found hustling his way to the rack after every noon meal for his daily youngster. Dave's other loves included sports, the outdoors, music, and the beach; he loved a good time. Whatever Dave decides to do in the future, he leaves the Academy with many friends.

Howie can fool you with that ever-present smile and ridiculous laugh. Because deep convictions are lying below he discovered in his first class year that life became a delightful challenge when Jesus Christ called him to obey, and he made it his goal "To Begin to Begin." The academics, the parades, and the miles he ran kept him busy, but the memories that will stick will be those of his friends in seventeen, the Saturday morning bible studies, both plebe summers, and OCF. Howie, like Timothy, hears Paul telling him, "You therefore, My Son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

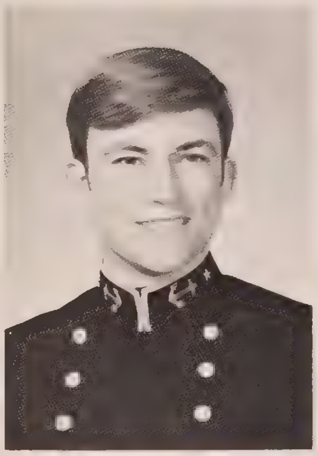
HOWARD M. GREEN

17TH COMPANY

The story behind Haastyle is one of Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde. For the first one and a half years Eric could be found either on the mats or in the banks. However, he quickly discovered that these two interests conflicted so he dropped them both. This left Haastyle with plenty of time for the rack. So much time in fact that he began a highly extensive research project involving all aspects of racking. Sometimes however, his Ocean Engineering major required him to wake up and search out the gouge. Eric's next move is to join the surface fleet but before he goes he has one final comment.

Take a look at the other picutres on these pages after living with these guys for four years I should be able to handle the fleet. Bon Voyage.

ERIC MARTIN HAAS



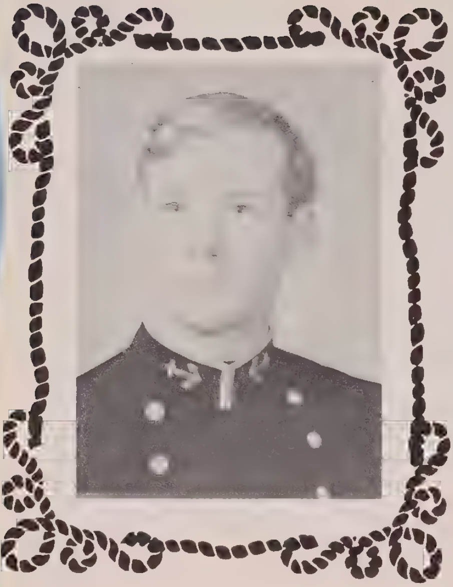
THOMAS JOSEPH HERRMANN

Tom came to USNA out of the sunny and tropical suburbs of Buffalo, New York. From the very beginning, it was obvious that "Herms" would have no trouble adapting to the trials and rigors of academy life. By the time second class year rolled around, his multitude of dedicated "P-neck" hours had given fruit as he joined the ranks of the Superintendent's List. Reknown for his politeness, particularly his occasional "do you mind?" Tom made friends with incredible ease, especially among the ladies. Although he could often be found in the sweat mode during the week, his keen aptitude for work never interfered with his propensity to party on weekends. Most of us who have known Tom agree that he definitely came on strong in all aspects of his day to day experiences, good and bad ones alike. Graduation day will give Navy Air an outstanding pilot in Tom.

DAVID M. JACKSON

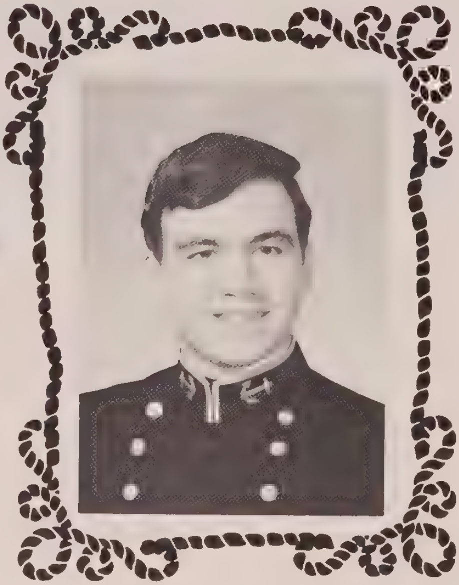
It was not surprising that Dave "Action" Jackson came to Canoe U. He is the third generation (on both sides!) to survive P-works, Steam and Wires, for three years. Dave directed his efforts in sailing ocean racing yachts. The climax of his sailing was to go abroad on the "Alliance" to Scandanavia and a trans-Atlantic passage. First class year he decided to get off the water and enjoy some weekends. "Action" took up scuba diving and rebuilding his '66 bug. Academics never bothered Dave, a Management major. Having developed a nose for gouge, he was usually found in front of the tube or in the rack. As '79 leaves the Severn, Dave looks forward to P-Cola.

17TH COMPANY



JONATHAN G. JAQUES

J came to Canoe U. from old Cape Cod. He moved in with a real "neck" plebe summer, which was the beginning of a great four year association. Having always sailed, it just seemed natural to join the sailing team. Not being small in stature he always gravitated to the largest of the Class "A" boats. 2/c summer on *Guerriere* with the "HRSFLA," and 1/c summer on *Alliance* in Scandanavia and crossing the Atlantic were highlights of the cruise, only to be topped by becoming skipper of *Alliance* for 1/c year. When the time comes he'll set sail for Newport and SWOS with no regrets.

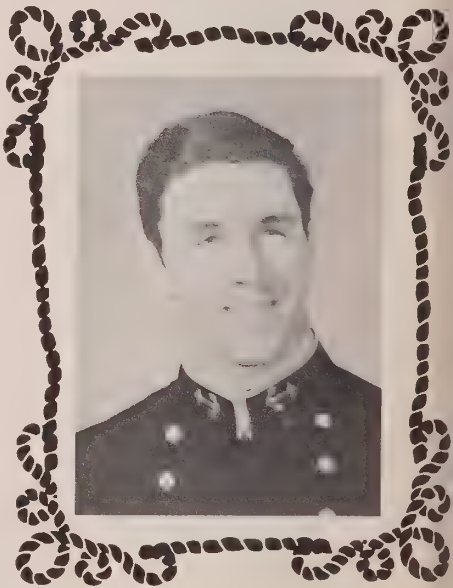


JOSEPH E. JOHANNES, JR.

Coming to Annapolis from land-locked Kansas City, Missouri J.J. never really felt at home being surrounded by the Severn and the bay. He wanted to spend his time at Navy getting the best education possible and learning something worthwhile, but at the last minute he changed his mind and became a Systems Engineer. He eventually got used to late nights and ended up doing quite well. Always ready to party with the boys, Joe was involved in most of the big ones. As a Washington Raider, he came to know and love RFK and the monuments. A cool man about campus, he also had his share of experiences with the young ladies. As the defensive rock of the company football team, he had a big part in winning the Brigades. Taking up company basketball, his moves on the court never ceased to amaze. Hoping to find his place in the surface fleet, there is no doubt that this hard working good old country boy will excel in all that he does. Lots of luck Joe!

Tom Joyce is a man of integrity. Dependable as the sun and tough as steel, he's one good man you can count on. When the others decide it's time to quit, Tom is getting down to business, and when no one else can be found, Tom is there. A brute on the football field and a fighter in the classroom, Tom storms through coupling talent with tenacity. To those under him, Tom is always ready to listen, and he is quick to spot the one who deserves a pat on the back. He is a friend like no other, and is as humble as he is upright. Tom, like David, only says, "Make me know Thy Ways, O Lord; Teach me Thy paths."

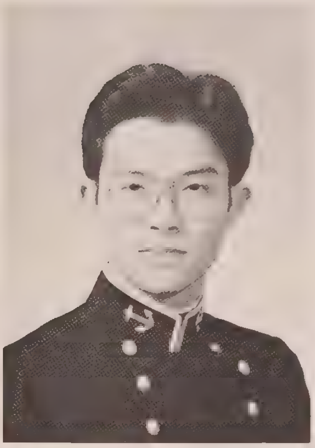
THOMAS M. JOYCE



17TH COMPANY

Hailing from the hills of Syracuse, New York, "Lopes" set sail, after a short tour of duty at NAPS, for the hallowed halls of Mother Bancroft. While here at this fine institution of learning, "Lopes" has excelled for four four years on the Navy crew team in which he lettered for three years and has endured the long academic hours of "Weapons and Wires" by keeping that P.B.&J coming. "The Old Man" as he is affectionately called loves Oceanography so much that he made a supreme sacrifice and took "Engine Math" twice. Seventeenth Company will miss Lopes and his easygoing manner which will help him get along great in the fleet and anywhere he goes. NAVY AIR ALL THE WAY!

RICHARD E. LOPEZ



HENRY B. LUNA

Coming from the golden land of California Hank came to the Academy determined to become as successful as his father had been in the sea-going service. He came as one of the best on the tennis courts in Fresno and left leaving his mark on most the courts in Annapolis. Much of his talent, however, was diverted to the disco floor his second class year as the 17th Company "Disco King" made the scene at Dahlgren and other more prominent discos in D.C. This successful career was cut short also, as "Henry B." joined with his roommate and founded the "Z-boys." For some unknown reason his car seemed to be programmed to leave for Alexandria, Va. every Friday at 1415, not to return till late Sunday. With some research it was discovered he had discovered a certain Virginia lovely who was to blame for much of his famous "daydreaming." Even with his minimum of studying, Hank pulled the grades he needed and fulfilled his desires as a Math major. The future undoutedly holds wedding bells and some more Pacific shores for Henry.

PHILIP J. McCONKEY

Yes, the rumour had been confirmed . . . Phil *was* in 17th Company. By his senior year even some of his company mates could recognize him. After all, they'd seen or read about him in everything from the Post and Sun to Sports Illustrated and Newsweek.

As fiery captain of our football team Phil led the Big Blue to its best year, A.R. (that's after Roger). Making acrobatic catches, returning punts, an end around every now and then, Phil thrilled many a spectator during his colorful four year career.

When not on the field, prowling around, in white works (which he sometimes rated) or sleeping (lights out at 2000) he could be found with his one true love . . . his 1978 dark blue metallic pinstriped, oyster white interior, Corvette. On occasion Phil was also seen with a certain USNA cheerleader, I mean who else should the football captain date?

No big spender, PJM was known to save the soap and stationary from hotels the team stayed in, he could grudgingly fork over 2.75 a month to Rudy the Barber in town. The only mid to get his hair styled and one of the few footballers never to be fried for hair, Phil had to keep up the ol' image.

17TH COMPANY

DAVID K. McCULLOUGH

His home being Cropsey, Illinois, and affectionately known as "Deke," David made his mark early early in his Academy career by earning an N-star youngster year as a varsity pistol team member. Continuing in pistol, "The Sheriff" went on to be voted as first team All-American 2/c year. Being a well rounded individual, he also played on the company soccer and slow pitch softball teams, was a vice-president of the bowling club, and player-coach of the brigade champion 3rd Battalion tennis team. Spending his free time jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, "Coogs" seeks some thrills through sport parachuting - wonder what he is practicing for? Could it possibly be because his service selection is Navy Air? It's a natural choice following his four years as an Aerospace Engineering major.

Sporting about in a '69 Corvette, Dave is a firm believer in the "girl in every port" theory. Wonder if one of them will eventually pull his ripcord?

ALVIN B. MILLER

Floats like a butterfly, stings like Ali, Navy never had a middle guard quite like A.B. Coming from Little Rock and NAPS, this enjoyable friend never let anything keep him from those fine young ladies who worshipped him. Always one to give compliments, especially to himself, Alvin became the "soul" of 17. Dr. "A" was equally at home on the basketball court as he was in the classroom working on a prof for extra points. During plebe year, A.B. could be seen yelling at more upperclass than were yelling at him. Cruise showed him that the only thing that's "mighty fine" is women. A.B.'s witticisms (ten till . . . your own business; seen Joe? Jomama) kept everyone laughing during the remaining years. On the football field A.B. kept the hospital and band-aid company in business with his bone crunching tackles, his own bones unfortunately, but opponents still feared him. To his friends though, Al will be remembered most as thoughtful, considerate free spirit, who enriched our years at USNA. Good luck in the future.

"O.B." abandoned a sunny Florida beach for the rigors of Navy. Although desiring an easy way out, Ed chose Systems Engineering. After 3 years of insisting on a midnight bedtime Ed adapted to late night studies where he could be found pulling his hair out at 2 a.m. O.B. never allowed his academic life to interfere with the weekend. Ed loved women, usually ending up with two at once. His motto, "I never drink . . . slow" sustained him through many Saturday nights. Always a liberty hound, he participated in the Washington raids. Although Ed's easygoing "I'll get by" image extended into the work. Ed was nonetheless a dedicated worker. O.B. never got below a "B" as he coasted through Systems with honors. Always the type to help out in a pinch and never failing to get the job done, Ed is a conscientious man who will always do well. Ed's desire to get in the air points toward NFO. The P-3's will be getting a good man. Good luck, O.B.

EDWARD V. O'BRIEN

17TH COMPANY

Coming from the New England area where his parents finally set up permanent residence in Jericho (?), Vermont, Dave showed up at Navy with flippers on his feet and gills behind his ears. Plebe year saw Dave give his all for USNA and then some: plebe swimming and an extra semester of Chem. in the summer. As a youngster, misdirected vectors in Statics pointed the way to drop Systems and start Analyzing Operations. It did not take Dave long to relax and roll with the tide as he found his niche 2/c year. Here's the guy who has everything, electric typewriter, Olympus camera, bowling ball, stereo equipment par excellence and above all, "THE VAN!" His story could be explained as "How to use 3 loans on a portable tailgate party and *still* owe some" or "How to live on $60.00 a month." Remember that popcorn popper? OOPS . . . CRASH! Say, you remind me of "Dino." Well Dave it's better than "F.P." Two stripes as a firsty?! Look out girls, look out O'Club, look out weekends . . . , look out drivers, Dino's Runnin' on Empty! Good luck in Navy Air Dave, but remember to check that gas gauge!

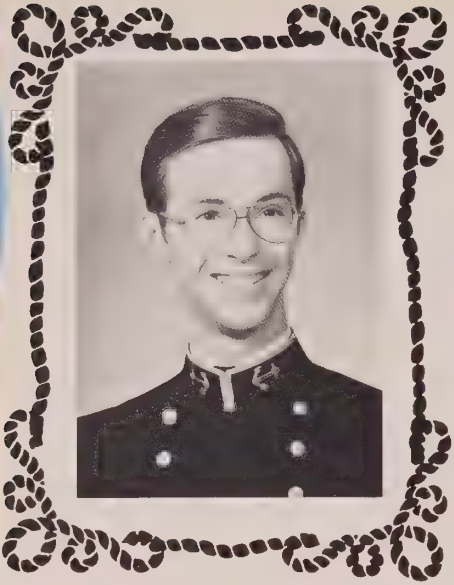
DAVID R. PRYDE, II

FERNANDO A. RUIZ, JR.

No company can be complete without its token minority. 17th Company was lucky enough to have its hallways graced with Fernando's presence as our token California Spic. You could always count on Fern at any time to be ready to party down. Even though Fern's favorite Statement, "I never drink!!" may have fooled the casual observer, those of us who knew him would have had trouble verifying this statement. Although he lived for the weekend, Fern was very dedicated during the week, to maintaining high academic standards (what a neck!!). His dedication carried over into intramurals, where some of his soccer teammates would admit he was the best ballhog we ever had. If you haven't seen him, his Fern face will someday be famous and it may be found riding in the Porsche he bought from Church one Sunday morning. There can be, however, no doubt in anyone's mind that "Weez" will make a fine officer, whether he be a nuke or surface liner. His happy-go-lucky nature and friendly personality were welcome additions in Bancroft and will be equally appreciated in the fleet. Good luck, Fern.

RANDY J. SCANLON

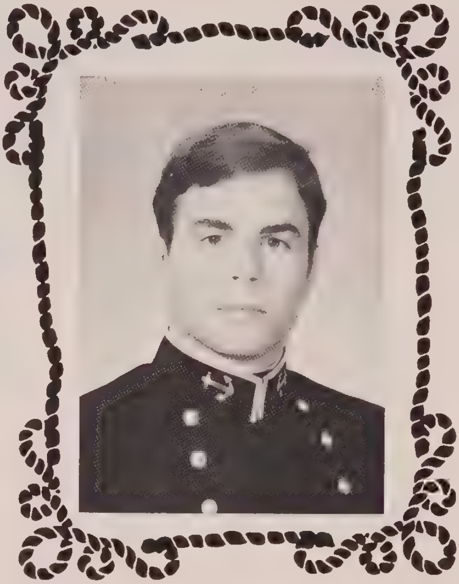
Arriving to the Academy from "Chitown," Randy began his quest to graduate from USNA as a track jock and as an individual always in pursuit for the gouge. He was successful in both, however, it was baffling to everyone why such an expertise "Gouge Hound" was found "necking" during weekends, with an occasional break enjoying the comforts of his 280Z. "Necking" on weekends paid off for this Oceanography major, as his grades enabled him to be one of two out of the class of 79 to discover life as an Oceanographer during his first class cruise. After his fulfilling cruise out of Ancient Egypt Randy decided to continue his adventures discovering the sites of Europe, always focusing on the opposite sex. The variety of beauties that Europe offered created a desire for Randy to investigate what Maryland had to offer. It is inevitable that he will finish in the upper fifth of his class upon graduation and hopes to continue his success as a Naval Oceanographer, to further visit other corners of the world.



17TH COMPANY

GEORGE O. SPENCER, III

George came to Navy straight out of high school in Houston and into "Look at my shoes." Surviving the daze of plebe summer, he became a sub squad and weight gaining expert (maxing out at 154 lbs.). Believe it or not George made it to youngster year! To make up for all this free time, seventh period Chem. Labs became a fact of life. Nevertheless he stayed true to his ECA's: Glee Club, and Antiponal Choir all four years and Masqueraders and OCF as a second class. This is to say nothing about starting on the 17th Company lightweight football specialty team (extra points and field goals). In the midst of second class academics, George found a renewed commitment to Jesus Christ. With this new direction, George finished second class year and entered the hallowed ranks of first class. He finished his stay here with a Chemistry project in the lab, stripes on his sleeve, and that all important car in the yard. George chose wisely at service selection because surface line is might fine.

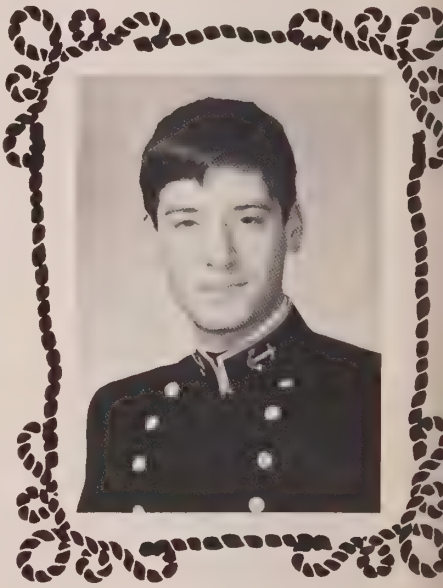


RAYMOND A. SPICER

During plebe year, when he wasn't giving honor lectures, Ray could be found "dining out" at his home in Triangle, Va. Through hard work and perserverance, Ray made the Supt's List youngster year, but we forgave him after he promised to change his ways. Second class year found Ray trading both academics and soccer for more worthwhile activities (i.e., girls). We're still not sure if it was his hot car or his good looks that did the trick, but Ray must be complimented for his fine taste in women. Too bad he lowered his standards when it came time to set up his "roomie." A shoe-in as Company Commander, Ray was a natural leader both on and off the athletic field. Always the center of attention, he kept spirits high through his kidding and clowning. Academy life would have been much slower without Ray to show us the light. Whatever Ray's service selection might be, there is no question the fleet is getting one hell of a guy whom success shall always follow.

Now that the holidays have come
They can relax and watch the sun
Rise above
All of the beautiful things they've done
Go to the country; take the dog;
Look at the sky without the smog.
See the world; laugh at the farmers
feeding hogs;
Eat hot dogs.
What a pity, that the people from the city
Can't relate to the slower things
That the country brings.
Time itself is bought and sold.
The spreading fear of old contains a
Thousand foolish games that we play.
While people planning trips to stars
Allow another boulevard to claim
A quite country lane. It's insane.
So the subtle face is a loser
this time around.
Here we are in the years
Where the showman shifts the gears.
Lives become careers.
Children cry in fear,
"Let us out of here!"
Neil Young

MARK STEVENSON



17TH COMPANY

MEXICAN MONUMENT

Although hailing from the arid state of Nevada, "The Great Zest" had allready developed salty sea-legs from a brief four year stint as an enlisted man. Academics and military routine came easy and it looked like Rick was heading for some of those big stripes until that fateful SUPE-r night, second class year.

After the blow-up, he mellowed and concentrated on attempting to beat the Systems Engineers. First class year brought Rick his van in the yard, his O-Club card, Green Alerts, and too many engineering courses.

Somehow he managed to survive Canoe U., and hopes to have plenty of smooth sailing in the future - all under water.

"Long Leapin' Lizzards - it's OVER."

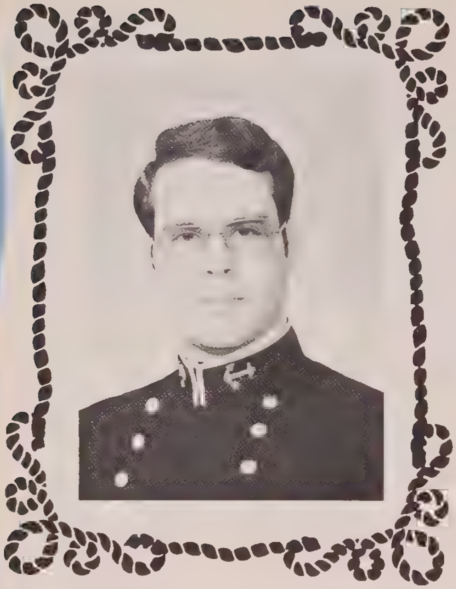
RICHARD CHASKA WEST

JOHN A. WOLFE

John came to the Naval Academy from the backwoods of Maine seeking an inroad into the country's space progra. Indeed, much of Johns thinking revolves around the future and what might be, and he envisions himself as a pioneer aboard the world's first space colony. And well he may be considering that he majored in Physics and was one of the first to begin work on the Naval Academy's own space shuttle research project. John's interests also encompassed soccer, Olivia Newton-John, junk food and the fine art of wargaming. John's immediate hopes are for nuclear power training and submarine duty. His unique personality and original tastes made John an unforgettable character

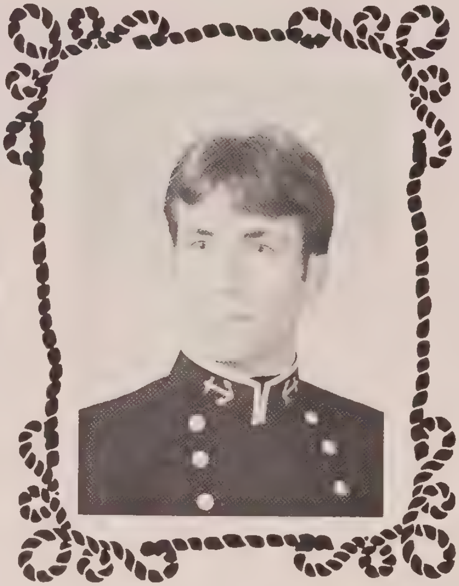
This information released from the office of SKY MARSHALL, Supreme Headquarters Star Fleet Command.

18TH COMPANY



GREGORY C. BALESTRIERI

Greg came to us from a place called Elkhorn, Wisconsin, although the folks there will probably never admit it. Bouncing Bal was one of the few midshipmen to wake up early every morning and proclaim, much to our disgust. "Gee what a beautiful day . . . let's open the blinds!" Greg kept strange hours during his time at the Academy. He never seemed to sleep at night. He always managed to catch some shut eye in his classes or during company officer meetings, however. The "Jolly-endo" was also famous throughout the Brigade for his charitable acts. In two easy afternoons he cycled his way to $4500 worth of pledges for charities. However, he spent the next 3 months trying to collect from the tightest Brigade in history. (and he wondered why he never had time to study). No one will forget the most adored things in Greg's life - Jackie, Ele the Elephant, and George the Skunk. Bal's affections were not limited however; his true loves were pecan pie, blondie brownies, . . . etc. Greg is looking toward a career in submarines. Bal should add a new dimension to the fleet. God bless and good luck - (fleet)!



GARY R. BLAZIN

Amazin Blazin from the 51st state (U.P. Michigan). The Blaze proved himself to be one of the most valuable 3rd Batt track men and the best company moke that is has ever seen.

Quiet at first, we soon found that Blaze could really cut loose — so did the Supe.

Blaze is one of the 3 surviving Engineering Physics majors and plans to drive Hymie's nuke boats. A man with tremendous capabilities, Blaze will be able to handle any task placed before him in the future.

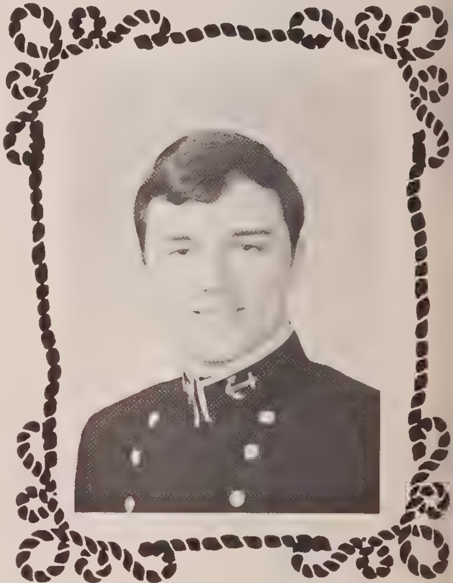
Good luck Blaze, we're *sure* you're gonna love it.

P.S. Don't forget the dance contest. We won — Disco Dahlgren.

Hailing from obscura . . . er . . . a . . . I mean Agoura, California, Simon is another one of eighteen's California kids. After finishing high school, he parked his G.T.O., and armed with his C.R.C. tables, assaulted USNA. When he arrived, he tried to tell everyone he was from Malibu, which was his high school hangout. We never could figure out how Agoura spells Malibu. Youngster summer, Simon met Kemmie Dean, and it looked serious for awhile, but the kid suddenly snapped back to reality, with no harm done. He finally took the dive at the beginning of second class year, when he bought a spanking new 280-Z. About the time Simon bought his Datsun, he sold Ocean engineering in favor of General Engineering. Shorn of his heavy academic workload, Boo terrorized the entire state of Maryland from Annapolis to Upper Marlboro.

However, since his car can't provide the thrills he wants, Simon's decided to opt for Navy air, so he can fly the helicopters that his Dad builds.

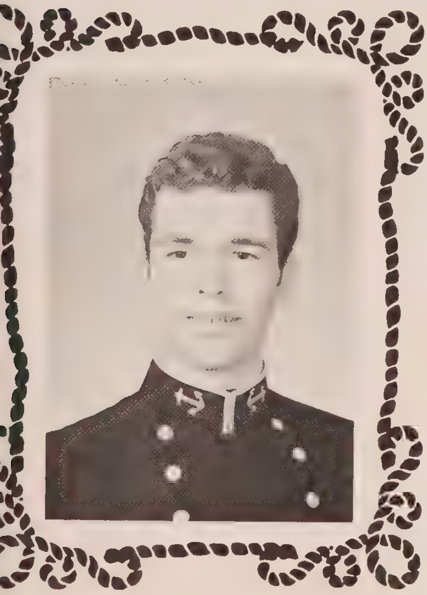
S. DAVID ANTHONY BOOCOCK

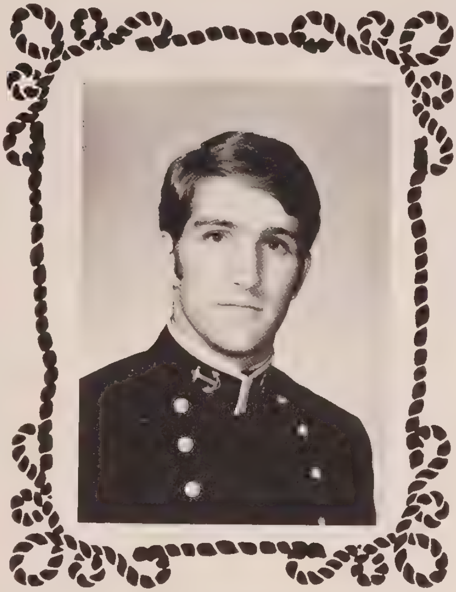


18TH COMPANY

Chris left his bushy hair and skis in the small town of Bennington, Vermont so that he might come to booming, historic Annapolis where he could nuture four flowing inches of hair (for Chris that is one inch long and three inches in curl) and where he could slip into some very impressive coraframs. After spending plebe summer expanding his geographic knowledge to such breadth as Maryland is a state and Africa is a continent, Chris launched out head first into plebe year. "Ouch, that smarts!" As Chris' roommate youngster and second class years, I saw him grow wiser by the day. He gave up Mechanical Engineering to join the ranks of the Oceanographers. How much wiser could he be? And now, as graduation slowly approaches, Chris is trying to decide into what career he would like to sail - if any . . . whether it be subs, surface, air, or even Marine green, I am sure Chris will fare with the best. And that's the "truth" - Chris wouldn't have it any other way. God's blessings be with you.

CHRISTOPHER F. CADIZ





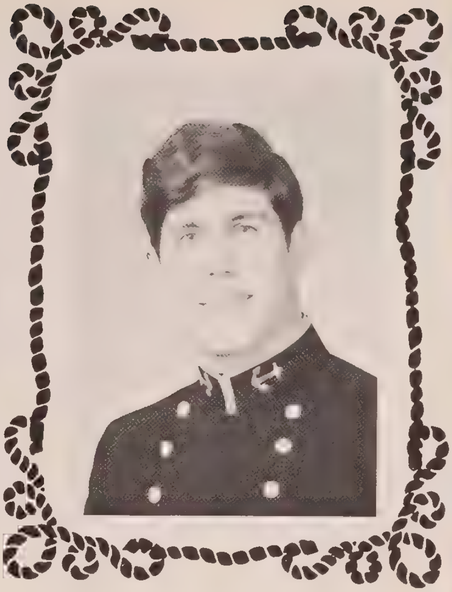
JOHN A. FORD

John left the sunny beaches and sand dunes of Florida and came to USNA via NAPS. Having been dubbed "Doc" for numerous reasons, John soon established himself as the resident Electrical Engineering expert. Despite nightly E.I. sessions for those unable to understand that magical subject, Doc still managed to establish himself as the top EE major in the class.

Doc's easygoing attitude and his willingness to lend anyone a hand on any problem have made him a vital part of Eighteenth Company. During second class year, many automobile tape decks were installed for the prize of a six pack. Even though he'll become one of Rickover's boys, he has remained one of the true die-hard partiers. He has claim to being one of the few 3-year veterans of the annual Ocean City gang and plans on making the last, the best.

Doc was also an integral part of the brigade champion heavyweight team second class year. The wild man in the defensive backfield saved many a touchdown and will undoubtedly continue his antics first class year.

We all wish the Doctor the best of luck in the future.



PAUL T. HANRAHAN

After three years of the Garden State, Paul decided to move South and settle on the banks of the Severn. This steady and mild-mannered Irish man proves the theory that "he who never gets caught gets stripes." The spots which P.T. could never be found were in front of the wardroom tube and in the rack. Spending endless hours broadening his horizons in Rickover Hall, this ace pencilneck was knighted as "4.0 Hanrahan." Always seriously to his studies during the week, Paul was equally devoted to his precious weekend partying as attested by many a forgotten night. A member of the semi-annual workout club, Paul would dig his sweat gear out of mothballs one week before the mile run. Not allowed membership in the Bridge Club, he decided to enjoy real Southern comfort and formed his own. After several years of contemplation or shall we say vacillation, Paul will either be high in the high or asleep in the deep. Whatever course he takes, it will certainly lead to a prosperous naval career.

18TH COMPANY

ROY H. HARKINS

The doughboy hails from Del Mar, California. Roy saw USNA for the first time on induction day. Since then, he's become very familiar with it - from the Commandant's Office to the roof of Dahlgren. Plebe year was skate, with Roy's dad paying off on every grade card. The summer of '76 was the greatest ever . . . Roy's parents went to Tokyo, and Roy and Mark pretended to go on cruise. The AWOL concert series was hot! December found Roy in Key West, and May found him in the 'Dant's Office. Fast Eddie, Tom Tom, and the company phone will always occupy a warm spot in Roy's heart. Segundo year had it's "ups and down." Roy attempted to mate a house with a car, and his academic prowess was evident when metal mouth got a 4.0 first semester. Roy spent first class cruise "low and slow," and he's sold on nukes. Through all this Ironman hasn't forgotten how to party, and although nothing can equal youngster summer, . . . '78 came close. But so did "Ancient Title."

RICHARD A. HAYES

The MOOSE! Upon emerging from the North Woods of Maine he spied 7-3 and said, "That's for me!" He showed us all what MOOSE do best - drinking, bumping trees and all the rest. The MOOSE is dependable. Every evening before formation you could depend on him to be in the rack. Eight nights a week you could depend on him being in Rickover Hall, at least until first class year and long weekends. Those years in Rickover are reflected in the high grades of this Marine Engineer. He decided to go on a submarine for first class cruise, came back, and on a night we'll long remember, proceeded to blow up his model boomer. We all wondered what had happened, MOOSE are supposed to like lots of water, aren't they? But, there never has been any real doubt that this hard working MOOSE will be joining the submarine force. After all, he loves those submarine races.

Heimy Buns - swimmer. What more can be said about the guy who has broken more Naval Academy swimming records than anyone ever and who single handedly represented USNA in the '77 Maccabiah Games in Israel and at the '78 NCAA Swimming Championships. He's not through yet either. With the 78-79 season coming up, Heimy now finally a firstie (never thought he'd make it) is psyched for his best season ever. Another N star, defending his Eastern Swimming backstroke titles and another shot at the NCAA's in Cleveland.

Aside from swimming, Heimy tried Ocean Engineering until Thermo got him segundo year and he backed up 15 and punted to General Engineering. And then there is Heimy's never ending battle with the color blindness tests, he tried memorizing the numbers but blew it at the pre-com - so much for Navy air! So Mark is destined for NPQ Supply School in Georgia after graduation, that is if he and his Trans-Am make it past Hood College Spring parties!

So good luck Heimy, and long live the spirit of the Banana River Boys, the Dead Fish, and Navy swimming.

MARK F. HEINRICK

18TH COMPANY

Shawn came to us from Dayton, Ohio, via NAPS. He quickly obtained the nickname Henry (based on the comic strip character) from one of the plebe summer exploits. Henry also picked up another nickname during his stay in these hallowed halls, Drift. Many nights youngster year he was found wandering the halls scrapping the ceiling. He really had no choice as weekends were few and far between, with necking for Mechanical Engineering and rowing crew. Henry finally saw the light and left crew to play rugby. He also stopped scrapping ceilings as he found himself a little woman and now has a reason for weekends. However, if you see this tall, husky blonde drifting by, grab him and be nice to him. You see, she's gone to Florida for school. Let's hope she comes home often. Henry is one of the original Ocean City semester break crowd where every year we drink ourselves into oblivion. Long live Ocean City and Friday night "Bridge Club" meetings.

SHAWN E. HILVERS

WILLIAM E. HOGAN

Hound Dog literally "rolled" into our room plebe summer. After a good bit of chopping and sweating, Hound Dog shed his extra pounds and became a quite capable Rugger.

Fitting well into the life of a Poly-Sci major it was often that you "couldn't see the rack for Hogan."

Beginning around the middle of youngster year, with numerous meals at J.H.U., Hound Dog began to find those lost pounds again. Old Bulk Item accumulated a few pounds and nicknames. "F-Ma" applied that "M" on the Rugby pitch quite successfully - making "A" side 2/c year. Tho' the "a" was at times negligible, the huge quantities of "m" and the resultant "F" left many an opponent counting stars.

Hound Dog is culminating his USNA rugby career as Club President 1/c year.

From Perkasie, Pa. via NAPS, Bill has left an indelible impression on the Academy and its surrounding area. From Charlie's (Brave Bulls) to the O'Club, Hound Dog is perpetually "in-action." Its a fact that 3-2 will never be the same. A surface line candidate, Hound Dog hopes to set sail out of Frisco.

KENNETH A. HOLDER

Kenneth "Tex" Holder came to us from the town of Kermit in the West Texas desert. A tall lanky boy with a slow drawl, Ken quickly adapted to the east coast and began to talk like the rest of us, except when he was necking out on Physics. Besides being a Physics major, Ken majored in Star Trek, Star Wars, and anything else that could be called spacy. Ken wasn't just a brain however. His last two years were spent as a champion skeet shooter, feared by everything that flew, except the wasps in the target house. I guess Ken got tired of the desert because he chose nuclear power and the submarine service as his service selection. Ken has always liked the "sewer pipes" and he even managed to spend his 1/c cruise on two subs instead of just one. Ken's a true doublemirot kid. He believes in double year pleasure, double year fun, sail two subs instead of just one.

18TH COMPANY

DONALD C. HUBBARD, JR.

Though he will disclaim the fact, Hubbs came to USNA from nearby "Charm City" (preferring to call Tennessee his home, Hubbs has his own explanation of the city's dubious name).

For 4 years he has continually had people asking the same question - "Is he sane?"

Undoubtedly, one of the quickest wits in the Brigade, he amazes and amuses people with the various sounds emitting from his body.

An exceptional athlete, Don has run across numerous physical problems in his tenure at USNA, yet has maintained his sense of humor and his positive attitude. Having won his "N-scar" twice for those golden knees, he still managed to be a major factor in the company's brigade championship football team, as the bestlooking person in the ugliest defensive line ever assembled. Hubbs also survived a couple of rugby seasons and worked his way to a spot on the Brigade's "A-side."

A 3 year Ocean City veteran, Hubbs is another of the hard-working - hard-partying crew, managing to light up the Disco Dahlgren dance floor in his own special way. Tho' he claims to want to drive tanks, its a well-known fact that deep down he's a nuke at heart.

Whatever the future holds, Hubbs'll do whatever he does as well as it can be done. From all of us, Good Luck Hubb-Bubbs.

JERRY L. HYDE, JR.

Jerry rolled in (literally) plebe summer at 6'1½" and 230 lbs. which he insisted was all muscle. For some strange reason though plebe summer managed to burn off 35 lbs of that "muscle" and turned Jerry into a real lady killer, which leads us right into youngster year . . . .

Youngster year was a big one for Jerry with his typical Saturday night consisting of a "warm up" at Timmy's made up of wonder woman and Michelob. Next Jerry would cruise on over to the latest and greatest in disco's at Dahlgren Hall and try out his talents on the local beauties (?). Occasionally Jerry would find a young lass worthy of his time and would even let her take him out to dinner if she could afford it. If she couldn't Jerry, a true gentleman, would offer to take her out for a burger or maybe even a pizza! (Only on special occasions).

On the serious side though Jerry is a pretty remarkable person and will be an asset to the friendly skies of Navy air. See you in Pensacola Jerry and good luck.

Dave hails from an historic town called Little Rock. If you were to check out the caliber of mids at USNA, Dave would be the prime choice, clean cut, All-American, whosesome, Ivory soap, stereotype mid to approach Dave's zeal for his number one love, health has been pursued vigorously for these past four years. His big thing was to chase away love handles that really didn't exist by either pinching them or working them off running, swimming and playing tennis all in one afternoon. Subsequently acceling for Nawee, Dave popped along which set him up for the great TAD possibilities that cheesecloth lungs and stellar grades will get Silver-Bullet midshiptypes everytime. P-3's, grad-school for Oceanography and comfortable shore base duties for 18' seafearing Southern God are all possibilities that lie within his grasp.

The most unique things about Dave are his straight and narrow path, his cowlick and the names of the girls he dated - Dona (oft mistaken for a honey dipper) and Esther. In partying Dave, we wish for you; along and happy life full of God's wonders and a P-3 pilot with steady hands! Take care.

DAVID S. KOLK

18TH COMPANY

Mark came to the East Coast from the "Great Land" of Alaska and he never ceased complaining about the "Lower Forty-eight." One of his favorite sayings was "If Alaska was split in half, Texas would only be the 3rd largest state!" After having lived in the wild, wide open spaces of the North, Mark naturally had a love for outdoor activities, especially those involving the use of hunting equipment. He soon became known as the company expert in firearms and this interest carried over into an uncommon knowledge of military weapons and systems (causing the downfall of many an unwary 4/c).

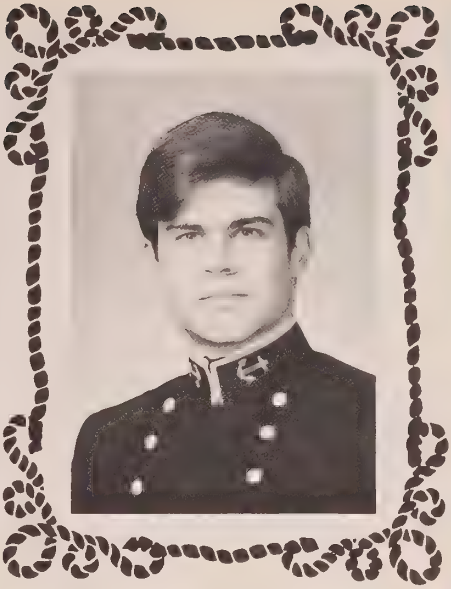
Mark entered the academic scene with a brief sojourn as an Aerospace major. Next he applied his efforts to General Engineering but quickly found that he was still dissatisfied (for several different reasons). Finally, Mark recognized his true interest was in History and he delved into reading, and every once in a while he even read a history book.

MARK D. LEE

WILLIAM EARL McLAIN, JR.

Since coming to the Naval Academy via NAPS, Earl has developed into one of the most respected men in the company. Taking pride in his job and making sure that it is done well is an attribute that has served him well the last four years and will continue to do so in the future. Although size prevented him from starring for the "Big Blue," he brought his exceptional talents to company heavyweight football and helped them roll to two consecutive brigade titles. His career at Navy was filled with exciting cruises both abroad and at home. Philippine photography, whales, and car washes seemed the most fascinating to him. However, he always returned to that good ole town of Eastport where his true heart lay with Soozi. Never a day passed when the word, call Soozi, did not echo throughout the company. A dash to the company officers phone sufficed until it was time for Friday's dash to the Accord. Best wishes and high flying to you and Soozi. Many thoughts and prayers will be with you both always.

ROLL TIDE!



CORBY J. MEGOREN

Megs left the snow drifts of Minn. in July of 75 to come to the Naval Academy. Throughout his four years at the Academy Corby was a hard worker although he did have some rough times. Second class year Corby acquired more demos in one weekend than the combined efforts of the second class in the company. Through these bad times one quality of Corby's really stood out. His sense of humor and easygoing personality usually saw through to the good side even in the worst situations. Corby and his van made it down to O.C. in May of 78 and provided good times for all involved. He also contributed a great deal in helping the company win the Brigade heavyweight football championship second class year overall. Corby was a great person to know, even though at times he was the "fugliest" man in the world. Good luck and smooth sailing in the future corpeeee.

18TH COMPANY

JOSEPH PATRICK MULLOY

Joe arrived at the Academy and was at last at home with a real friend. Almost the entire male side of his family is, or will soon be, a graduate of this institution. Weedo, as he was soon named for his massive body, immediately decided on his future as a Marine Engineer and driver of sewer pipes. The books have always come easy to this nocturnal fool so the room soon became Joe's EI sessions. It also gave Weedo lots of free time on the weekend that was well spent at Timmy's and Charlie's establishments. Joe when lit is never obnoxious, as he'll tell you himself, just always right. Weedo is one of the original Ocean City boys and belongs to the Friday night "Bridge" Club. Joe was a coach of the first winning company soccer team in ages. All kidding aside, Hyman is getting himself one hell of a conscientious officer. Joe, thanks for the four years, God speed, good currents, and I hope a whale doesn't swallow that sewer pipe of yours.

SHANNON DALE SAUNDERS

Shannon came to the U.S.N.A. from Savannah, Georgia with a 1 year stint at NAPS under his belt. Because he was a NAPSTER, his plebe summer roommate thought he had it made. However, Shannon quickly dispelled all his expectations when Shannon used the wrong finger to support his brace. Shannon's love for the rack never ceased throughout his four years here. One of Shannon's greatest attributes in his athletic ability. He could have been a start punter for the "Big Blue" if he hadn't decided to spend four years on the links as a varsity golf-"pro." He did not let his football talents go to waste as he quarterbacked the company heavies to the Brigade Championships. Shannon's love for his women always succumbed to his love for the sea, and that's why he will be going with the "Mighty Fine" when he graduates. Good luck "Chump" and lighten up on the CHEESE nips!

'Shafe' hails from the humongous city of Anchorage, Alaska. He came to us four years ago with delusions of grandeur proffered by the infamous word "engineer." Four years ago he couldn't even spell injunear, now he are one! Being a Mech E. wasn't easy . . . under the angels of death, Wild Bill and Pocket Rocket but Dave persevered and showed everybody that man does not live for weekends alone but by all the nonsense necessary to make it as a nuke. Some dreams really do come true because Dave is joining the world of mystery and magic under more water than we care to think about. Despite his ever uphill battle with academics Dave found time to tickle our funny bones on glee club on tours all over the country, in places like Disney World, The Hollywood Bowl, and Talleysville, Kentucky (?). He spread his talents to Sunday services in chapel choir and to the musicals under the indescribable direction of Mr. Talley. We wish you good luck and God speed in the fleet, Dave!

DAVID GUY SHAFER

18TH COMPANY

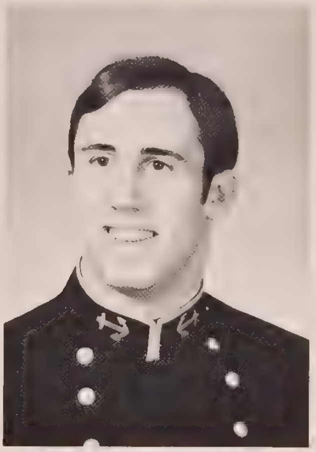
Jimmy came to Canoe U. all the way from Columbus, Ohio. He was a sight to see, standing next to his 230 lb. plebe summer roommate, as he was all of 125 lbs. soaking wet. The "Little Admiral" was soon known for his fiesty, scrappy competitive spirit. Plebe year, the combinations of a "Dear Jimmy" and time spent in the weight room turned him into the lady killer we all know and admire. Youngster year, Saturday evenings were well spent at Timmy's and then on to Dahlgren. Somehow, Jimmy always had a penchant for young blood.

Well, it all paid off as he won the Brigade weightlifting championship and met the nicest girl with the prettiest eyes you'll ever see. Not all his time was spent chasing women or lifting weights as Jimmy is one of our infamous Cannoneers and one of the original Ocean City boys. "Jimmy" will spend the extent of his career, flying the friendly skies. Jimmy, thanks for the four years of friendship and good luck in Pensacola, but I didn't know they made planes that small!

JAMES M. SHOWALTER

KEITH G. STRONG

Before coming to the Naval Academy Keith made a stop for one year at Bullis Prep School. Once here, he was determined to do well, there were many obstacles in Keith's way but in the end he was able to overcome them. Keith got off to a good start plebe year by being one of the leaders of the famous Army project recon team. Second and third class years Keith was the local Boy Scout providing many warm fires on the beach of the June Week house. Overall Keith is a very considerate person. If you had a problem and he could help you, he would. Keith hopes to become one of Rickover's boys upon graduation. Good luck and smooth sailing in the future.



SCOTT R. VAN BUSKIRK

"Berserk," that wild and crazy guy, broke training in Napa Valley, California to come east and have a look see at USNA. After settling down in Annapolis, this "born-a-youngster" Californian set up training camp here also. From plebe to firstie year, Van B. has left quite a wake. Adventures with "Mad Dog" marked a plebe year capped by a stellar performance at O.C. Berserk's youngster year was marked by academic stars accompanied by an equally impressive military performance (with more of both to follow). That year, B-kirk opted for Indy-500 over O.C. Second class year proved Berserk to be very adept at night time academics. Here he began his campaign for company commander with the promise of "a pumpkin for every room." This was the year that Van B. returned to the O.C. lineup and proved that his strict high school training days provided him with an indelible capacity to imbide in lebations.

In June, Berserk "hits the proverbial fleet" most likely as a boat driver. Being one of the easiest going and most competent guys, we're all sure he'll slide into his new job with 100% efficiency.

18TH COMPANY

CHARLES D. WILLETT, JR.

Sam entered the Academy after spending a year with "The Fighting Irish" of Notre Dame. Needless to say, he often questioned the sanity of that decision. Before he knew it, however, he was a second class, and resided himself to the fact that he was going to join the Navy after all.

Even though Sam's true love was Engineering, he decided to pursue an education in Economics. Of course he had more than enough Engineering to satisfy him while he was here. Although Sam was a conscientious student, he always managed to find time to enjoy himself. He will always be remembered for bringing back the "Old Bardstown" from his family's distillery in Kentucky for June Week.

During his tenure here Sam was quite an athlete, most likely due to the "countless" hours he devoted to his semi-annual workouts. He was also regarded as a fierce competitor in the sport of knockabout sailing.

After toying with the idea of flying, and briefly considering nuclear power (for about 30 seconds) Sambo opted for a "career" in surface line. See you in '84 Sam.

CHARLES R. WRIGHT

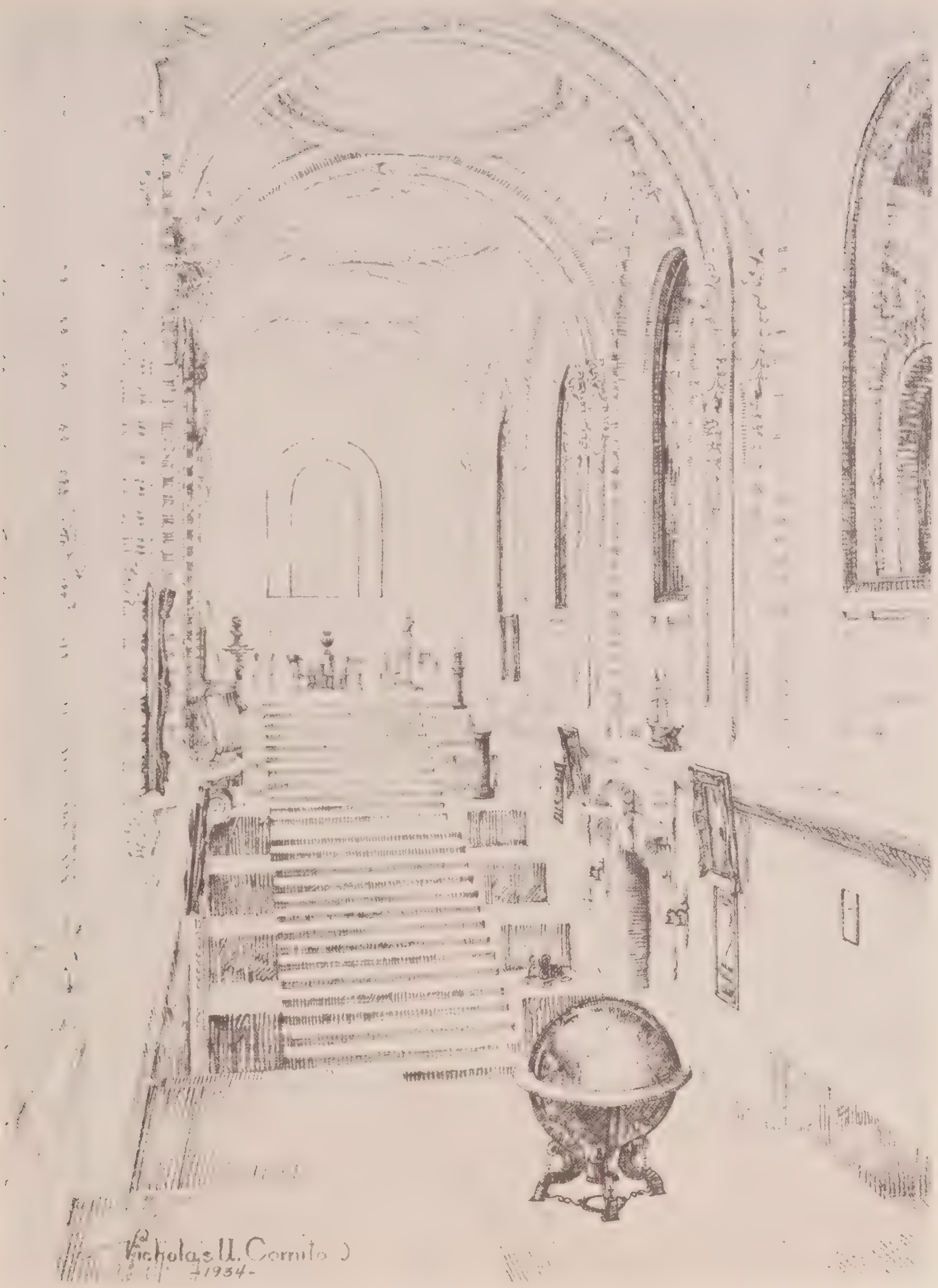
Morning run . . .
Breath of fresh air . . .
New day begun . . . Day unfolds
Much to do
Life-behold! . . . Evening run
Memories linger
Day is done

There is some question as to whether Chuck came to the Academy to become a full time naval officer or a full time runner. It is a purely academic question; however, since he does equally well at both. Although 6 a.m. runs often bothered his roommate, help on celestial (collaborate to graduate) was an even exchange.

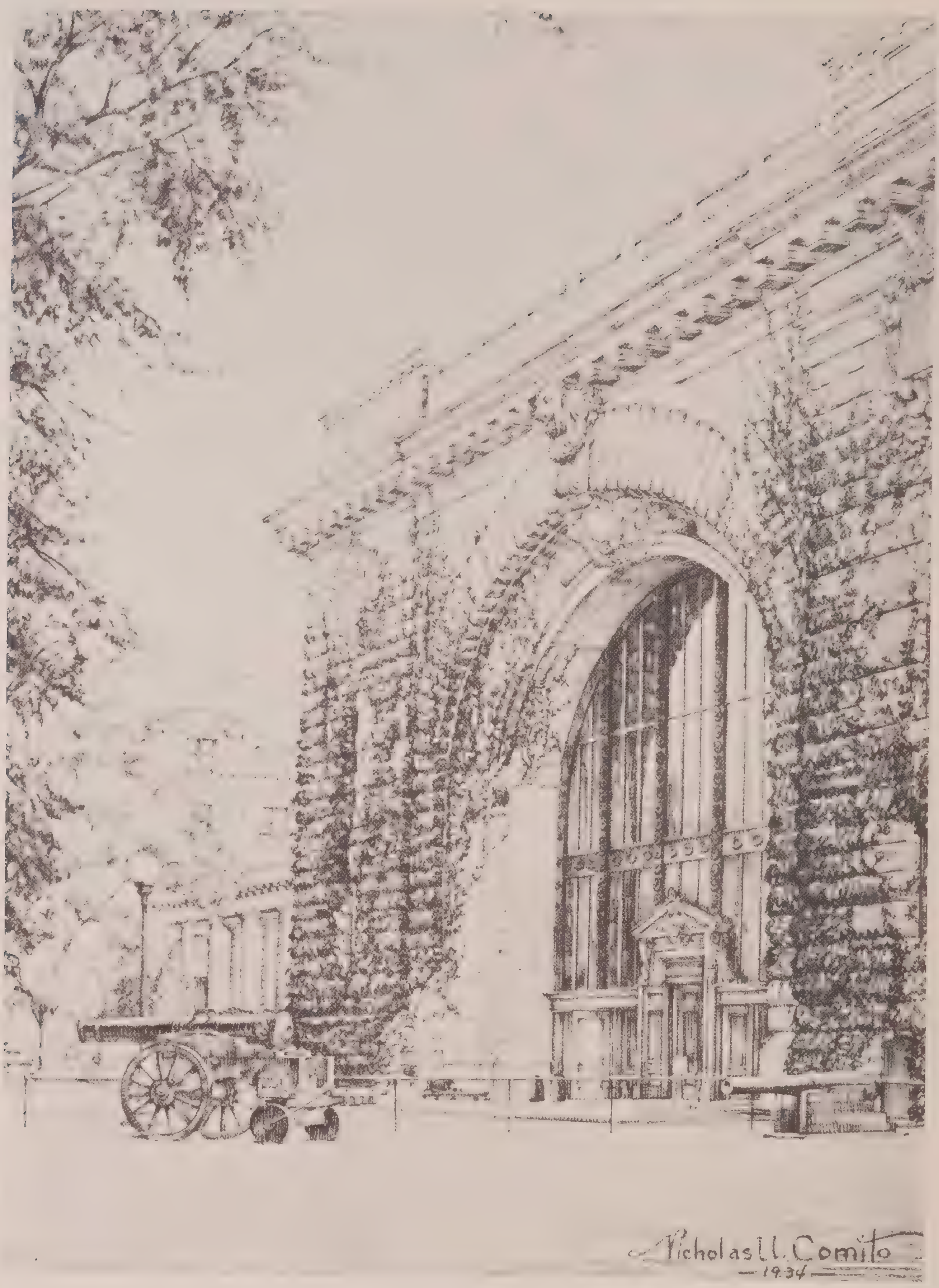
Chuck took active part in several important ECA's - Bridge Club, Indian Giver Productions, and his pride - the Distance Running Club. Setting the 100-mile relay record and running the Boston Marathon four years in a row is something to be proud of. By putting forth such effort as this, he thoroughly convinced his roommate shat all runners are nuts.

Leslie left the clear blue skies and warm tropical breezes of Hawaii and came to the Naval Academy in July 1975. After arriving here he found out that he did not like the hot and humid weather nor plebe summer and he wished he was back in Hawaii. Although he was the oldest child in his family he was shorter than many of his classmates. When winter came during his plebe year he looked forward to seeing his first snow. Many people thought that it was the funniest thing in the world to see a guy from Hawaii playing in the snow. Since he was from Hawaii many people thought he could surf and swim. The truth is he has never surfed in his life and he hates to swim. Leslie had never sailed before he came here but since that time he has become a member of the sailing team and has sailed during his summer leave. He wanted to fly so he majored in Aerospace Engineering. Leslie is now looking forward to graduation and his new adventures in the fleet.

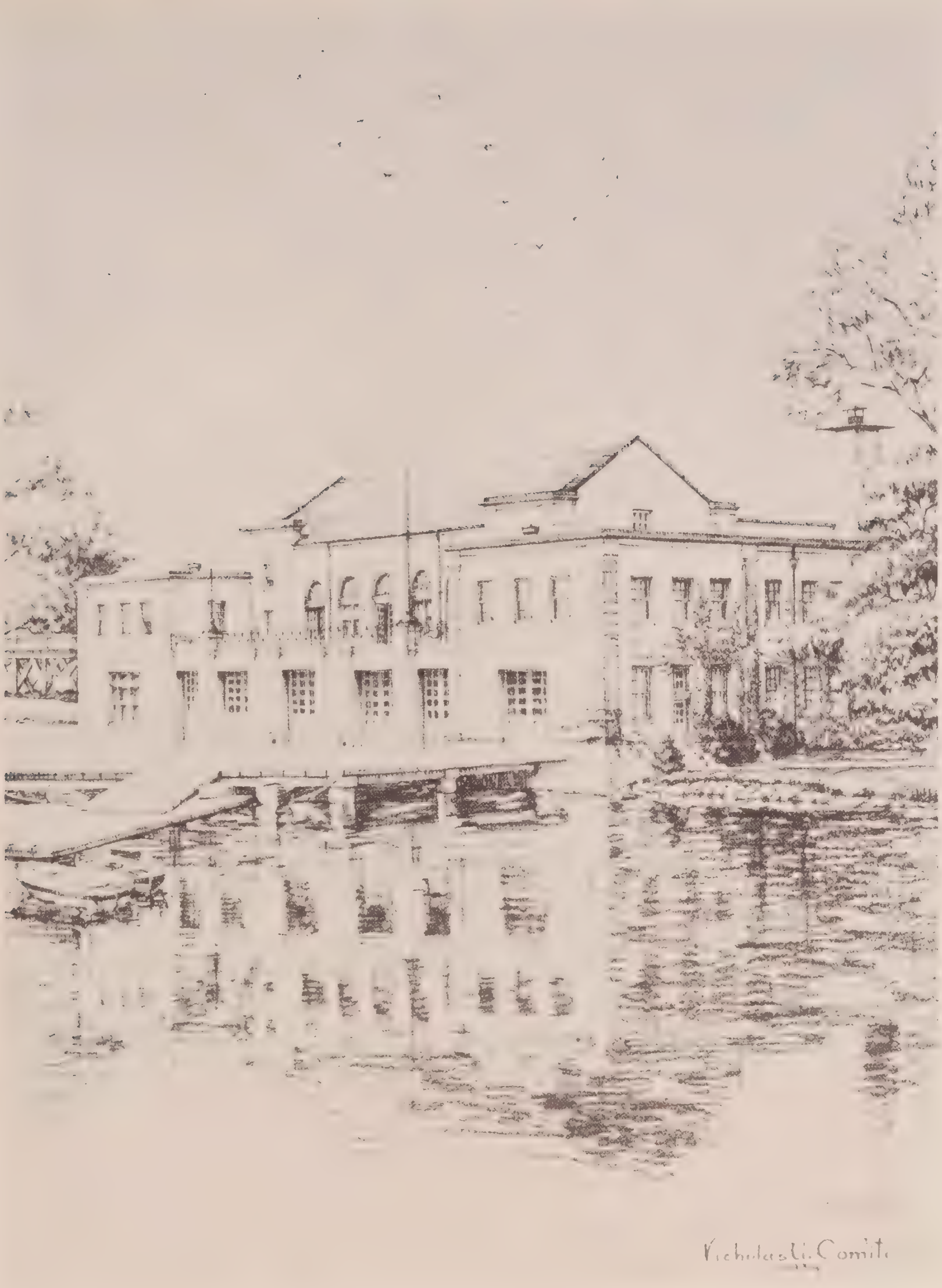
LESLIE K. YAMASHITA


Nicholas U. Cornito
1934

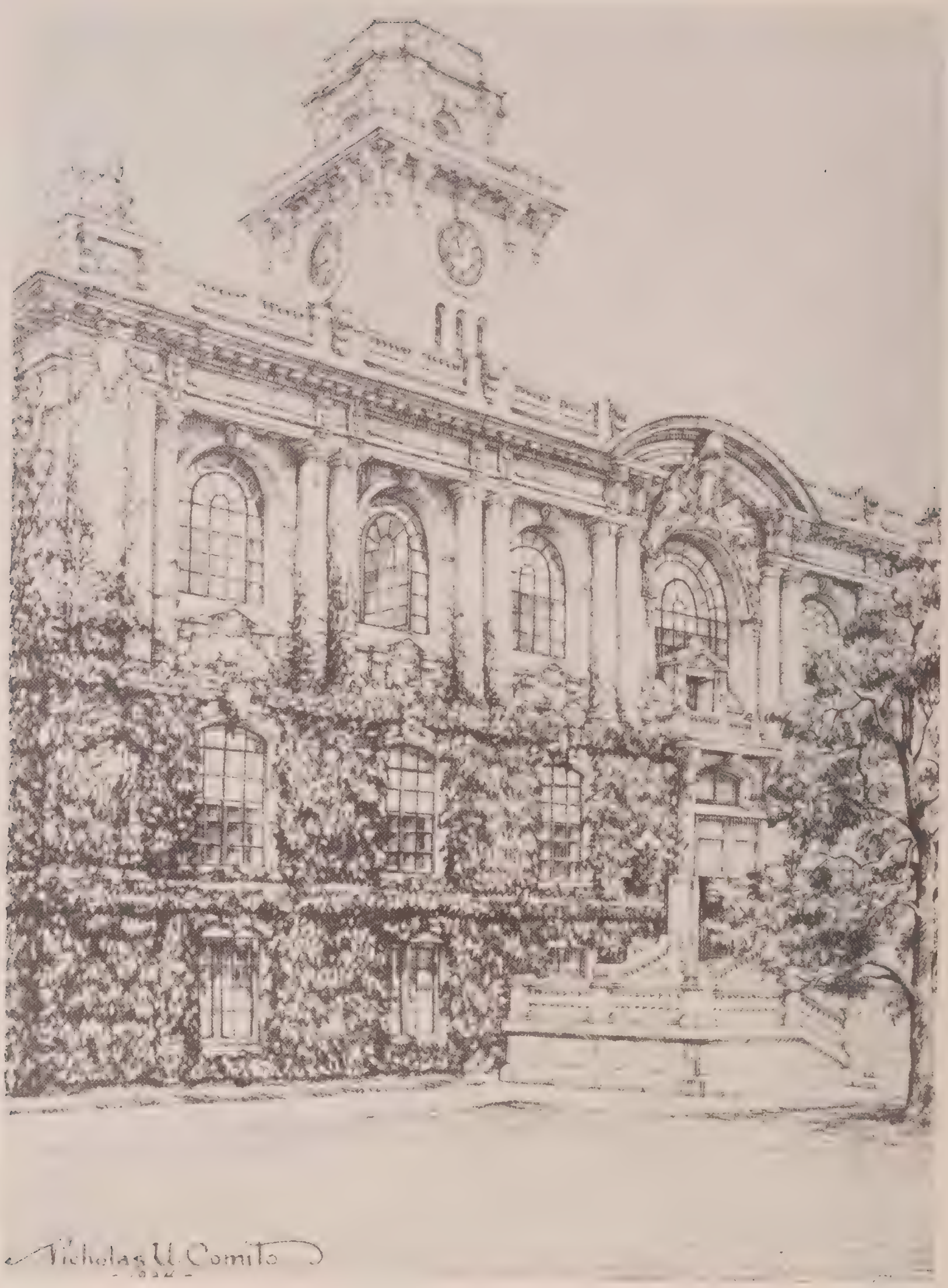
LIBRARY STEPS, MAHAN


Nicholas U. Comito
1934

DAHLGREN HALL


Nicholas G. Comito

HUBBARD HALL


Nicholas U. Comito

MAHAN HALL

19TH COMPANY

Orlando came to us from Puerto Rico with those sunny beaches, surfboards, girls . . . Oh the girls! This is where Orlando, affectionately known as Anz and or The Hore, developed his knack for creating "sunshine and good time" wherever he is. Known for his many unusual pranks . . . gray raider . . . cannons . . . Tecumseh with female undergarments . . . firecrackers . . . Orlando kept everyone on their toes. Plebe year was full of memories . . . Puerto Rico . . . sunny beaches . . . surfboards . . . girls . . . Oh the girls!! Time went by fast and the gray raider soon attained the rank of youngster, and as they say, rank hath its privileges . . . bars . . . drunk . . . disco Dahlgren . . . girls . . . pigs . . . animals . . . Spain . . . Italy . . . girls . . . bars . . . drunk . . . buzzard . . . darts . . . weekends that never ended. Junior year at the boat school brought Orlando many more memories . . . Fiats . . . Mary Washington . . . Thunderbird Motel . . . Carolyn . . . bloody nose . . . newsforms . . . footpints on the windshield . . . money . . . less money . . . no money . . . negative monies. Remember Saturday night live, sleeping bags . . . I never believed you could fit two in one! And that small car of yours . . . how did you do it. Well . . . good luck Bra! And cool your jets!

ORLANDO ANZALOTTA

DAVID ARTHUR BETHEL

"Hello Little Buddies, this is Big Dave" - the only one who looked like a post fight "Rocky" before he made his Brigade boxing debut. This "Big Foot" hails from Harrisburg, Pa. where he used to play on the hardwoods. Sasquatch's first brilliant accomplishment here at Navy was a varsity letter plebe year in basketball. Then a new coach said he couldn't play NCAA basketball. His second achievement was passing WIRES (LTM). Dave was one of the true leaders in accepting the fact that women were here to stay at USNA, especially when Nan-O came along. Dave gave 2 years to varsity crew which was a lot of fun. We won't ever forget when he ran the Maryland Marathon and his roommates were taking bets of when he'd fall over. But seriously folks Dave always enjoyed photography, especially "Artistic" pictures. Well, take care Dave. All your "little buddies" wish you the best in the Marines and throughout your life. Always keep your goals high and remember that one verse under your blotter - Psalm 37:3-5.

VINCENT PAUL BOUSA

Vince, better known as Vinny, came to us from Apalachin, New York. After taking a brief detour to NAPS, he still decided on the Academy which was an early indication of his marked persistence. Among his few belongings upon arriving was a lacrosse face-off stick that was to earn him a plebe-year N-star and a few ill-fated bats. Plebe year was quickly forgotten as Youngster year brought many trips to the Buzzard's dart board. Expertise was soon obtained by Vince in this favorite past-time. Vince felt he was doing really well in academics until the Administration informed him of a 4.0 scale instead of a 2.0 maximum. Junior year brought a short-lived new Vette that somehow transformed into a Chevy pickup and camper after 3000 miles and a third N-star in lacrosse. First class year, Vince was introduced to the Flying Club. Here he spent spare time and very spare money whenever unoccupied at Spa Cove apartments. After graduation, the Marine Corps can expect to see an exceptional young officer and a hell-of-a-good guy.

"Jane, Father of Bogart, Java Man, raw-on-the-rug, 'summer school again?,' 'women don't belong."

19TH COMPANY

RICHARD KEVIN BOYD

We'll never forget Fatrat's runaway win in the beer belly contest at the captain's house. Swampgas and cribbage were the mainstays of this razorback's almost A average. Being the only man on a first-name basis with the Jimmy Legs, Rat was able to swing a real bargain - only 30 bucks a month to park in the yard. That's when his car was out of the shop, and Rat was out of the rack. Fatrat's four year battle with the pad monster was finally declared a tie: a CQPR of 3.73, and 3.73 years in the rack. Rat had better luck in Navy pistol, he won the big gold N, which meant, of course, he didn't have to wear a hat. Never have so many come to one so knowledgeable about so much and gone away thinking they knew so much. Not bad for a worldclass cribbage player and hair stylist, who was snatched up by a Balitmore nurse 1st Class year. See ya later, Fatrat, Navy Air can always use an experienced wing commander.

ANTHONY K. BURRELL

After four long years
My strength is my will to be the best!
My immediate goal is to graduate very high in my class at Pensacola and to eventually become a test pilot or astronaut my long range goal is to one day be rich, famous and above all remembered.
My journey has just begun
I'm ready!!

Name: Bixy, Peachy Bust: 38" Waist: 32" Hips: 36" Height: 5'9" Weight: 150 Sign: Aries Birthdate: 4/19/55 Birthplace: San-Pedro-Sula, Honduras
Goals: Have sex, get drunk, lead a military coup, to learn English
Turn Ons: Waking up 1 minute before quarters and inventing new uniforms (white works spic), Brigade boxing
Turn Offs: 3-week EE labs, 6-inch rulers, yellow highlighters, see me rac notes and catch-22 closed loop E.D.
Favorite Foods: None in the Wardroom
Favorite Books: Midshipman held publications, Happy Hooker, The Whiplash Library Collection by Will Faville
Favorite Pastimes: Collecting speeding tickets, Brigade rack & drinking teams and total body massage.
Although Chris collected his share of demos he had a unique "out" for real tight spots (no unnestan' English, Man) The Honduran Navy will gladly welcome Chris after graduation.
. . . . . Vini, Vidi, Vici!!! . . .

CRISTOBAL ROBERTO CORRALES

19TH COMPANY

Anyone who parts his hair down the middle . . . Abbot and Costello, Laurel and Hardy; then there was Derbs and Kerz, boogeying over the wall to the first youngster long weekend. (C'mon Kerz, we're late for restriction!) Derbs gave up a promising career in Acid Rock, as a Flaming Gaper to become a nuked protege under the dynamic (?) guidance of Bobby Cheapshot (six inch ruler and all). Nice try but Surface Line is the shortest line!

After second class year, Derbs became a commuter student and experienced his highest QPR ever. Hmmm . . . take a lesson Navy! Credit is definitely due Pam for accepting this mindless wonder with no direction and changing him into a man with direction and new meaning. Unfortunately, still no mind! Well, nobody's perfect.

He wishes to express his gratitude to the doughnut hole, for allowing him the opportunity to observe common sense at its worst and true, unadulterated insanity at its best. Thanx, Eberhard! Last, but not least, - "See me ASAP, RAC."

KEVIN H.E. DERBIN

CHARLES BARFIELD DIXON

This has to be the first man to look through his four stripes because he couldn't see over them. We all wondered who was behind the sword sticking up from the blades of grass at the P-rades (that is when he actually marched). The Express Office sent Chuck to borrow the Commandant's letter opener for his sword. Chuck's height made him a natural for varsity crew coxswain . . . his width didn't. For this his teammates affectionately named him "Chuck." Chuck will probably get married . . . to whoever he happens to be dating at graduation. As for romance we still can't still believe he burned that letter without opening it. Despite these romantic disruptions Chuck kept his QPR above 3.5 . . . of course he didn't actually study . . . he majored in Operations Analysis. Chuck's problem came in confusing his QPR with his height. Whether the Navy will be a career or not is still a question for Chuck but we all wish him the best

WILLIAM JOHN ENSLEN, JR.

Bill comes to us from Easton, Maryland. It's easy to tell by his Eastern Sho' accent. Bill, known more professionally as Goof, was one of a kind. We still can't figure out how he survived four years of USNA. It seems Bill knew every corpsman in Sick Bay, and when he wasn't at Medical looking for an excuse to get out of something (mainly class), he was either in the rack or watching the tube. We never had to buy a T.V. Guide - we just asked good 'ol Goof what was on. He kept up his reputation by becoming one of the infamous "Buffer Boys." Now *that* trick was quite impressive! Still need the gouge? Go see Griff!! Did you *ever* study??? Though the end of May comes soon, we all wish good-buy will never be said. In no time you'll have more miles underway on your ship than in your car. He is truly a friend to us all. Smooth sailing. P.S. Remember those steam tables!!!

"Thou shalt passeth the Gouge!!"

19TH COMPANY

DOMINIC LEE GORIE

Leaving the fun and sun of Miami, Florida, "Gor-head" decided to wrestle his way through Navy. The Plebe year challenge was easily met by Dom, concentrating mostly on weekend hunting trips in Sherwood Forest. Throughout his Canoe U. career Gor maximized his academic output, keeping the input to a minimum, "the infamous Dom Gor Study Hour." Youngster year Dom started early at Hood, becoming fascinated with ducks. With the new company officer came the need to find roommates he couldn't corrupt. Wrestling continued and Gor-Head manage to workout at the Buzzard, run red lights, make U-turns and lose "the man" 2/c year found Dom with a 260Z, a plebe brother, more ducks, road trips to MW, group encounters of the Thunderbird, "The Marshal" and wrestling for the N-star and wrecked 260Z. There was senior year, camping, the pup-tent and "Stop right there! . . . Whatz it gonna be boy, Yes or NO!" With graduation near, Dom has lost his interest in Ducks and plans to concentrate on a career in Navy Air, a fortunate choice for them, for they couldn't get a better person.

"Friend of Jane, brother to Bogart, victim of the Marshall,
Bubbles II, No-No No-No, 'Let's do one'"

DAVID G. GREEN

Dave had a good jump on college life as an Army ROTC way down south at the University of Miami. But he traded in the sun, girls, and easy 3.6's for ice, Disco Dahlgren, and battles with the computer. For all his complaining, 5'8¼" Dave had a good time at USNA, which isn't surprising being an OA major. In fact, he liked it so much here that he left for Air Force for a semester, where he earned his jump wings. Dave's major interests are scuba diving and Civil War weaponry and trivia.

Dave's had a lot of interesting experiences here at Boat School. He got nuked out in the rack as a plebe (right Mags?), became a shellback on first class cruise, got cut on by Navy doctors (I still say his voice was never that high), and went through a round as Company Commander. (what fun!).

Dave will most be remembered for growing plants in shower drains, shooting moths, and sometimes people, off the walls, and most of all - heart massages.

Was that a murmur I heard — !!?

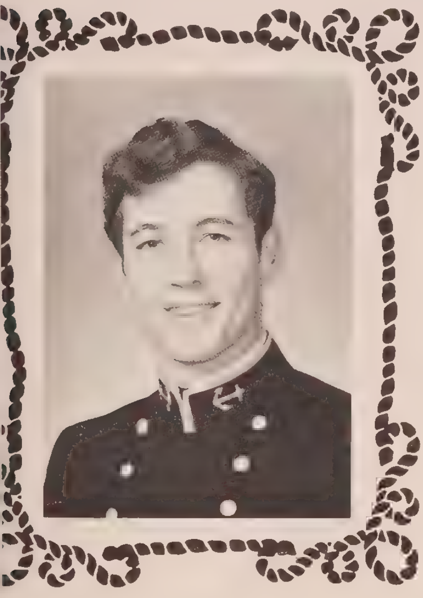
Ted . . . Sweat . . . Faville's "The Flame" bedmate . . . Duty J then lovely Lori . . . Gouge master for 4 years . . . Never in bed before 3:00. Air Force game with gorgeous broad (?) . . . Can sure hold his liquor (?) . . . White works kid . . . Needs a shave . . . Colts! . . . Heavies . . . Varsity swimming . . . Golden brick winner . . . 2nd Wing Commander . . . Toothpaste up the A- . . . Pervert . . . Ledge person . . . Diane Shitte (?) . . . Magic erasure . . . One man duty section . . . Hates snakes . . . Lost engagement ring notices . . . "Meet me at the Y" . . . Steerage . . . Idiotic comments . . . Constant liar . . . Constant friend . . . Ensign boards . . . 5 years and (?)

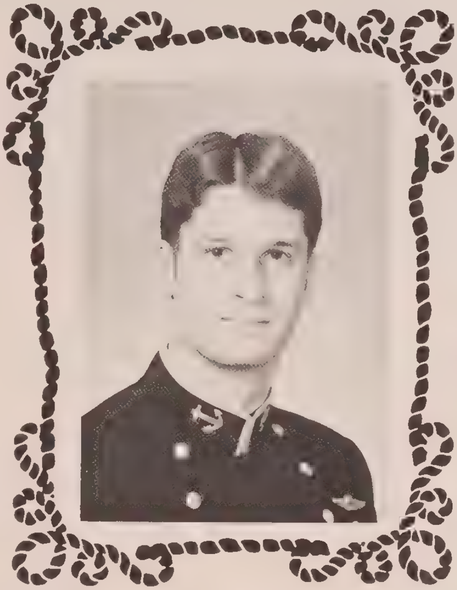
THEODORE PAUL GRIFFITH

19TH COMPANY

John-Boy began his career at Navy by ripping off his roommate's shorts while his roommate was still in them. (This gave his roomie quite a few hangups). Navy ended his career by ripping apart his body. Between the M.E. Department and the Rugby Club there wasn't much left for ALL the babes. John-Boy spent most of his first-class year resembling the mummy. He had more ace bandages than Bancroft Medical and fewer working parts than Fat Rat's car. He was the only Mid alive to claim insurance from USAA on his body. When John-Boy wasn't playing rugby and enjoying the parties that followed, he, like everyone else, spent his time watching the monkey entertaining the football. Then again, we'll never forget that one suspenseful summer when he watched the plebes entertain the monkey. "Greyhounds take your mark!" Who ever said you couldn't have fun here? But to all the Moms and Dads who helped him through this place - thanks. He'll never forget Charles St., Riverside Dr., or the close ones he left on the island . . And to those of you who care - there's only one thing in the world that beats ruckin . . . . . !

JOHN PATRICK HOLDEN





GEORGE JOSEPH KAROL, III

Ah, yes, George J. Karol - the III!

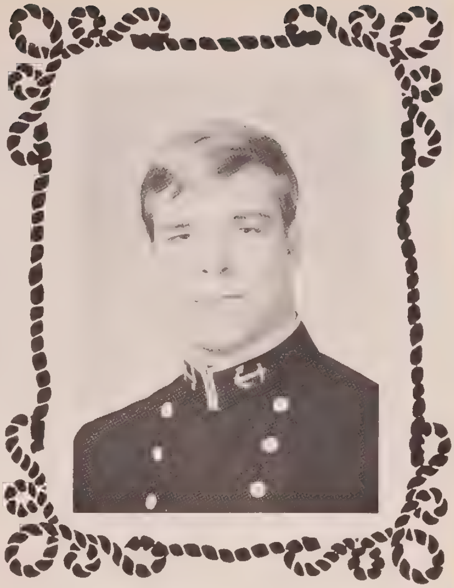
To some of the early risers and balloon throwers - he was known as Bo Didly, the Georgia Clay eatin Airborne Super-Trooper.

To a group of twenty "vacationing" in Coronado, C.A., he was the sole member of the GIP squad. Word has it he ate a little too much of the Tiajunna. Mud Slews. He thought it was a pie eating contest when he heard that angelic voice, "Gentlemen, it pays to be a winner!"

To some of the even earlier risers and the "no-need for breakfast-bunch," he was affectionately known as "The Geek" — twisted utensils and all. Yes, every team needs a Geek — especially on those bus rides. "Hey guys, who's got my shorts?" In all seriousness though, the best friendships, the strangest of bonds, the subtlest of loves were made amongst that "Bannana River Bunch." They lived the best of times; they lived the worse of times. Yet, in the end they would always smile - if only to end up laughing

Bug when thinking of GJKIII remember him most for his friendship.

- Thank-You Mom and Dad for your support. —



DEANE D. KOCHER, II

"The Koke" . . . "Party, party, party," "Can I have a butt," "Wanna bet," "John Boy, how come you're so ugly?" Koke was one of our more easy-going guys in the company. Coming from New York, coming from Virginia, coming from California, coming from Florida, everytime Koke came, back to USNA, he had new adventures to tell us. Obviously, being in the Navy was not just a job for Koke. But he did struggle here at Navy, out of bed, down the vator to C.B., and to the pool whenever possible. Some of Koke's better days (nights) were with a Baltimore Colt cheerleader or Kerz (remember him guys?) Come back and see us sometime Koke. Take it easy, or any other way you can get it.

19TH COMPANY

RICHARD N. LYNCH, JR.

When Rick emerged from the depths of the Boise, Idaho potato fields, he seemed ready to take on four years at the country club on the Severn. Rick affectionately, known as Lyncher, Pud, Potatohead, Clint, and Magnum Banana, soon integrated himself into Club 19. Hey Pud, remember plebe year . . . homesick . . . girl sick . . . just sick of everything, endless nights at the library . . . getting nothing done. Being a third class was fun wasn't it? No responsibilities, no privileges, no girls, no mail, no time, . . . remember Subic Bay . . . Boy does he remember!! Your going to have to teach me that game where the girl goes under the table. Hey, Rick, remember Second Class Year . . . Mary Washington, Jack Daniels, Black Velvet, Tango with Stango, loosing your cookies here and there and on Linda's bed . . . Boy, am I bummed out . . . Boy, am I in deep feces . . . were you ever sober? You did have a lot of good times. First Class Year brought even better times . . . Subic Bay II (couldn't get enough the first time) . . . Nuc cruise . . . Ha Ha . . . green alerts, red alerts, notal ert in class . . . letters . . . friends . . . close friends . . . memories . . . yes the memories. Rick will be seeing a lot of sea in his future naval career as a surface line officer. We all wish him fair winds and following seas.

LAURENCE R. MAGUIRE

Here he is, one of the Sasquatch survivors! What a start Larry had. First, he douched out his roomies with London broil. Then nobody would believe that Beaver was a college; a girl's school no less. Lar was one of the first among us to start looking for a car, one of the last to buy one, and the first one to wreck it.

Nuke power? No way! It's not safe to stay under water any longer than you can hold your breath. Surface line or death, or both, for this salty stud who spent the summer on the Riviera courtesy of two governments. The French Navy may never recover (financially or morally). After graduation he's off to West Pac to find another government host (we hear he's been studying Russian). Laurence leaves in hot pursuit of the same goals he came with . . . to personally combat the Soviet threat and to make money.

Et D'etre Vrai Au/Revoir

(Alias Commander Cody) "Dick" hails from Asheville, N.C., and most wish he would have stayed there. A redneck, a member of the Ledge People's Society, he was a noted sick call commando. Some of his more famous maladies included: dislocated thumb plebe summer, alcoholism youngster year, buffer fever second class year, and an acute liking for the women in the Brigade first class year. Plebe year Rick became famous for a $10 tea fight, youngster years' antics, obscene phone calls, Air Force raids, and living outside Kevin's room, second class year included his claim to fame as one of the boy's who attempted to prove that USNA buffers can withstand any test - especially from four flights up. Rick was a strong believer in the Gospel according to Goofy - How do you think he got his high grades. Rick will always be remembered for his contributions to 19th Co. standards; gross room, pass the gouge, white works, and general lackness in every area.

F.O.M.

RICHARD W. MALONE

19TH COMPANY

Roger, a Navy Junior, came to the Academy from San Diego via Virginia Beach. Looking forward to an interview with Rickover long before I-day, he was frequently seen studying, even on weekends. Always wanting to be near the water, Roger took up rowing plebe year, but discovered that he would rather be sailing two years later. Taking advantage of the Navy's invitation to travel, Roger went to Alaska for youngster cruise and looked at icebergs from the topside. Seeking new horizons, he went on a boomer for first class cruise and looked at waves from the bottomside. Preferring the latter, Roger is headed for a career in the submarine force.

ROGER GEORGE MAU

FRANCIS JEFFREY NINER

After nobody believed he came from Cockeysville, he changed his hometown to Monkton. Still, no one caught on. Innocent lad that he was, he couldn't believe that his girl next door was dating all the guys next door. So after youngster cruise, he devoted his life to the Mechanical Engineering Department. But Banging Bangert, the Pocket Rocket and Big Foot couldn't crucity Jeff. He did it himself. He had enough injuries, remedies, medications and chemicals to build another body. He owned more shoes than the Second Regiment.

Redneck, white socks and blue ribbon beer . . . Jeff wouldn't go into a bar unless bluegrass music was coming out and 30 pickups with gunracks were parked in the lot. (Vive La Manore). He also enjoyed dressing up like women and planting palm trees in the mulch under his desk. More than just a number crunching engineer, Jeff was a co-writer, co-producer, musician and singer for "snatch classics productions" (a real character . . .)

It'll be a sad day when Navy air loses this hick to a trappist monastery. See ya later, sixty.

WILFRED PURISIMA QUINTONG

Hey Bra!! You like the kind . . . he comes from the all American town of San Lorenzo, Calif. Affectionately known to all as "Dozer" for his ability to sleep through classes; "Boington" for flying in three tight formations, "Plip" well because he is one; "Dr Q" for his wizardry in basketball; and "Willy" by all those who were fortunate enough to consider him a close friend.

An avid lover of good times, he began by ripping into those pigs in Dahlgren youngster year. Remember pouring our own beer in the Buzzard, beating the townies in darts, with their darts, and simply raising hell in town. 2/c year brought outrageous times at Maryland, a sleek new race car, and max moneys or maxvisa. Hey Bra, they're in your shoe . . . Senior year is only a matter of time now, Hey koke, where are we? Why nine hours to New York? Now that you've got it you don't want it!! She wants to do what? Time will tell . . . Surface Line is his choice, the best of everything for a great guy, he'll sure be a mean looking figure on the bridge of a ship, standback. Vaya con Dios, Bra.

19TH COMPANY

MARK STEVEN ROBERTS

Mark, affectionately known as Marky, hails from Fullerton, California. After spending a year at Occidental College in Los Angeles, he opted for an institution of fun and sun on the Severn. Plebe year left behind fond memories of California porches and fast women. Here he learned how to sleep harder, faster, and more often. Youngster year can be summed up by trips to the Buzzard's dart board and the title of King Cobra. Junior year at Canoe U. brought Mark back to fast cars and many road trips to come. Remember Hood College, group encounters at the Thunderbird, and Cortland's Clark Hall. Senior year found Mark interested in the Flying Club but funds seemed to disappear as upstate New York was as high as he wanted to go. With graduation hopefully in sight for Marky, the Surface Navy can expect to find in their midst a diligent, hard working, young naval officer.

"Friend of Jane, buddy to Bogart, victim of the Sherriff, Bubbles, No-No Yes-Yes, 'I'm broke,' 'Why me?'"

GARY L. ROSSI, III

Gary had an interesting start here at Navy. He braced up plebe year and never let go. Being from wind country (Napa, California), Gary never appreciated the subtler arts of drinking real booze. (How many times did we have to carry him in?) It is a good thing he kept his weight down for 150 lb. football (and we don't mean I.Q.). When Gary came to us he couldn't read or write. Now he can write checks and salute, what progress!! The Navy will lose a real natural when he slips off to Marine Air. We'll never forget Gary's "harem." (SIC) What a collection - the good, the bad, and the ugly (Gary). And by the way, Gar - Wheah did joo git dat cah? Oh, well, it was a nice back seat. Piece (SIC) and happiness Gary, from the boys.

Chaunce, Psycho, Little Buttercup, Rm. 4450 reporting late for E.D. Sir, likes rooming with whales, Golden Brick Award, hock one in for Army, ledge person, Wardroom Rat - sleeps there, bunk up, chain smoker, is everybody appy, machine-gun Kelly, hey good buddy, good friend, ya got a cigarette, member of (CQPR)^{2} Club, winger, somebody fix my nose, my car can run anyone off the road, believer in the Gospel according to Goofy, where's fat rat?, I hate the merry band of FA . . ., that S happens, I told you Goofy not to throw out that buffer, follower of Milboes, long live 77, Grafitti Board, white works, explosive cigarettes, I need 8 laundry bags and a hippo to even begin to look like that fat S , get a haircut.

KIRK A. SHAFFER

19TH COMPANY

Kevin arrived at USNA with a frown on his face, an expression he soon perfected. Overcoming any doubts he became a real trend setter. He was the first plebe to sound off at 0545, the first plebe to list the football team while holding his rifle horizontal and the only plebe to select Naval Architecture. Plebe year saw the beginning of Kev's four year association with the company heavy weight football team, known as the meanest, dirtiest, worst team in the Brigade. As a second class squad leader Kev, often known as Ho Chi Mihn (Trail) was the only one to have four women plebes in his squad. A neat achievement since there were only three to start with. Surviving that he tackled plebe summer then the job of company admin. and guidon bearer. All in all it was a good four years. Look out surface line Kev is on his way.

KEVIN F. TRAIL

THEODORE J. WASYLKIW

Well-fed-Ted came to us from Philadelphia, but we soon learned not to hold that against him. Ted earned his nickname and reputation by actually gaining weight over plebe summer. (How many pieces of French toast was it?) Tammy also helped keep his morale high with her numerous visits.

Ted decided early that he was destined to become an Aero Major. Unfortunately, this rash act carried with it a home away from home - Rickover Hall. Ted's "scarce" free time was carefully used learning how to construct boomerangs and the fine art of moth shooting with a peashooter. Now at least he can defend his P-3.

The plebes never will forget Courtroom Kilo. A relentless quest for knowledge almost ended Ted's career early. While working on the yet to become famous N.A.H.B.E. engine he came within a spark of turning into a slice and burn cookie.

In all his years here, Ted never could get a room with both heat and good water pressure. Well, that's life in the ghetto. Better luck at P-Cola.

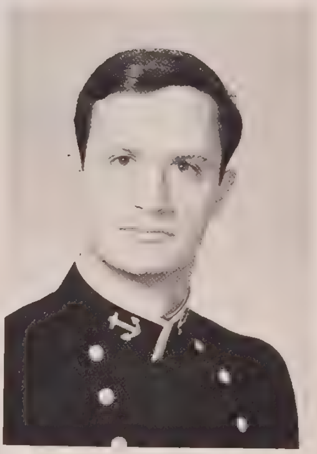
JOHN D. WITHERS

Wiz shuffled into the Field House from Zanesville (where?) Ohio, thus reaffirming the belief that no one from Ohio is taller than 5'6". Straying off the path by choosing Physics, he remained in the orchard (get it?) by not rising to Phy-Sci. ("Where would you engineers be without us scientists?") If you think that's bad, he really got lost by becoming one of "Wally's boys" - a Puke, after a marvelous 30 days tied up in Philly. But after spending little time (and max bucks) in Pearl, he got his head out of where it was and found he could see - perfectly! Navy air and grow your hair!

At any rate, the Navy will be getting one of its famous "Good deals" as the littlest LSD (long slow distance for you his types) runner heads out to who cares where' minus the wires of course (he loved those rubber bands). But really, John, ain't 5'10" just a *little* tall for you?

20TH COMPANY

THE COLONADES

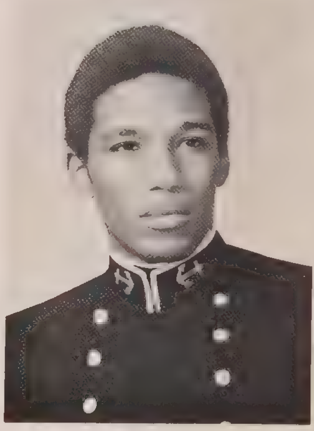


EDWARD GLEN ABEL, JR.

Sweaty Eddie shed his red neck ways to come to us here at the Chesapeake University from Little Rock. Things here may never get back to normal. Ed was always one of the quiet guys, but more than willing to give you a boot in the pants if he thought you needed it. He rapidly became well known for his exotic tastes in drinking material, and his uncanny ability to place his sailboat in the same place occupied by someone else's. In fact by First Class Year, Ed had enough collisions to have command of his own Class "A". When not sailing, you could usually find Ed camped out at the Maryland Inn or on the way to Mary Washington. Weeknights usually found Ed parked in the wardroom or racked out; studying just clogged his mind with facts anyhow. We wish Ed the best at flight school and hope Lisbeth can put up with him. As long as they keep him stocked in montgay he should do just fine.

Whoever said "you can take a man out of the country but you can't take the country out of the man," must have known "Chico." He came to the USNA country club from Alabama via San Diego. From the start Chico sacrificed for Navy. For instance, he gave up a chance to play varsity baseball to socialize in the NAACP sponsored after hours swim club. The Navy never affected Chico's personal life though. After 4 years he was still hung-up on childhood games, like Blind Man's Bluff, with him playing the blindman trying to bluff everyone else. Coming from the country side of life Chico started Navy following most of the rules most of the time. It took a marine company officer with a big stapler to turn him into the upstanding officer he is today. After getting a taste of the good life by driving a 280Z he is now trying to stop dogging women. Who knows maybe there is a gentleman under that try hard beard. Like you said after 3 summers together we will meet again. Whether it's in the fleet, the air, or at Arlington, good luck!

MARVIN T. ALLEN



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Joe drifted in from Philly to honor us with his presence here at Mickey Mouse University. The Navy may have his body but not his heart. Laurie has that, and a ring to go with it --- the ring through his nose that she wears on her finger. But Joe did more than run over to Gettysburg every weekend in his X19. As "master-of-the-clip" and trap-block, this center led the Batt. to the Championship game. He was a real slave-driver with his three stripes when he wasn't making "Burger Runs for Profit." "Obie-Ron" took up the slack in the company's paperwork so Joe could scamper off on various Glee Club Tours. Those trips were hard work! It's not easy to sing all day after drinking all night . . . and all those fire escapes at other schools. With all that going on OA was the only major to have. The grades were always good. The Fleet may not be ready for this Pork Chop who knows how to live.

JOSEPH JOHN BRADFIELD

JOHN IGNATIUS BYRNES

After proving rather convincingly by the end of plebe summer that there really was a god who protects the innocent, "Igie" decided to stay around and find out if the same dude looks after the not-so-innocent midships. The answer came in the form of a broken bed at the Old King George one late night that June Week. Not being easily dissauded he continued his search with the added perspective of the golden brew and fast wheels. Then came an abrupt change. The stoic we never knew appeared second class year of course. 3,000 miles or whatever it takes to reach Rome, a black N, and navigating around the jagged 2.0 had something to do with it. But do not fear, my friends, the quest continued with full force along with the last and he soon earned the revered title 'wad.'

Exactly what John found out about the ethereal standing of the less than innocent navals no one can say, but those who took the journey with him know that the fun was his friendship along the way. Good luck and until the next trip.

JONATHAN BARRETT DINSMORE

Jonathan hails from the temple of Adolph Rupp, that is Lexington, Ky. The master of procrastination is noted for many things, including the sale rights to inventing DMT, talking in his sleep, annoying owls, drinking turkey and is known as the renowned disco paraplegic. While Dins was in Vietnam he was savagely wounded in his right shoulder. At least that is what he told the girl who he met at McDonald's. Jon is such a stud. He lettered in soccer and was so macho that they put a black "M" on his letter. When Dinslow isn't driving Ginder or dreaming about soccer he is with his ungrateful lover: Double E. Try as he may, he simply couldn't resistor. Now that's as bad as the time he imitated Niagara Falls while in the top rack. Anyway, he is a swell guy who always takes things nice and slow and we wish him luck with his years in the Navy. As he always said: SMD.

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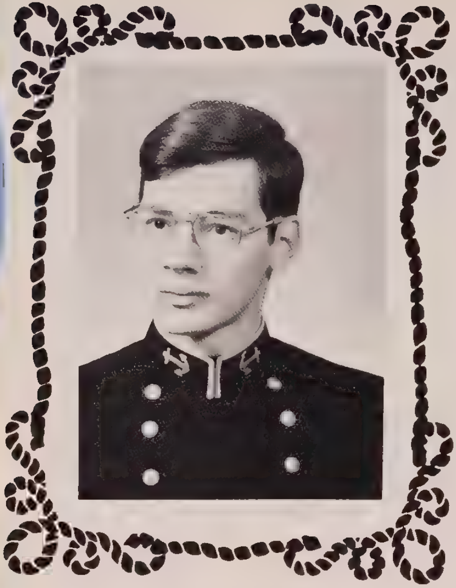
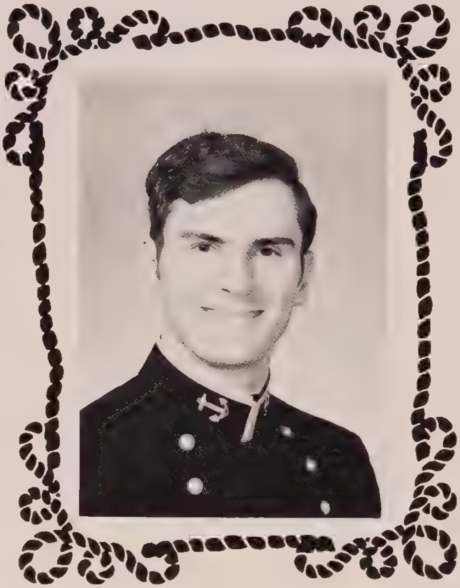


CHARLES VINCENT DOTY

Charles Vincent Doty, known to some as "Disco Chas" or just "D^2", came to us from that dry lifeless territory known as New Mexico, with a passion for auto mechanics, sarcasm, and Marine Engineering. However to Adm. Rickover's dismay, "D^2" didn't know that he was majoring in nuclear engineering and not the Marine Corps, so he decided to begin his officer career at Quantico. Chuck could be found on his weekends at Fredricksburg, Va., Frederick, Md., College Park, Ocean City, or USNA depending upon the status of his clutch or the money in his pocket or more importantly if it was a 1 in 4 or 1 in 5 duty section. He had lots of fun with the entire gang, Ken, Harry, Mike, Pat, Lisa, Janis, Steve or whoever would drink with him. Good luck Chuck with "the few good men."



BOBBY R. EATON

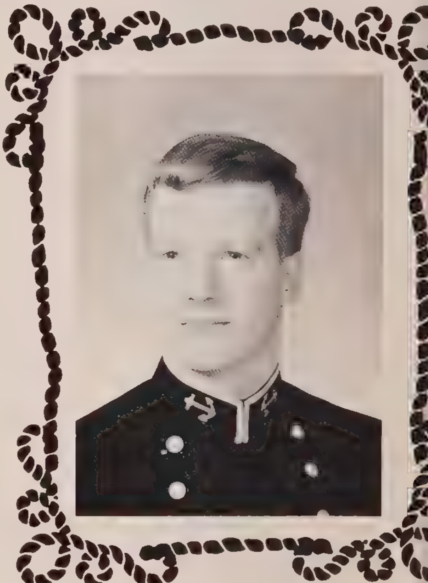
"They call me Doctor Bob," or maybe Bobberay, and sometimes just plain Moon Face. In any case, Bob is usually not to be found anyway, those 3-striper libs getting him out to Gina's every night. (He had to be someone after Missy, Janis, Heather, etc., etc.) Bob hails from the Tennessee sticks, a member of the famous Eatonian clan that features many a hick known for his skill at being lazy. Not that Bob is lazy, but a management major with well over a 3.0 who NEVER studies? Doctor Bob is most famous for the mystery radio date, his sweet tooth (7 ice cream sandwiches at a Colts game), and getting through Canoe U. without letting one curse word, or "a drop of that vile liquid" past those beautiful lips of his. The surface types will welcome him, and you'll always know he's near if that infamous cry is heard "Aaaahh! . . . . . I been mooned!" Good luck, Bob and Gina!

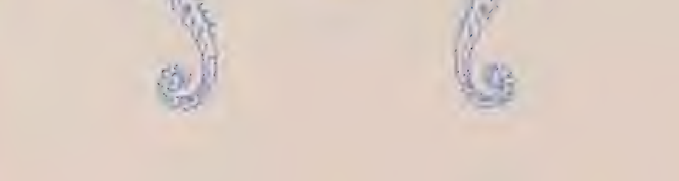
Tom came to the Naval Academy from rural Queens, an aspiring chess minded, naval officer to be. From the beginning he was noted for his duck-like walk and military bearing. His squad leader appreciated him so much he was almost demoted to fifth class.

After a youngster year of Dahlgren culture, Tom, after an enebriated introduction, began a steady relationship. Having mastered Virginian topography the fish undertook intensive training for the finer aspects of P-cola life. Tom was always up for spontaneous adventures in pursuit of "good" girls and meaningful relationships. A hard working math major he easily transferred a free sailing weekend into a class-A.

Tom earned a reputation as a hard worker and an honest person who spoke his mind. Good friends are what make this place, even if they all walk funny. Many a fine memory will be had of him waddling off into the distance. Best of luck in times to come.

THOMAS FRANCIS FISCHER





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Tiny was donated to the Naval Academy by the land of the Purple People Eaters. We had always heard that they grew things big in Minnesota, but Bruce must have gotten an extra dose of fertilizer. Unbeknownst to him, the Moose began his unresolved quest for the great NPQ on the plebe football meat squad where he once or twice lost his knee amongst the blades of astroturf. Bruce's great strength also failed him in the much hallowed showdown with the Rock that was staged after one of the weekly pilgrimages to Timmy's. These youngster antics were soon replaced by major second class problems such as the tough transition to Physical Science and Marriage's Silver Hammer going bang, bang on his head. A winter of deep snow at Penn State helped display the seasonal instincts that Bruce picked up at home and earned him the appropriate title of Sasquatch. Whatever season, Bruce has always shown the instinct to succeed and the disposition that has provided us with pleasant memories. Thanks, Bruce.

BRUCE H. HANSON

JEFFREY RALPH HASHBERGER

After trying ROTC for a year at Kansas University, Jeff decided to come join the real Navy on the banks of the sunny Severn. A native of Englewood Colorado, and proud of it, Jeff has had church, blue, trips to see Mac, the Broncos, and old cars to keep him busy. "Mash," "Bergs," or "Henry" (Kissinger, would you believe?) (take your pick) has so far managed to defy the Rifle Team's attempts to shave his chest, and hopefully will make it until graduation. Jeff was one of the few to choose, and finish as a chemistry major, and really enjoy it. A natural history freak, Jeff also managed to keep the humanities people busy as well. Jeff's self discipline, sense of duty, and easygoing personality will be sure to take him a long way in Admiral Rickover's Navy "down under." Good luck, Jeff.

FRANK E. HUDIK

This wise old owl came to us from somewhere in the backwoods of New Jersey. He rolled directly onto the soccer field and spent much of his four years there. Youngster Year his main concern was keeping the night watch on 4-2, his roommates' talent shows and feeding "Rastas." With the coming of summer Frank hatched his first true love, 'Augie', a white '77 Trans Am. The summer was fun and promising with camping trips on the Admiral's lawn, D.W. on the beach and many new friends at PSU. The Owl occasioned many trips to PSU and found the trees on campus excellent perches for howling practice. It was there that he found he had trouble keeping his left eye open and, half blind, he found Lisa Bean's in his arms instead of . First Class Year the Owl discovered that wild turkeys lived in the woods too. He moved out and started studying "owl"gebra to discover $D^2 = S^2$ and M.I.D. + W = G.F.U.W. With his newly found knowledge and desire to further his education he has decided to shave his head, dress in green, and become the first American bald owl. The hoots of our great owl will echo in our memory forever.

20TH COMPANY

PETER A. HUSTA

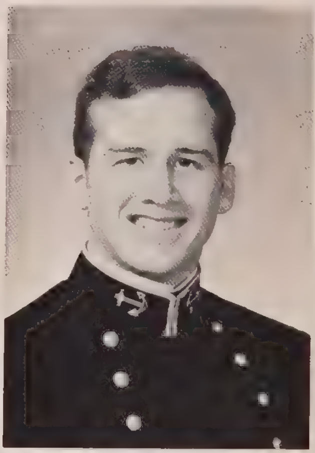
After an all too brief party at NAPS, Pete came to the Annapolis Hilton to swim, play football and to throw the javelin. Failures at each and 30 lbs. later, Husta headed for the sailing center where *Alert, Intrepid, Dandy,* and *Alliance* captured his love and his weekends. Hardly adept with women, Peter opted to spend his summers working. Airborne, BUD/S, and RECON worked him over and shipped the wreckage back. "Killer" had a good workout at Army youngster year, too! After a 4.0 2/C summer, Alliance and the "Atlantic Round," 'Coach' came back to a Yawl, Danny, Louise, Doris, Russo and a "duty stripe." Once a prospective Grunt, Pete leaves Bencrift Hill as an LTM for his summer town of Newport as a 'ship driver with intentions of picking up' the air option in Rotary Wing.

MICHAEL JAMES KANTARIS

"Jeez, yer ugly!" It's those three words that made the mark of everyone's favorite Greek, Mike Kantaris. If you call the Geek, M.J., or just Mikey, you can be sure he'll be slinging s--- with that captivating "Grinch" grin. Mike is home ported in Mason "Sin" City, Iowa, and still has a few corn stalks tucked between his toes. A stint at West Point Prep convinced him to shed the Army khaki, and don Navy blue. To try them all, Mike will be wearing Marine green after graduation (with his Yankee ball cap, of course). Mike was a rather wild bachelor until second class summer when Bunny turned him into an even wilder "married man." The future is looking good for Mike, Pat, Quantico, and beyond . . . . . .

In 1975, USNA sent out a call for the model midshipman. A nuclear powered submarine spotted Mike walking on the waters of Lake Michigan and knew they had to have him. Mike arrived at Annapolis and immediately recognized this ultimate chance to excel. But wait, trick it! He wasn't all that straight even though he did sweat the load with the books. Mike found his "true love" at his first tea fight. But all that remains now is a silver bullet he left behind. After this, many lonely weekends were spent at the ice cream parlor or talking to his plants between physics problems. While brooding at home one summer leave, he was knocked off his feet by a hometown honey with a "Herbie smile," whose favorite pastime soon became Knerp-trawling. Mike took the bait hook, line, sinker, rod, reel, etc. with no hesitation. "I'd like to leave my classmates with 2 Thessalonians 2:16, 17."

MICHAEL GERARD KNAPP



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An ex-napster and an executive member of the "black tide" swimming team (subsquad for short) William Richard Massie, Jr., alias "Wild Bill" Massie came to the Naval Academy from the "boonies" of South Carolina. During his four years at USNA, William majored in Gradu . . . . Management and Technology and like a few other choice individuals managed to spend most of his time in wires as an LTM. He was consistently voted the ugliest of the uglies and had no trouble scaring the girls away but kept himself amused with a gleaming silver blue 'vette and a vast collection of Johnny Mathis records dating back to antiquity. His goal is to ride second man in an A6. Good luck, Bill! See you in the Fleet.

WILLIAM RICHARD MASSIE, JR.

GARY WILLIAM McLOSKEY

Gary McLoskey, better known to his classmates as "Crash" after a second class summer yard patrol craft encountering with the rear end of another parked craft, hails from the snowy land of Saginaw, Michigan. A strong Christian, Gary will be most remembered for warmth and sensitivity he brought to all he touched. A man of simple pleasures such as hiking and eating a home cooked meal, Gary was an accomplished tennis and ice hockey player. In tackling Ocean Engineering through his years at the Academy, Gary's solution to the mounting workload were many sleepless nights. Always able to look at the bright side of a gloomy situation, Gary holds a key to the enrichment of all that meet one hell of a fine human being.

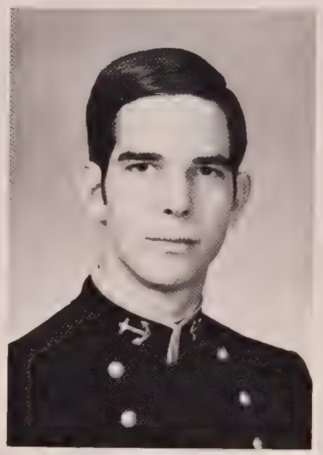
ROBERT BUTLER NEWMAN

Lightnin' shuffled in from Norlina, North Carolina — a town so small they removed its only stoplight after a month. His naval career got off to a sloppy start, by filling his squad leader's lap with steak grease on the first day. Slopes' drill ability was also hampered because the rifle kept sliding down his seriously inclined shoulders. But not all things were on the decline for maid oldwoman. Take his social life for example. At first a hot date used to mean sharing a soda with Herbert, but soon things developed. First there was Nancy then Miff, and Mary H.. Butler also went for an older women, who had to flee to Florida to escape him. Most especially there was Kay who he'll never let us forget. His other interest ranged from special fireworks at the old apt. to early morning sightseeing in D.C. to a fictional beach house on the outer banks. Butler has been a typical English major here whose vocabulary and spelling prowess should skyrocket him to nowhere. Though Mr. Clean in green never took him seriously, we always will.

20TH COMPANY

RONALD CHARLES O'BRIEN

How Ontonagon, Mich., can be transformed into one-ton-wagon is a secret that may remain locked in the mind of Ron and his accomplices forever. But then Ron had a way of pulling off capers like sleeping under the stars on the Admiral's lawn, forcing the cops to pull over his, instead of a classmate's vette, and bringing Bruce back from D.C. This latter feat so surpassed his earlier bouts with Ralph at Lisa's and PSU that he was awarded a Navy "N". Ron had his lighter side however. He could pull any one-liner from out his big assortment of national lampoon absurdities. He was only a slight pyro-maniac in that he got his biggest kicks from using his roommates deodorant to blow torch innocent bystanders (moths, sleeping roommates, etc.) We never could figure out if he was a true insomniac but he is the only person we have ever seen that could pull back to back all-nighters. It is a known fact that if the body doesn't get enough rest it will suffer. Yes, his roommate's body suffered every morning for Ron was a walking, non-talking caffeine-freaked out zombie until noon. The spirit of the great O-B-Ron will remain with us forever.



RUSSELL S. PENNIMAN, IV

Russ came to Canoe U. from Virginia or California, take your pick. He was tall and quiet, but that's misleading appearances for you. While he was here he participated on the rifle team, the funnelator team, the rack club, pitched for the softball team, and was on the "will you please walk a straight line, asked the O.D." club. Of course he is also the undisputed car derby champion having lost only once to a very fast and tricky telephone pole. His car finally gave up on him one day and proceeded to burn up. Well renting a car isn't that bad. The list goes on. He sunk a motorboat, interviewed the Duke, opened a grilled cheese sandwich factory, produced rum punch that was deadlier than his driving, and as Walt Wood's final goodwill gesture, he was volunteered for Plebe Detail. Russ plans to fly for the Navy (sorry Croom), as soon as we can drag him out of the wardroom. Good luck and we hope you don't run into any seagulls.

Jeff cruised in from the shores of La Jolla, California, only to be confronted by the frightening experience of Plebe Summer. But B.P. overcame this major obstacle by joining the Excused Squad. However, X-Sqad couldn't help him all the time so he negotiated contracts with several teams to act as manager. Jeff finally became Regimental Subcommander during Plebe Summer after a long three years. It must have been his grades that convinced the striper board. Jeff sometimes amazes people but has always been a charmer with officers and women alike. His talents will carry him a long way. He has always been a source of fun, football tickets and a member in good standing with the USNA rack team. Jeff has provided us with many memories and we wish him luck in whatever directions he chooses.

JEFFREY ROCKER

20TH COMPANY

Ralph came to us from Portland, Oregon; via Paris, France; Vienna, Virginia; Keflavik, Iceland; Naples, Italy; and whole host of places in between. He came into plebe year with a bum knee and a determined desire to succeed. What happened?

Ralph is the only person I know who can watch the tube until 9, study till 12, and still get about the best grades in the Company. Of course when he is really desperate for something to do he exercises his talents with the Photography Club, Lucky Bag, Brigade Social Affairs, and the Hop Committee. And if that isn't enough, Ralph can often be found somewhere in the yard, huddled with the computer, (Systems Majors have a talent for that).

Best wishes for the future and may nuclear power school treat you well. (Always remember, never stand up straight in a submarine.)

RALPH EUGENE SPAULDING

MARK TEMPESTILLI

Coming to us from the ROTC program at Purdue, Mark laughed his way through plebe summer. Of course, he found the life style different. He couldn't streak through snowstorms, but he managed to get pleased purple at the Notre Dame game plebe year. Second class year, he toned down his act as a result of Capt. Mayaguez and rooming with Supermid. But he never lost his sense of humor. He found bananas in his ear, MIBs in his hand, and speeding tickets in his pocket. Second class year was a long one for Temps. Cables kept him on his toes and at the parties, he earned his title of Bogart to complement his famous Groucho routine. It's been said that when he finally made it to first class cruise, he spent it all ashore chasing down some Canadian lovely he met in Italy. But Flamestilli made it back and as a firstie we only saw him on the weekends because he decided to finish his career at Navy like he started it . . . as a ROTC, at the University of Maryland. We loved his art, hated his Yankees, and his friendship will be a part of us forever.

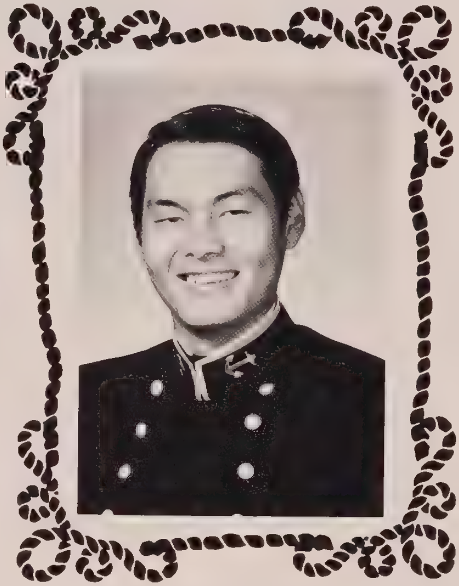
STEVEN D. WALTON

Steve enjoyed life among the evergreens in the backyard of Mt. Rainier until suicidal tendencies drove him eastward to the Naval Officer Factory. After surviving the thumb screws of plebe year, Steve resorted to fighting back by becoming a secret member of the Youngster Derelicts and regressing into manic depressive fits while agonizing over "the big decision." Steve often escaped to Penn State where he once encountered the mysterious One Ton Wagon. Soon, grand things began to happen. He signed away his economic well-being for a shining plastic symbol of Freudian masculinity. His girl, Tammy, arrived and settled in a Gate 8 getaway special apartment. A varsity letter made its way onto the scene as Steve lowered his ERA to match his IQ. Speaking of baseball, as he always does, Wawoon will always remember Coach Duff urgently pleading to get the ball over the plate. We can't figure it out though, since he'll always throw strikes for us.

20TH COMPANY

KENNETH L. WARTICK

Arriving from the dairy state of Wisconsin, Ken could only take two years of the humid state of Maryland before he finally brought his favorite LPN to town. It wasn't much longer before he broke down to become the first one engaged among us. Ken has always been true and faithful to Lisa, but he couldn't forget the legs of Carla R. Tick adjusted well to Academy life characterized by fitful struggles with the rack both in and out USNA. Ticker is known for his zanies; whamming eclairs, bananas and tennis balls. His straight A's conduct is only a cover for his many trips to the wall behind the Chapel and back. Ken enjoyed tennis and has immodestly played in the woods of Va. Tick dreamed all 2/C year about his 280Z which, when he brought it home, had turned into a red four wheel motorcycle with a $300 stereo. We don't know what we would have done for the last two years without Ken, Lisa and "the apartment." It was truly a home away from home. Good Luck!



BRIAN SHOICHI YANAGI

The Crazy Hawaiian taught me how to really enjoy life while enduring hardships himself. Many good times and fond memories. His reply to Mr. Messenger during Plebe Summer, "You make me a better man, Sir!" Going up to Boulder, Colorado, to visit his great friends and trying to stay awake on the way back. "Okay, Bri, I'm awake now . . . zzz . . .".

A reborn Christian, Bri showed how to give of oneself. He was always willing to share and I enjoyed his Hawaiian chow packages. Finishing strong at USNA, Bri qualified in Scuba and earned a varsity sweater. "All right, Bri!" We had great times with the greatest guys we've ever known — Dins, Temps, Mike, Smedley, Jeff, Rock, Stevo, Bruce, Will, John, Big "O," Chico, Bobby Ray and all the rest of the gang. Bri, like these guys, was someone to talk with, to clown with, to sing with, to eat with, to cry with, to think with, to understand — someone to be my friend.

MAHAN HALL

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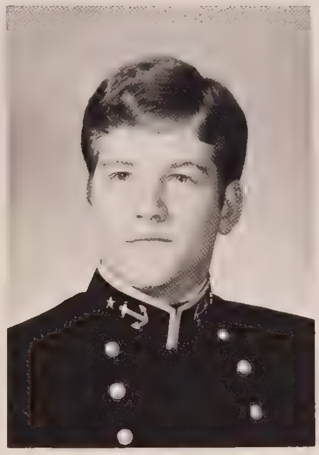
DAHLGREN HALL



THOMAS WALTER ARENZ

Rolling in from Murrysville, Pa., a satellite of "Steel City," "Arnez" was geared for success at the Nav. 10,000 $ worth of fiberglass impracticality on wheels, a terrific Georgetown girl (the Murph), Captain of the Varsity Fencing Team (sport of Kings!) — All class! A 3.6 ME the "garage king" never got on the Dean's bad side; a zany logic made it impossible to argue with him. We soon became aware of his love for drugs (he ran the 4th wing pharmacy), "cheesing," and consuming mass quantities of contraband popcorn. The Banana Navy will no doubt suit this four-year civilian in transit fine. Just ask anyone about his hair which was kept under control only by using massive quantities of Brylcream. "But I just, I made my rack!" "Pull over Stu." (after one beer) — "What?" — "But I just got a haircut!" — "Mack, I did not put any *new* cookies in your bed." — "Pull over Stu." (again) — "I *am* the gouge." — "What?!" Best of luck in the "Civilian" Engineering Corps Tom!

LOUIS JOHN BEYER, JR.

Lou "Chester" Beyer from New York (the Island) or should we say Millersville, Maryland. Wherever, Lou came to us with enough brains and determination to hang right around the 3.0 mark. He was always level headed and sensible. While serving his time as a mid, Lou was always one for a beer bash or party. (Who could ever forget the Marriot Inn.) He was always quick for nicknames for everyone. Lou always maintained a low profile and has very few opinions. The few are marriage, the Oakland Raiders, girls at the Academy, and Pooch. Lou was never the real joco-type, but always knew what Navy football should have done or any teams for that matter. We will never forget Lou's short desire for nuc-power. It lasted a very short sub cruise to the Med., during first class summer. After that, Lou saw the light. He is looking forward to Navy Air and gazing upward and outward at the starlit heavens. With all seriousness, Lou is a true friend. With his dedication and alertness it will be a pleasure to serve with Lou.

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STEPHEN FERREL CLARK

In four short years, Steve managed to leave his mark on the Academy. Plebe year, his expertise in career landings (or was it crash landings) astonished everyone. Youngster Year it was his ability to hold his liquor that impressed the whole company — especially the janitor when he cleaned out the wastebasket. Second Class Year his poker style dazzled the 21st Company card sharks into amazement (or was it bankruptcy). Steve spent most of his time within the hallowed walls of Rickover Hall doing whatever engineers do. When he wasn't there he was practicing the latest kill technique in water polo with Stu Cummings. His service selection combines the best of both elements. In less than a year, Steve will be a member of the Nuclear Navy. He'll still be involved with Rickover and better yet, he'll be underwater.

STUART LAWRENCE CUMMINGS

"Stu-bird" came to the Nav with a varied background, including lots of time spent in the "zone," summers on the estate at Lake Canandaigua and winters skiing in the Northland. After a year of swimming he saw the light and switched to more enjoyable aquatic pursuits. Now you're lucky to find him when he isn't scuba diving, playing polo or drinking ("I haven't had a beer in five seconds.") As a youngster "sub-launched" began a two year battle with the aero department. It wasn't too intense as he found time to acquire a '340 cuda for going mobile on weekends. His three year masquerade ended when Stu became a 3-striper first class year, in spite of his frequent visits to the 4-4 barber. As Brigade Communications Officer he fought the system and won, leaving his mark on the brigade bulletin. An aviator at heart, Stu will soon fulfill his insatiable desire for speed in Pensacola. God help Richard Petty if Stu ever stops flying, #43 won't stand a chance.

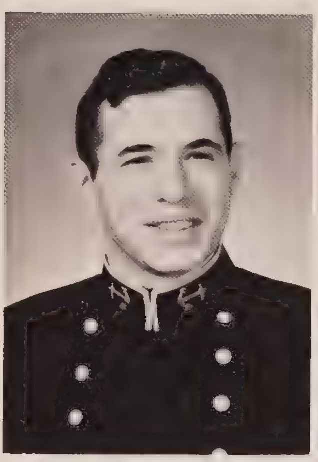
Marcos . . . Tiny . . . where the hell is Caney, Kansas? . . . Oklahoma . . . go Sooners! . . . Orange Bowl . . . Tiny, my rack! . . . sock fights . . . penny wars . . . California . . . big brown car . . . where's the radio? . . . buddeey! . . . sweat . . . bead . . . airport King! . . . but what does she look like? . . . Eileen . . . do you want my potato? . . . Ron Florita rum . . . Cheviz Regal . . . thanks for getting me back from Burger King!! . . . Buddddeey! . . . where's Drac! . . . insursion, extraction time . . . playing lickity lips at army . . . but she's only my friend!!! . . . traveling with Bill . . . but she had to go camping . . . she was sooo ugly! . . . early morning nasal sounds . . . striper . . . Brigade attention!! . . . I gave her the money but she used it for beer!!! . . . Kim . . . Cecily . . . Where's my shirt? . . . Nuke Puke . . . Jig Dog . . . Waffle House . . . surfin at Andrews . . . block parties . . . me . . . 3.5 . . . friend of the Dub . . . Brigade business??!! . . . the Big "D" in the ring! . . . going bald . . . the blind date kid . . . talking in your sleep!! . . . don't deny it!! . . . the letting go factor is one!!! . . . what?! . . . I didn't know you could speak Japanese!! . . . Hai, Hai . . . one for all and all for one!!!

MARK FREDRICK DANCER

21ST COMPANY

The good doctor — skinny little boy from Cleveland, Ohio — come to chase your women and drink your beer. The monetary magnate of Annapolis, Maryland. They say you can't take it with you. He's taking it with him. After listening to his vast collection of Bob Marley and Jimmy Buffet, you'd be surprised to know that his favorite song is "Desperado", sung from a 5th wing shower. The bald one made Denny's stay bearable — for a while — until Denny's stay made the bald one's unbearable. Doc never did like model ships, or submarines. Foxy has always been a little "off the wall" (that's the only polite thing to call it). Who else would walk into your room during study hour and slam you into a pinning combination? Who else would spend eight weeks taking scuba just so he could go diving in the Florida Keys with the ulterior motive of visiting Jimmy Buffet? Who else would wake you up at 2 a.m. just to tell you that he's "cool?" There's no one else like Dennis. Anywhere.

DENNIS RICHARD FOX



ESTEBAN J. GARCIA III

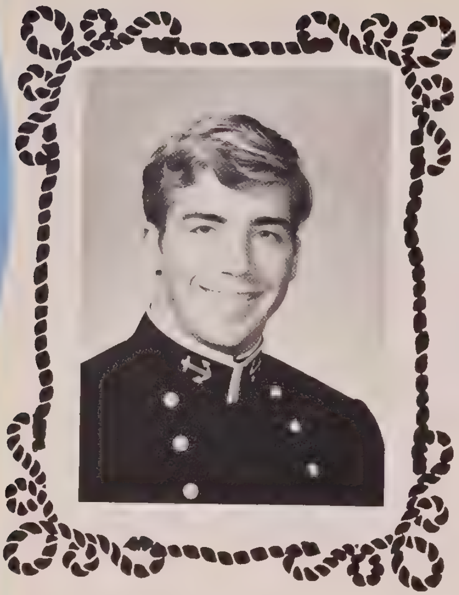
Esteban J. Steven, Papo, Papotito, Tito, Gar, Garcia III, The King of 151 proof Puerto Rican Rum and the Czar of the Black Russian.

The many names and hometowns of Papo goes along with the many trinkets he adorns. In fact, he wears all types of jewelry except earrings and anklets — earrings, because as a Mid, he's not allowed to and anklets, because he doesn't want to spend $10.50 to buy one. He has won the 155 pound Brigade Boxing Championship for two (about to be three) years and has coached the 4th Battalion boxing team for two years including an undefeated season in his 1/C year. Besides fighting in the ring, Gar has been fighting the books. But just like the outcome in the ring, he will be the ultimate winner. Gar is planning to join the USMC Air community. We all hope his eyes hold up till he passes Le Pre Com. Later Papo and Good Luck.

JAMES PATRICK GIGLIOTTI

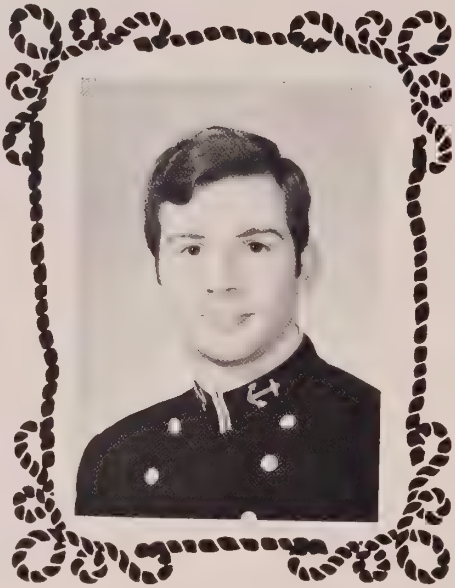
On May 28, 1957 a highly irregular phenomenon occurred. A baby was born in a United States Navy uniform, babbling passages from Jane's Fighting Planes while polishing his miniature belt buckle. At 18 months he barked out his first words, "NAVAL ACADEMY." In subsequent years this baby developed into the "Gigs" we know today. Jimmy was passionately dedicated to personal achievement. He put in many long hours on the soccer fields all year round. Free time from soccer was usually taken up with studying — however on rare occasions Gigs would wander into the Southern Maryland fields in search of Canadian Geese. By gawd, work was always #1 on his list of priorities. Well, almost. He did go out with two or three girls in the past four years. We always admired Gigs for the effort he put into everything. Relaxing was something to be done at home or weekends. In frequent visits from the doctor during working hours Jim could be seen with a miserable, "Oh-no . . . . not again!" look on his face. Gigs was always eager to face new challenges, a contemporary Christopher Columbus. The pioneer kept the Hulk content for four years. Ready for more conquests Jimmy will soon "slip the surley bonds of earth."

21ST COMPANY



TED HOUCK

Name: Ted Houck Nickname: "hulk"
Age: 21
Profession: Sailor estraordinaire, part-time naval officer
Hobbies: Sailing, rolling boats on highways, 'ramblin', partying, messing up the 4-3 head
Most Memorable Book: Doonesbury Chronicles
Quote: "Gigs, wake me up at 7 o'clock when you get up."
Last Great Accomplishment: Got up at 7 o'clock.
Profile: Chubby . . . . just chubby.
Scotch: Pabst Blue Ribbon.

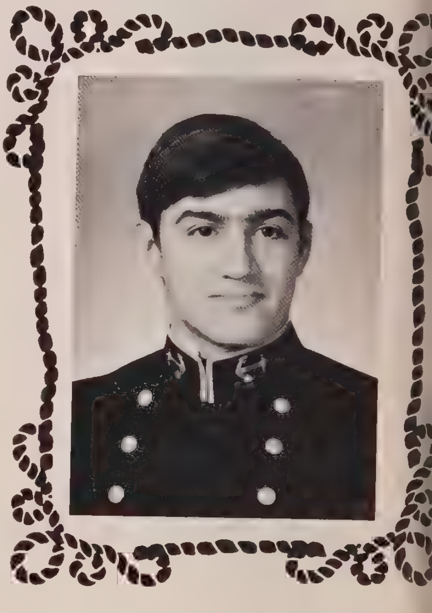


MICHAEL LYNN LONG

When Mike Long made the long trek east from Eagle, Colorado in 1975, it seems by strange coincidence that half the population of his town decreased. Mike obscured himself in his early years here at Navy through a continuous sports-exempt ECA program. His D & B and Masquerader involvement mark him as a real man of culture among his barbaric classmates. Although an ME major and damn proud of it, it is rumored that Mike secretly regrets not having been an English major. Mike's personal difficulty in engineering is best expressed by his long study hours — indeed it seems that eight hours of sleep a night are barely enough for him. Mike is going Navy at service selection . . . well that's all anyone knows because he is drawn equally to surface line, NFO, Nuke Power, and Musician's Corps. Perhaps instead, Mike will surprise us all and drive off to Quantico after graduation in his Candy-Apple Red van.

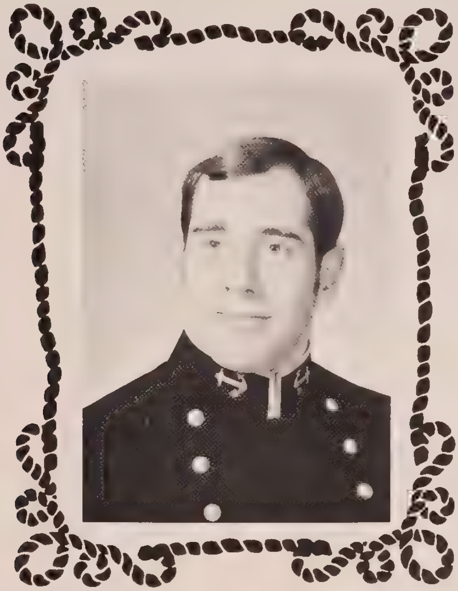
Billy . . . *go gators!* . . . Surfin, suning and shroomin . . . the Hulk . . . pizza and gin on the wall . . . grits in the D.C. cab . . . buzz bang . . . drinking in the meadowlands . . . Ring Dance? . . . beach boys . . . but I was listening to that album! . . . Mr. clean? . . . why don't I ever get any sheets back in my laundry? . . . Navy Air . . . Surface Line, definately not mighty fine! . . . fighting fox . . . woop at heart . . . hey will somebody show me flirtation walk? . . . sock fights and penny wars . . . How can anyone get lost coming back from Burger King? . . . Macho Man . . . never again!? . . . Jacksonville, Sattelite Beach, Coco Beach, Atlanta, Macon and McLean . . . puttin on my walkin' shoes . . . P.C. . . . mink . . . rich bitch . . . the tide . . . whiplash . . . King Billy . . . would somebody dip my ring? . . . rosters . . . Jack Daniels . . . Bahama Blue . . . surfin at Andrews? . . . who wants to buy this diamond ring? . . . anyone need an extra cot? . . . How about a sword? . . . frankly Scarlett I don't give a damn! . . . Florida, part of the south? . . . F of U . . . The Captain . . . water polo . . . one for all and all for one!!!.

WILLIAM PETER MARRIOTT II



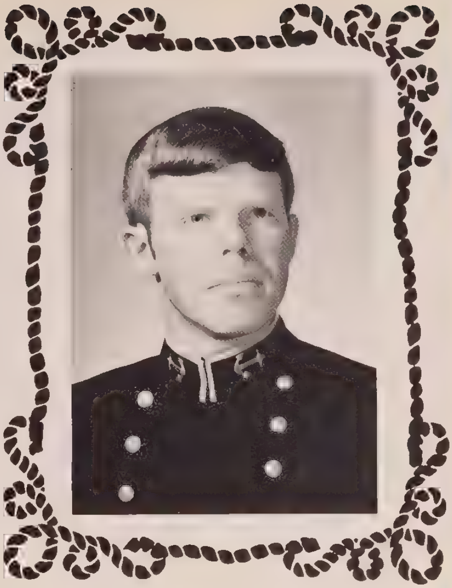
21ST COMPANY

MEMORIAL HALL



MICHAEL LEE MOWINS

Mike Mowins — the man who is never around whether it's during the week or on weekends. He is on a different level than most Mids around here. See, he is a sailor and everyone knows about sailors. In 21st company we have a unique sailor who has done it all-twice. Momo came to the Academy highly qualified as a sailing demolition driver, hang glider off cliffs, high school all-American in track and swimming, and ex-member of the Syracuse crew team, olympic skier, gigolo and a famous saying maker. One of his greatest sayings is "if variety is the spice of life, my life is like a pizza." We of the 21st company don't wish for Mike a life better than the one he's been living. It can't be done. Anyway, good luck Mo, we're going to miss you.



ROBIN PARKER NEEDHAM

Robin Parker ("Needs") came to this four year "toga party" from sunny Port Charlotte, Florida via the NAPS route. Many broken hearts were left behind — many more were yet to come! Even the cat followed him by taking a cruise on a sub!! An avid room decorator, he rearranged his Plebe Summer room into a battle zone complete with DMZ. Being Hit's man, he strove to the top by always being the first in the company to be at formations. Youngster year started the "Philly Run" — complete with 125 and 2 months R&R. Hit lost yet another to statistics. Academics never agreed with Needs, and he avidly avoided them. Plan of attack — write letters and not stop until finals are over. "But I *did* study!!" A hearty sailor, "Ralph" enjoyed the water so much that he spent much of his time feeding the fish. The friendly skies promise to offer smoother sailing ahead for Needs as he continues to soar to the top. We surely will miss him, but we leave with the satisfaction that Froto follows in his footsteps.

21ST COMPANY

KENT EDWIN NORGROVE

"The Kid" from Manhattan (now that's the lower east side of New York City, New York) was quite an addition to 21st Co. This unique character spent the majority of his time keeping the rest of the company sane with his famous phrases and homemade quotes, many of which were x-rated and will live on in 21st Co. He constantly smiled and joked around, but you never knew when to take him seriously, right Pooch?

He was allergic to studying and hard work but seldom turned down an offer for a good time. He made his presence known usually by his loud and big mouth; however, he always managed to put you in a good mood.

Grover has set some milestones here at USNA. For instance, he holds the USNA record for the longest time for the tower jump (a whole class period). Another record he holds is taking the shortest amount of time to wreck a new Camaro!

Kento's going into the U. S. Marine Corps because he doesn't like sewer pipes, and is afraid of flying and water.

Everyone wishes him the best in the USMC and will miss his friendly smile and crazy antics. Good luck, Amigo — see ya in grunt land!

BRENT B. NORMAN

Brent came from a small town outside of St. Louis, Missouri. He spent all his spare time during his plebe year on the fourth wing terrace with his trusty rifle guarding Bancroft Hall. In his youngster year he earned the ever respected award of a "black N". After trying mechanical engineering statics he decided that engineering was for the birds and took the only true dual major at the boat's school "Management of Technology." Yet, by the end of his Youngster Year he was back into engineering nahbeizing everything in sight. Being from the St. Louis area, where McDonnel Douglas builds its fighter aircraft, Brent knew he had to fly from the very beginning. By the end of his second class year he had his private pilot's license. One day he called his company officer after he flew into Philadelphia to make sure his special request chit had been approved for him to fly. How could his company officer say no!!! In his first class year with the help of those plastic cards and his understanding of the U. S. monetary system, Brent has adopted the U. S. policy of "deficit spending."

Perk came to us straight from the cowtown of Mayville, North Dakota. A perfect example of country manners, his friends affectionately called him G.G. As a Phi Sci Major, he frequently studied the T. V. Guide. If not in the wardroom, you could always find him at his window star gazing. He did just that. Who else could qualify the Dant, take on the Big Red and handle disco for a semester. (Want to dance?) Days will pass, but our memories of Cliff will never fade. Backgammon, skoal, Sandy Point, Virginia Beach, slow pitch, T. Snyder (Hi, Jerry), peppermint patties, styx, whipping army, Tyrone, singles, rooftops and of course Danette. We all wish Cliff fair winds and following seas with his high school sweetheart in the surface community.

CLIFTON EUGENE PERKINS, JR.

21ST COMPANY

Renny a.k.a. Pooch, Diego, H.H. N.D.B.F. came to USNA ready for fun. Although he never got a black N, we can't say he didn't try. He started plebe year by taking the youngsters out for a few beers. Quickly bored, he took to getting picked up on the circle. Despite numerous demerits, Pooch survived.

Once Pal deserted him, he found a Rutgers girl to occupy him. Level headed and never impulsive, Pooch took things slow, just ask the phone company. Renny was always a hard worker and quick thinking. For example, he hated to walk so much, he kept his car in the yard. Just goes to show what's too good for someone else isn't too good for Pooch, right Harry? We all wish Renny well in the surface community where he can gaze at the stars and be with Perk. Oh, by the way, don't forget to call Missy tonight.

RENARD THOMAS PICCHINI

ROBBERT CHADERTON SAIN

Known to us all as "Bird" (and to Maj. Hit as "Tiny"), Bod "Chad" Sain (he always insisted on "Chad") was appointed to the Academy as foreign ambassador from the country of Chicago. Being one of "Turner's boys" — destined for Navy Air — he took off on his four-year slide down the razor blade of life in Bancroft Hall. His weeks were spent in the rack, and his weekends with an older woman in town — somewhere betwixt were many memories like . . . Tina . . . "well, back home we . . . "ZZZZ . . . Raquetball at nine? . . . "Weasel" . . . ZZZZ . . . "I hate Ham Francisco!!" . . . 5 near misses with a big, black "N" . . . ZZZZ . . . "such excitement" . . . ZZZZ . . . "Go Chicagoing!!" . . . Holy Cross . . . 'HIC' . . . Georgetown . . . 'BURP' . . . "give me a call at Gram's" . . . YAWN . . . "hey, you guys want to have a June Week party??" . . . Class Treasurer $$$ (Bermuda or Hawaii??) . . . ZZZZ . . . "Hi Cutie!" . . . ZZZZ . . . ". . . and she still has my crest!!" . . . but as "Mother" Sain takes wing, we, his classmates, wish him well and we all hope he doesn't take 30 minutes to get ready for a formation in the air!!

MICHAEL J. TRCKA, JR.

Age: 21 Home: 17 miles northeast of Goliad, Texas

Profession: Personal Energy Conservationist, Aquaman extrordinaire

Hobbies: Wine, women, song, sailing, diving, more women, rays, catching (you guessed it) more women, watching geese fly, playing the guitar and singing the blues.

Most Memorable Book: "If life is a bowl of cherries, what am I doing in the pits?" by Erma Bombeck

Last Accomplishment: Proving that Foxes CAN exist underwater.

Quote: ". . . . . . well . . . . I'll tell you . . . . . ."

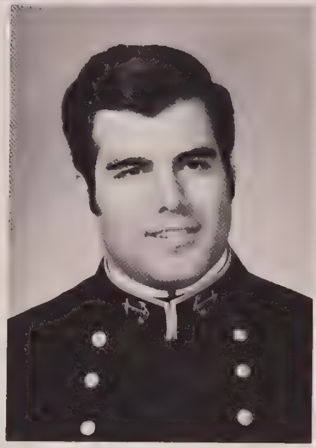
Favorite Movie: "Texas across the River"

Future Plans: Navy Air (Space Program)

Profile: Idealist. Sincere. Sensitive. Sinusoidal. Determined to promote the activities of individuals underwater.

Scotch: Johnny Walker Red

21ST COMPANY



DAVID WAYNE WALKER

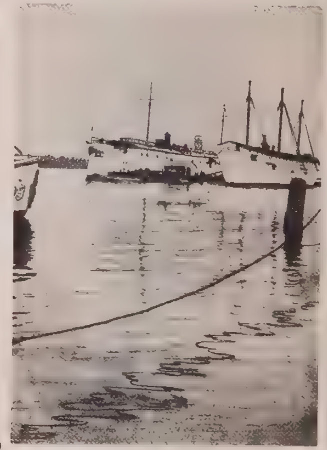
Dave came to USNA in the summer of '74. After one year, he decided academics didn't agree with him and took a vacation in Texas to play football. Homesick for the Blue and Gold and beers at Dobbie's, Dave returned to join the class of '79. We can't say life with Dave hasn't been fun. He didn't have an easy time, (football player never do) but he worked hard and always kept his and our spirits high.

Willy, as his friends called him, had his good times though. He used his summer vacations in Annapolis to keep ahead of the ax board and his classmates in the dating game. The list is endless, but Dave hasn't found a noncatholic girl yet. With Dave, however, things take time. Things like buying cars, girls, and graduating that is. We'll be leaving Dave behind, but our thoughts and prayer will be with him and we hope he joins those of us in the air community soon. We also wish him luck in meeting a nice girl like the waitress, in the restaurant.

JAMES McLEMORE WILLIAMS III

MAC . . . *Go Razorbacks* . . . Pigknuckle, Arkansas . . . Southern hospitality . . . stout . . . rugger . . . leather balls . . . mint julips . . . you weren't saying that *?!/ last night . . . Big Red and the Red Con . . . sock fights . . . Austin Healy . . . wake me up at 11 o'clock . . . Seattle . . . "driving around the monuments" . . . salute the moon? . . . Frack . . . Nav-a-guessin . . . Chesapeake Inn . . . mess night . . . big strong ammonia showers . . . the water's cold . . . and it's deep too! . . . Nick . . . plebe summer . . . the eyes of Texas? . . . *Dixie!* . . . Wish I was in the land of Bosox! . . . high on the hogs! . . . did you steal that Fiat from Joe . . . twenty-five dollar plebe year pipe . . . and t-shirts . . . fieldball brigade champs . . . Cindy . . . Ronnie K . . . Anne . . . Sarah smile . . . Ronnie K. (Again) . . . Laura . . . Anne (Again) . . . Seattle Slew . . . Anne (Again) . . . Alice . . . Sooie Pig!!!

NAVAL ACADEMY BERTHING SHIPS



22ND COMPANY

"My enemy is hopelessness, my ally honest doubt"

H. Chapin

The four years at Annapolis have taken Carey further away from the things he left behind than distance can describe, but the horizons he discovered during those four years speak well of his adaptability and his appetite for life. His new found talents range from acting in movies to sailing and driving erotic foreign cars ("Say, what is that you're driving?). Known for his late night talks and early morning walks, he soon became an expert on the Naval Academy subway system. His strong sense of commitment revealed itself early and repeatedly, especially with those long trips to Radford. Carey's willingness to lend an ear or a hand will be remembered by those few who knew him well.

Some people hear, other people listen. Some live life, others simply let life pass.

CAREY A. ARTHUR

DAVID ALAN BEAM

Declining scholarships from Howard and Tuskegee, David came to USNA from San Diego, Calif. After a real plebe year. David showed, with the help of the Lord, his vast academic talents. With a display of accomplishments ranging from a double major in physics and latin studies to becoming a Trident Scholar, David never stopped proving his God given talents. According to David, this success is the result of help from the Lord and his own philosophy of working hard at school and playing hard while away. However, while away, David found himself still at work as a pentegon intern, and a member of the Mexican studies program in Mexico.

A devout Christian, and member of the navigators, David is one who will always talk with and help anyone, no matter what time of day or night. Spot always has the strength and character to endure whatever obstacle presented to him. With a face that never stops smiling, David plans on nuclear power training after graduation.

MARIO RODOLFO BLADUELL

Mario didn't have to travel far to enroll at the school on the banks of the Severn, hailing from nearby Arlington, Va. Plebe year academics had him worried that the trip home might be even faster, but a benevolent Ac Board decided that it would probably be more entertaining to keep him around for awhile. (Obviously, they never had to suffer through any of his so-called jokes.) Realizing that his road to fame lay not along academic pathways, Mario devoted his energy and considerable talents to other pursuits, quickly establishing himself as a stalwart on the brigade social affairs committee, and also along the way finding the time and inspiration to design the crest for the class of '79. A renewed commitment to the Lord gave Mario new inner strength and the will to persevere in his scholarly endeavors, and whatever expertise he lacked in wires, he made up for in his mastery of foreign languages. Mario's aspirations to be a pilot must have been evident to anyone who experienced the terror of a low flight through the streets of Washington in his formula firebird. With an artist's eye, a comedian's wit, and a Christian's heart, Mario will undoubtedly find his own unique route to wordly and spiritual fullfillment.

22ND COMPANY

TED NELSON BRANCH

Ted Nelson Branch — pride of Long Beach, Miss. and terror of Ridgewood, N. J. Growing up 58 minutes away from Bourbon Street has got to have its effect on a person and Ted was no exception to the rule. By the time he was 14, he knew what to order when he went to the bar — "J.D. on the rocks, please." Along with developing his taste for the luxuries of life, Ted refined his technique with the fair sex to the point that by the time he arrived in crabtown, he was simply awesome to see in action. With his daddy's car, his blow-dried coiffure, and his $140.00 set of earrings, Ted was equipped to conquer even the most callous of hearts, especially when he came armed with the slickest line to be found in all of the second wing. Being well acquainted with the properties of motion of fluids and other natural bodies, Ted quickly gravitated to the Oceanography Major, where he proved to be a scholar as well as a gentleman. Postgraduate plans include a stint as a surface warrior before moving on to join the boys on the white sands of Pensacola.

MATTHEW GLEN BROWER

Matt will long be remembered in loose double deuce as "The Bagger." In his first few years at the Academy, Matt was able to forecast leave periods using methods known only to him: bearing due west. Matt is an avid music fan whose tastes are quite varied; although Randy Newman's "Short People" will never make his top ten list. "Frodo" had a little trouble with academics his first few semesters and he had to give up his varsity lightweight crew aspirations for study time and some good old redneck skoal. Matt's other favorite pasttime was imitating an A-4 in the Dahlgren parking lot after a few too many. There were quite a few rough times in those earlier years at USNA but Matt saw them through with the unfailing support of his very attractive fiancee, Miki. Matt's visions of wearing green after graduation turned to blue with the ring of gold he gave the future Mrs. Brower. "Bags" has finally gotten his sin bin rolling, and it should be smooth sailing for the Browers on the surface line.

Uncle Bud left the great metropolis of Vestal, N.Y. to be adopted by Mother B. When he arrived he was promptly given the title of "The Ice-cream Soldier" by his favorite (?) first class. All the kidding never seemed to bother him, however, as he quickly set the tone for an excellent four-year stay. If you could get him away from his cookies and milk, Bud could repair almost anything. He was never afraid to take anything apart, and he usually got it back together with a minimum number of extra parts. The only thing Dan had trouble making work was a relationship with a certain N. Y. lady. In general, however, Bud was very good with the girls. They all seemed to want to take Bud home and take care of him.

Seriously, though, Dan could always be relied on to help out a classmate. He was one of those rare individuals who would give you his shirt just for the asking. As he launches into his career, he leaves behind some great memories and a hell of a lot of friends.

DANIEL WHEELER BURSCH

22ND COMPANY

A. J. came to the Naval Academy expecting and prepared for an eight week version of Parris Island. Needless to say, he was disappointed when he found it to be cake, but then all four years have been cake for this golden throated soprano from Bend, Oregon.

Being deprived an opportunity to display his talents on the gridiron, Tony turned to Rugby, playing "A" side his last two years. Indestructable on the field or at the party, Chit was a "stablizing" influence for the Navy scrum.

In academics Tony won the best grades with least effort award. Only three throb and negs equaled his wardroom time, and their QPR's just about added to his.

Tony always displayed an even and controlled demeanor. Wreck his car or insult his girlfriend and he would just laugh, but disturb his sleep or steal his beer and he would fly into a furies' rage.

Tony's approach to women was the same as his approach to Rugby, frontal and brutally direct . . . somehow it seemed to work.

After a period of incarceration abord "El Dace", Tony became a repentent Nuke, but wherever he goes he will be an asset to the Navy and to any scrum that needs him.

ANTHONY J. CHITWOOD

MICHAEL VINCENT DOMZALSKI

"Vinny" or the "Domz" came out East to the Naval Academy from the cactus fields of Pheonix, Arizona. An International Thespian, Vince brought with him many and varied talents. He was a perennial contributor to Masquerader's productions, and how can we forget his magical talents too! As a "semi-professional" magician he amazed us with his expert slight of hand. Known also as the "Comic Book King" and a "Star Trekie" for his expertise of trivia in these fields, he was the undisputed champions. Unfortunately for Vince he was born twenty years too late, because he was one of the original "Greasers." Besides women, music was his favorite pastime, and he eventually became a terminal member of the Album of the Month Club. During first class year he could be found on the weekends in his "sin bin" indulging in activities called Van - Ins. After graduation Vince will become a Surface Steamer, and no doubt he'll do well in the Fleet and beyond. We wish for Vince fair winds and following seas.

WAYNE ALAN ELMER

Arriving at USNA via the globe, the big Swede immediately acquired the nickname Duck and began dazzling us with his amazing array of talents and ability to excel. Four years later and 40 lbs. less, the nickname was a vestige, but his talents and abilities were more apparent than ever, clearly illuminated by 4 bright stripes and a QPR that was out of sight . . . But we were no longer dazzled.

Wayne possessed a sense of humor that bordered on dementia. This may be partially explained by his long stay in Turkey, during which time he was first introduced to the pleasures of the harem and recreational pharmaceuticals.

When the team of Wayne and Perry D. solidified youngster year, the parties were endless, the regs illusionary and life for Spot the Bimbo hell on earth. But Perry had the good sense to leave after 1st semester and it was not until Wayne's sabbatical at Colorado Springs that he recovered from the loss. His humor further perverted by Gorko, Wayne returned for still further triumphs.

After spending 1/C cruise as a spoiled and pampered pet of Uncle Hymie's, a career in submarines and a meteoric rise to the heights of nukedom seems written in Wayne's stars.

As for now, though, Wayne can be seen, reaping his rewards any night of the week, cruising in his Chevy Van with an open eye for parties and (a) "meaningful relationship."

22ND COMPANY

DENNIS G. FITZGERALD

Denny migrated to the halls of mighty Bancroft from the quiet suburbs of quaint Philadelphia. Striving to maintain a low profile, Fitz scrupulously avoided the upperclass his first year. In pursuit of this, he sought asylum from both the administration and his phobia of P-rades and drill, and found it sailing on a Blue Pig. Ensconsing himself in a crew that preferred a victory party to a victory, Denny skated through his Youngster Year.

Disdaining the regimen of second class summer, Denny opted for the Newport to Bermuda race instead. Enjoying himself immensely, he not only left his mark on Bermuda; Bermuda left its mark on him. Hobbling through second class year, Denny studied intensely, majoring in late movies and cheap paperback novels.

Exhibiting exceptional professionalism as a Y. P. commander during his first class cruise, Denny returned to Annapolis to endure the rigors of many a personal green alert. Now, Denny plans to head down to Pensacola and enjoy the free-wheeling life of a Naval Aviator. With his excellent party experience, he will no doubt be a success.

DOUGLAS EDWARD FREMONT

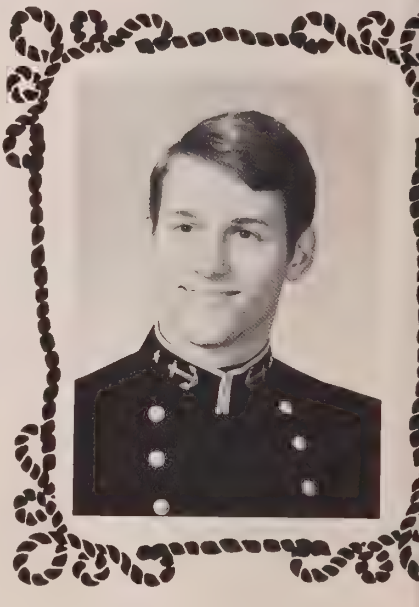
Douglas came to us as the pride and joy of Bristol, Conn. Quickly entrenching himself in the favor of the upperclass, Doug endured his Plebe Year, bothered only by the two first class in the company who wouldn't spoon him. Youngster Year was spent in pursuit of the finer things in life, mainly goof juice and members of the opposite sex.

Maturing into a second class, Doug divided his time between defending his younger sister from the amorous advances of his classmates and trying to keep his sails from lufting in many a 90 knot wind.

As a first class, Doug has traded his collection of 150 lb. football splinters for an occasional starting position on the defensive squad. Enjoying smooth sailing, Doug now takes his dip cup and dice to Hyman Rickover, in hopes of rolling for a spot in Uncle Sam's Nuclear Navy. We all wish him luck, and hope that he finds the Barbara Streisand of his dreams.

Born and raised in the Bayou country of Lafayette, La., Andy Hagelin arrived in Severn Tech and quickly established himself as an unrepentant son of the confederacy. His teetotaling habits distinguished him as one of the rarest breeds of Midshipmen, although his abstinence from vice never seemed to cramp his style at any party. With everyone else in the process of raising their blood alcohol level, the "Cracker" could usually be found turning his considerable southern gentleman's charm on some unsuspecting young lovely. A sportsman in the finest Navy tradition, his recreational pursuits were always guided by the same philosophy — "If I can't win, I'll cheat." Never shoot pool with this man. As a firm believer in the "man-whole" concept Andy chose to apply himself to a double major — Management and Technology — and proved to be as adept with the books as he was with the ladies. His cool head and unshakeable morals will continue to earn the respect of all who know and work with him. Answering the call of the sea, graduation will find Andy pursuing his naval career as one of surface line's finest.

J. ANDREW HAGELIN, JR.



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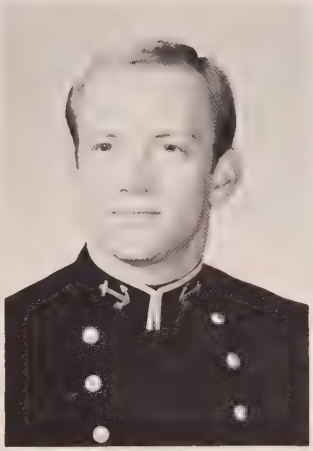
Riding into Annapolis, with a lacrosse stick in one hand and a NAPS Scholarship in the other, came Towson's own party boy; Herb. Plebe year was a bit troublesome, but with a shrug of the shoulder, a casual grin, and the timely assistance of some upperclass buds, Gary made it through. Youngster cruise was but a brief annoyance as the first of three summers in Ocean City began, and with it the creation of Club 5:31. Back at school, academics took a lot of time, trying to complete his master's degree in the extra semester he earned. He could be seen many a weekend blowing around either Towson or Ocean City with his windsurfer on the car and O.D. riding shotgun. Often a night, his roommate Doug would wonder in amazement at how could Herb continue to survive leading the life that he did. But when the shout goes up that "Herb's Here," you know he's going to go for it.

GARY BRYAN HERBOLD

GEORGE LAWRENCE JACKSON

George arrived to the sunny (?) shores of the Chesapeake from Chapman, Kansas; a thriving metropolis of less than one thousand inhabitants before his departure. George's main claim to fame at Canoe U., besides his almost fanatical devotion to the books, was his title of "Trivia King!" With the plebes, it was a losing battle to play baseball when "Stonewall" sat on their table. We were all surprised George decided to grace this institution of higher learning with his attendance, considering his father spent thirty years in the army. George also came to be known as man to watch out for when it came to company basketball games. He refereed for two season of competition and became quite notorious. When George departs the hallowed halls, he plans to "ride the hidden waves." We all wish him the best of luck in the nuclear community and in his search of life, liberty and the pursuit of less than four roentgens on his dosimeter.

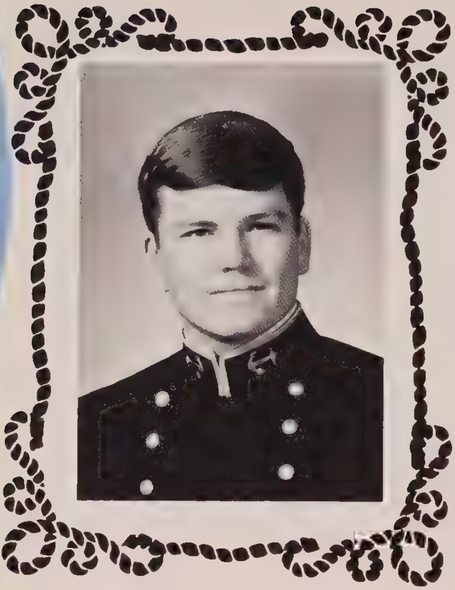


GEORGE STEPHEN JONES

Hailing from Miami by way of Tennessee, Steve came to us brimming with self confidence. An early success at just about anything he set his hand to, Steve just couldn't get the hand of conning the upperclass. Undaunted by this setback, he focused his efforts on outwitting both the administration and the Firsties, a highly successful endeavor. Sucumbing to the lure of Bacchus, Steve joined the ranks of the "Black N" club, an award of notable renown.

Always ready with a quick retort, few people managed to escape unscathed the sharp wit and barbed tongue which were Steve's trademark. Dividing his time between the barbering profession and an occasional hour's study, he was always ready for a good party. As for the future, a road trip in the Silver Bullet to Pensacola is in the offing. "Is it Friday yet?"

22ND COMPANY

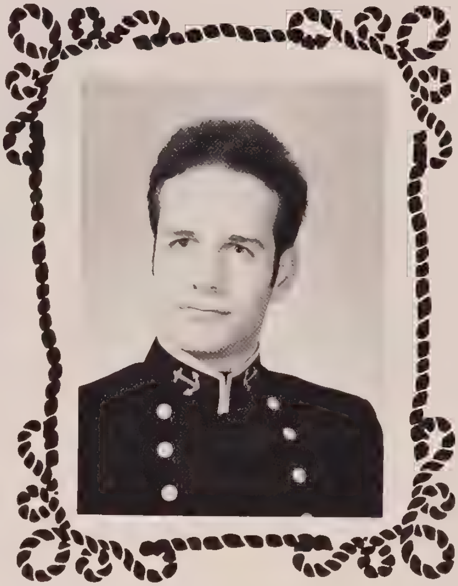


STEPHEN ROBERT KRAUSE, JR.

"Yo boat!"

The Ghetto's version of Archie Bunker, Skip almost traveled further to high school than he did to reach the Academy. Being a townie isn't all bad, however, weekly CARE packages and a car haven saved more than a few. Since Coach Welch wouldn't look at him, he used tennis to get out of Monday and Wednesday afternoon social hours. Being the first of his classmates to get a Corvette was not enough, he had to show everyone up with a 34 foot partyboat. His dates for Army ranged from the Battalion Officer's daughter to a blonde bombshell, and although he's never been to Mary Wash he claims that Hood girls are not the *only* good girls! In his quest for the golden anchor, Skip, took a double major, two ECA presidencies and became head racket stringer his first class year. A charter member of the Bagel Bosy and skipper of the Pax River crew, he gave his roommates lessons in speedy showers and stentorian snoring. Smooth sailing, Skip . . . .

. . . Zoom! . . .



ROBERT ANTHONY LAKIS

"Wanna do a dock?"

Father of pagan babies, keeper of the party pennant and president of the oceanography club, Bob's responsibilities through his four years have been varied. One of the original Bagel Boys, his diet also included jalapenos in P'cola, a tangy watermelon in Newport and anything the cafeteria at Geneseo State could provide. Being an avid runner did not deter him from being a regular at happy hours around town, sipping at a bottle of Savory James or catching another pitcher at the Creek. Whether it was training for a marathon in the thick of winter, playing football at Q'town or backgammon at the dock in Newport, Bobby was usually successful at whatever he tried. The Academy has turned Darkis into a world traveler and he can now tell you all about Jacksonville Beach, Norfolk, the Mediterranean, and Patuxent River.

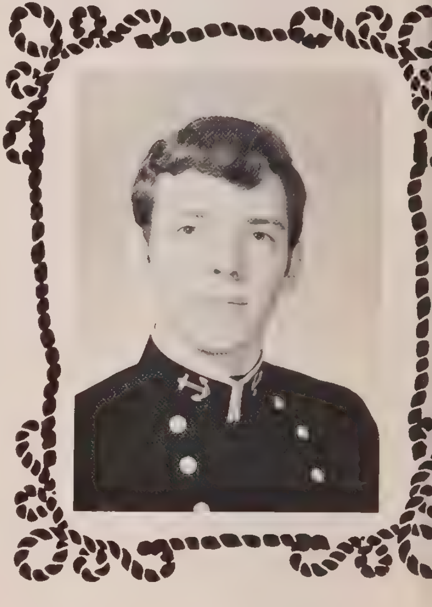
With wishes of fair winds and following seas we send Bob off and only the sky is the limit for him; as long as his brother Nick doesn't drive.

. . . Schwartz . . .

An ideal plebe well into 2/C year, "Sweat" never lost faith in living by the book until he joined the Regimental Staff and discovered that the efficiency of the system was merely an illusion, a ploy perpetrated by the administration. Quickly undertaking an amazing metamorphosis, J.B. became a confirmed liberty hound, complete with blue TR-6, birdwell beach britches, and mirrored sunglasses. Six semesters of pulling all-nighters every time a lab was due had left their indelible mark however, and certain character abnormalities (such as talking in his sleep, a high QPR, and an aversion to washing things which resulted in dense mycelial growth on his handkerchief and inside his coffee cup) persisted. His disciplined underclass years, on the other hand, also developed his remarkable perserverance that has seen him through even the toughest challenges—with the notable exceptions of living within a budget and sticking to a diet.

Though an Aero Major, it seems Barry (whose stomach has proven no match for air and surface) will be doing his time in submarines. Maybe the sun doesn't shine, but at least the sailing's smooth.

JOHN BARRY MATTHEWS, JR.



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OH . . . Kirk hails from the thriving metropolis of Plano, Illinois, the tackle box capital of the world. coming to USNA as innocent as a babe in arms, he was easy prey for his more sophisitcated (??) roommates who entertained the company by tying and gagging him. His similar problems with women changed after he got rid of certain garments and stopped talking to nickels. Kirk soon mastered the system and we all discovered his many hidden talents. Academia soon bowed to his desires, while his chow packages helped get the rest of us through. His skill at trombone was a valuable asset to the Pep Band, and his administrative prowess kept the Pep Band running smoothly. The only real complaint voiced concerned the abundance of Monkees and Herman's Hermits songs. Kirk has been a definite asset to our company, as well as a lot of fun. Best of luck as a submariner; we all know you will do well.

KIRK ALAN MICHEALSON

MICHAEL PATRICK MULDOON

Happening onto the scene from Newington, Conn., Mike demostrated his academic prowess early in plebe summer by validating an impressive number of courses, only to get caught misspelling his own name twice on the SGLI Form. Torn by his longing for a classical education, Dooner opted to cast his lot with the Physics Majors. In heart and mind the ultimate Rugger, Doon's enthusiasm for the game tended to exceed the structural limitations of his body. Not one to limit his mayhem to the Rugby field, the sight of his black nikes struck panic on the b-ball courts. First class year saw Mike become the possession of a sensuous Alfa Romeo, top down, Molson's at his side and a trace of skoal adorning his chin. Cape Cod, O.C., UVA, all witnessed the struggle between the moralistic and hedonistic sides of the Doon's personality with the latter winning inevitably. A legitimate free spirit in thought and deed, Mike doesn't know what to do in the Navy. But his plans for a later date are more concrete. This all goes to prove "you can tune a piano, but you can't tune a dooner."

RUSSELL DANIEL NEVITT

The Great Red Hunter decended upon the Naval Academy from Diego packing his rod, and a desire to use it. Russ possessed a singular wit that made Academy life more bearable, no one was spared his searing tongue. His physical charms and romantic prowess dazzled the babes at many a social event, but most often he passed out of consciousness with unsettled passions. On many occasions he tried to deny his California heritage but inevitably succumbed to peer pressure. Negs was never one to go second class as evidenced by his baby blue Jag and a playmate full of J.D. As Russell leaves for P-Cola for a love affair with an F-14, we will always remember him best for his gentle and melodious voice sounding "siemper bag-it."

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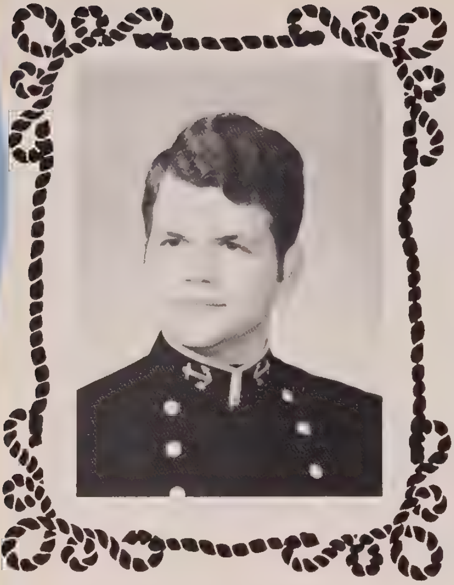
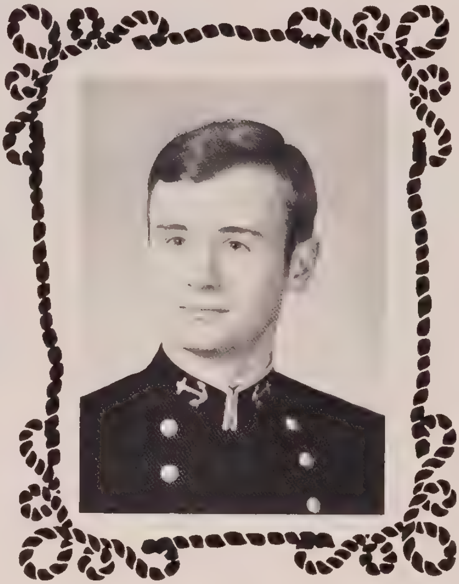


STEPHEN E. SMITH

Steve Smith, started off Plebe Summer with a bang by being the first to be fried. Always wanted to be a Marine until he finally saw the light. Taught Pinz the facts of life and never missed a good magic marker or milkshake fight. He never thought twice about throwing dictionaries at little people.

Steve used to receive personal invitations to the Ac. Board and still get a honorable mention. He developed an unusual talent for attracting trouble and is the life of the party in a hospital emergency room. Steve always gave his all to his romances, including his stomach. The Penn. Dutch will never forget him and his death crawl. His tact and style with women were two of his trademarks. The only dress code he knew of consisted of boots, cowboy hat with a water bottle in the back pocket. Steve even learned what the term "Babalouie" meant during Detail. With all this behind him he still got 3 stripes. We wish him well at Pensacola.



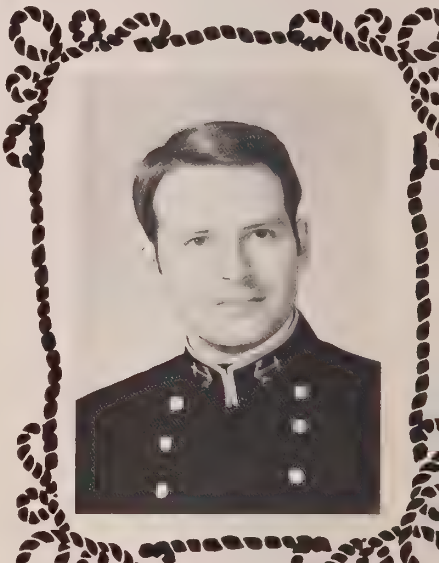
ROBERT J. SMOUT

"I've found my answer to life is living"
Carol King

Bob is a person who, while still looking forward to and reaching for his dreams and goals, is able and willing to enjoy life now. He is a dependable and loyal person, and more than once his strength has helped to save a close friend. Bob has accomplished a great deal at USNA, trying everything from sailing to a tour at the French Naval Academy. In all that he has done, he has worked hard to be the best he can be. Bob is a very independent person, but this has not prevented him from finding a good friend with whom he plans to spend his life. This beautiful compliment to his personality will ensure his future success and happiness. Bob lives his life to the fullest, taking enough time to care about and help people. He has always had time to listen to others and will give of himself. We wish Bob fair winds and following seas.

Mike or "Salty" as he was sometimes called, came to USNA from Ridgefield, Connecticut after having experienced the carefree, easy life at UCONN. As one of the "old men" in the Company Mike never gave up hope of coming to the Academy, and with stubborn determination finally received an appointment. He immediately gained popularity during Plebe summer when everyone found out that he had five sisters, one of which was an aspiring model. Along with his being a member of the Navy League, and his father being a distinguished artist, Mike knew many people in high places, and it was not uncommon to find him in the company of Admirals, and dignitaries. One of his many talents was his expertise with a pistol, and he contributed many hours to the Varsity Pistol team, but he always put academics first. Mike occasionally enjoyed giving impromptu speeches at banquets, even though he was just a guest. Mike has high ambitions for the Nuclear Navy, and our best wishes to go with him as he joins the fleet.

MICHAEL KARL SOTTUNG



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After a brief stay at Kansas University and then NAPS, Rob came to good 'ole Mother "B" — sleeping bag and all. He quickly became known affectionately as the old man of the gang and dazzled the upperclass with his degree in "B.S.!" Studying never stopped him from making the most out of partying, playing cards, watching the tube and last but certainly not least, enjoying his horizontal workouts. Sometimes his "workouts" even took precedence over class! No matter how long the days became, he always managed to greet everyone bright and early with a mumble which usually ended up with a motion toward his rack. "Little Dipper" prided himself with driving his silver bullet at MACH 4, but unfortunately one day he discovered a smokie in the rear view mirror who drove at MACH 5. His age never kept him from keeping up with the young ones, however, and some weekends T.T.R. "perfectly" surpassed us! His capacity to enjoy life here at USNA along with his long nights on Honor Boards drew the highest respect from all of us. We're sure he will do well and we're looking forward to sailing with him again.

ROBERT R. STERLING, JR.

KENNON PATRICK TEMPLE

Possessing an irrepressible sense of humor and the strongest sense of morality, Pat came to Navy with unbounded enthusiasm and dreams of F-14's. After four years of rooming babysitting) with Mike and a constant battle against academic extinction his enthusiasm was somewhat tamed but the sense of humor remained. As for the morality; well . . . . ask Herbs GB's.

Temps was the wildest of a wild bunch. He especially loved to terrorize his friends with rides on his two-wheeled, green monster. Occasionally, he would leave the driving to 'Dooner and end up with ulcers or, in one particularly memorable Labor Day fiasco, a broken nose.

Of more interest, and a constant source of amazement, to us, with his rapport with the women. Beginning plebe year at the Springsteen concert when he spilled his guts all over his comely date, Pat reached his pinnacle at the Ring Dance with the blond bombshell from Wyoming.

As he remains forever on his Rocky Mountain High, Temp's future, flying for the Navy, is assured.

GUY WILLIAM TURNQUIST

G. W. originally hails from Igloo, South Dakota; but being a Navy Junior, he has traveled all over this globe of ours and is quite a man of the world. It seems that Guy has always been slated to be one of Navy's finest; his father is one of the Navy's most senior Chief Warrant Officers with 28 years of service, and G. W. is a former Napster. Guy preferred to keep a low profile during plebe summer, and due to this, he has done quite well at boat school. Originally a Math Major, he saw the error of his ways, found Phy. Sci. and weekends, and a pretty lady named Judy. Actually, she found him and caught him — hook, line and sinker. When Guy isn't busy playing Mid, he rolls around in front of the tube watching Saturday Night Live, he's an avid trivia buff, and he enjoys making and eating baked goods. He hopes to travel much more in his years after USNA seeking the hot spots of the surface fleet, that is, until his air option comes up. We wish all the best to this surface skimmer.

22ND COMPANY

CHRISTOPHER GERARD WENZ

"Wenz, you're pissin' me off!"

New York City born and raised, Chris brought the life of the Big Apple with him to Canoe U. Not only was he an avid partier, Chris also knew how to throw a bang-up bash. Anyone who has been there will never forget Ridgewood or Colleen, Colleen . . . having a great time didn't stop at his house, many a mile ws traversed betwixt USNA, UVA, Mary Wash., Pax River, G-town and of course the O Club. Partying, however, did not take up all of his free time. Other addictions included running, kickball, gammon, chess, and foos at Pete's, and every now and then "the tech." The other founder of the Bagel Boys, and the perfect "prep," the Wench was often seen sporting his blue blazer, Docksiders, khaki trous and one of his Lacoste shirts. Hitching to Norfolk and the Waterslide will forever be cherished memories. One can always picture Chris driving off in his baby Fi, sipping a Miller pony and humming "Hey . . . hey baby . . ." . . . Yo lightweight — Profigliano! . . .

PAUL TROY WRIGHT

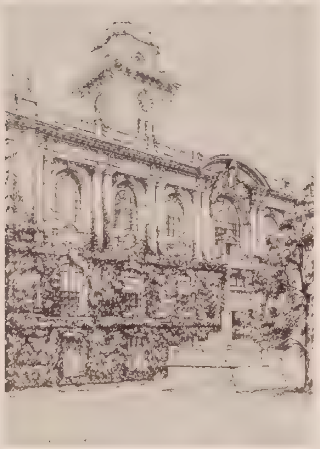
After Paul and Ohio State developed a mutual dislike, Paul joined the Navy. After learning how to fix jets, he was off to NAPS, and then to USNA. Paul soon proved to be a loyal, sensitive, and caring individual, as some of us found out during late night "corn" attacks. His mind proved to be sharp and logical, and considerably less cluttered than his room. Paul soon discovered sailing, and he developed into an avid sailor and navigator. Paul was such an eager navigator that he was once seen trying to resolve a moon shot in the light of day. Through sailing, Paul traveled to Bermuda, where he found something even more enchanting than sailing. Although Paul is a bit of a loner, his newfound companion and friend managed to get close enough to walk beside him. Paul demands a great deal of himself, and his ability to achieve his goals ensures his future success. After all, Paul is always wright.

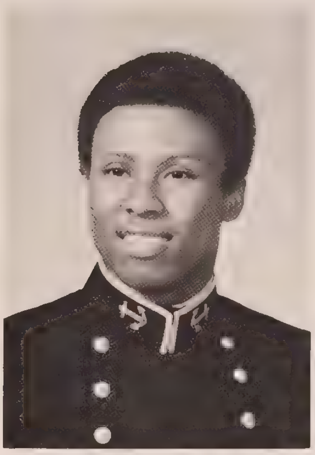
. . . Born on a mountain top, raised by a bear . . . our only Tennessee boy proved himself a great entertainer plebe year as he dazzled thousands with his flag spinning routine. It was easy to see him because he was usually half a beat behind everyone else. During youngster year he decided to become an athlete and tried Batt. football. It was here he discovered the face mask and how cooperative people become when you grab it. During second class year our man "Moon" acquired a bad habit of going to sleep content with the world and waking up in all sorts of trouble. It can be said that the Red Hood of trouble incarcerated Moon during second class year. First class year calmed Moon greatly. He cooled his jets and spent more time with his blue airplane. He hopes to graduate to a real one in Pensacola. Best of luck to Moon and whatever he finds to get into in the future.

MARK F. YOUNG

23RD COMPANY

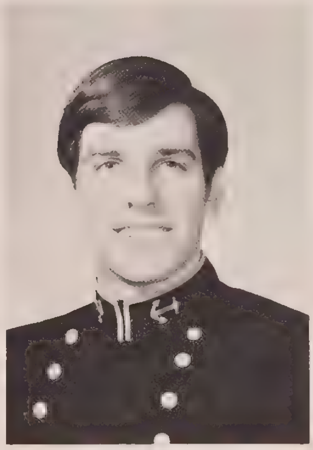
MAHAN HALL





JESSE ADAMS, JR.

Mt. Holly, New Jersey's loss was the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology's gain when Jess packed his bags to take up not just a job but an adventure. Four years at the Annapolis Boy's Home proved no match for the "Kid." As a standout wrestler in high school, Jess had the intention of wrestling for the big Blue, but an old battle wound surfaced which diverted his athletic endeavors to 150's and company sports. Plebe year turned out to be an interesting year for Jess as he became known as the "Mad-Streaker" who evidently one night got caught in action by the notorious Mr. Deke Jobe. During weeknights, he can always be found in the T.V. room or on the phone talking to his future wife, Tracy, or else rooting for his favorite teams, the Phillies and the Sixers. Jess is one of the guys we'll always remember for he is one of the few good men the Marines are going to get.



LAWRENCE LEE ARMOR

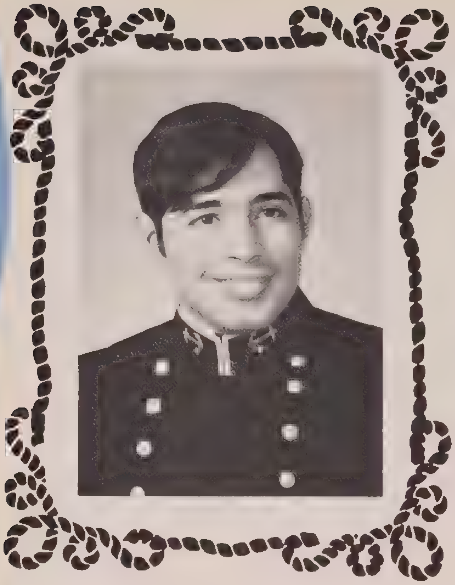
With the yell "clank, clank, I'm a tank, Sir!" Lee began his career as a Midshipman in July, 1975. From this not so dignified start, Lee breezed through Plebe Year, scoring an easy 3.84, a statistic which he later used to embarrass at least an O.D.

For a while Lee led a simple life, concentrating on his Aero and all the joys that go with it. Then, suddenly Lee's social life came alive after being introduced to that female institution of higher learning in Western Maryland. From there, he went on to break women's hearts from his native L.A. to Maryland with his "James Bondian" style and his erotic hip movements.

Lee's professionalism is also unsurpassed. His command and control abilities are second to none. In fact, he has handled the touchiest situations completely from Command Post #1, his rack.

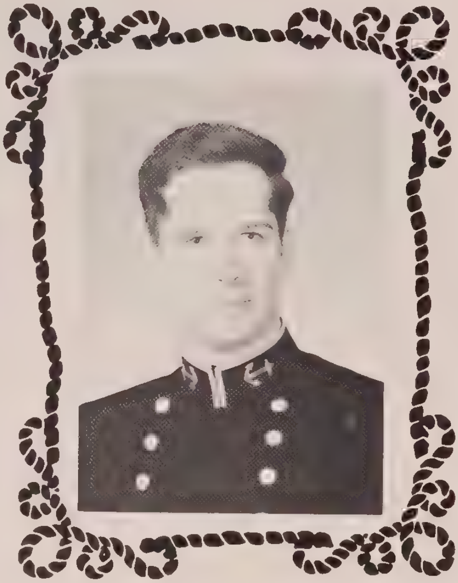
Lee will be a fine addition to the Navy Air community. It will be sad though, not to hear Bancroft Hall resound to that famous yell — "Hey Lee . . . empty the sh--t can!"

23RD COMPANY



ROGER ANTHONY CHAPA

Straight from just north of the border CHOPS saw the light and bolted from Air Force infested San Antonia, Texas, looking for the Navy side of aviation. To prepare for Navy Air, CHOPPER spent his spare time jumping out of airplanes, swimming under water, and of course, chasing females. Since the latter pursuit required the most practice (or so he said), he quickly became involved in the Social Affairs Committee and excelled so well, he was elected Chairman in his 1/C year. By this time Roger was a man of many social AFFAIRS having found the "Good Girls" early in his 2/C year, in addition to the local bait. While not reading aviation gouge or putting quarters into the telephones, Rog could be found studying on occasion, enough anyway to sweat through the rigors of Political Science. Well known throughout the Brigade, Chops will always have many friends. The question is, now that he is ready for Naval Aviation, is Pensacola ready for him?

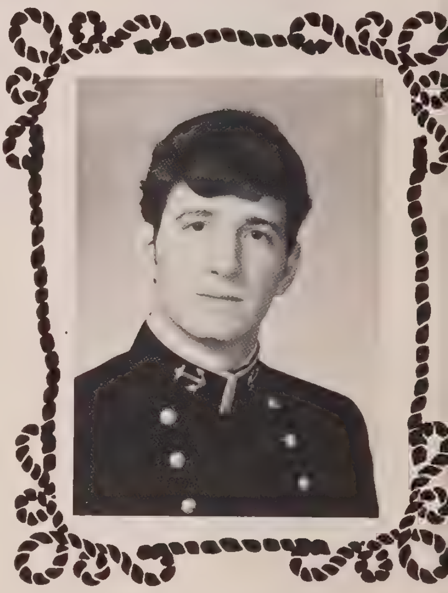


BARRY PHILIP DRISCOLL

Barry P. Driscoll, alias "The Count," has been "hanging" in navy closets ever since September 1973 when he enlisted for a tour of duty. The glory road brought him knocking on Mother Bancroft's doors and yelling, "I am here to stay, and I am as good a damn officer as you will ever see!" And yep! He surely was, is, and will be for as long as he is in Uncle Sam's Navy. His "civilian line" option came up at the end of his second class year, but the "decision" to stay was backed by a fan club of classmates and one strong-willed "Count." As an artist, he finds pleasure in even the simplest things, but finds time to read entangling works such as "Pogo." One cannot find a harder working individual or more studious a midshipman than "the Count." In fact, B.P.D. has been hard at work these four years to acquire an inheritance by the magic formula "last." Barry, as a helo pilot, you need not heed these words to follow, but as a pre-grad at the navy uncollege: when they say, "let go the *anchor!* --- let go the damn *anchor!*

Rob left the only inhabitable spot in New Jersey to come to the Academy in the summer of '75. He overcame an early culture shock during the T.J. to Lenny transition by sharpening his neck more than sixty hours a week during his prime. After a six month vacation in Colorado Springs Rob returned to become one sandblower who discovered what it was like to march in front of the company. Robidy proved he could play hard by drinking classmates under the table in Georgetown. He was also famed for his long study hours, his ice-blue suntan, his self-hair-cutting ability, the Bell Telephone caper and his TKO on Roger outside Pier 7. Rob preserved his unknown love affairs by skipping out of the Ring Dance to go below the waves. Rob was also a die-hard nuke until he died hard during first class cruise; and now his spirit has flown away.

ROBERT WILLIAM EADIE, IV



23RD COMPANY

What happened to that quiet, innocent, country guy who had never even heard of Walter Cronkite or Batman? Jon is one of the few Mids who is "wilder and crazier" now than he was in high school. When he got here he didn't even know what a girl was. Now, he goes out every weekend. His current chick is the third one in six months. What a stud! Of course, the main reason for this change was the acquisition of his beautiful mahogany 'vette (complete with three inch option). Jon should enjoy nuclear power since, "everytime we came to periscope depth at night, chills ran up my spine." However, we're not sure he wants to leave since he repeatedly states, "I love it here. "I'd rather study at Rickover than go to a toga party." Good luck in the fleet Jon. We know you will do well.

JON J. ERICKSON

DAVID T. EVANS

Greatness comes to those that dare to sweat . . . dare to strain . . . and dare the pain.

BASIL NICK HARRIS, JR.

Escaping from Denver, Basil "Nick" Harris came to us with a few more years under his belt than most. Nick soon became known as "Papa" Nick because he was always taking care of the "boys." Yes, he was seen as a father to many of us in many ways! Gifted with a tenor voice that just wouldn't quit, Nick was a standout in glee club and sang his way to chapel choir president (vote for me or I'll break your eardrums!) Next to his voice, Nick's Greek nose seemed small. However, I didn't say it seemed small next to other noses! But, like they say in Greece, "Big is beautiful" and Nick's heart was and is the biggest part of him! Nick's attributes didn't stop with his voice, nose and heart, however! When it came to handling clippers he but Tracy to shame (not that that was hard to do!) Hey, it's not a haircut, it's art! Need a trim? Sign the list! Don't forget the donation! By the way, who said Greeks are good lovers? One five-foot-two-inch Nebraskan blonde said so, that's who, and who are we to argue? One last word, P-3 pilots beware, Nick will be a navigator for one of you guys!!

23RD COMPANY

MICHAEL DUFFY JOHNSON

"MJ" arrived on the banks of the Severn determined to graduate with a 4.0 and no sleep. Damn if he hasn't almost made it! But, despite his tendency to lock himself in on weekends and keep his roommates up until quarters, Mike has made quite a name for himself. As therapy to recover from the loss of "Franco," MJ kept and extensive library of dog-eared magazines ("Chester's my hero"). With the questionable appearance of a telephone, he became a notorious source of the gouge. But those days are behind him now. The black 'Vette, complete with 3 inch option, and admission to the brotherhood of the "blow your own horn award," have set Mike on a course for Nuclear Power. The nuke pukes are getting a truly hard working man. Hymen will be pleased . . . until he learns Mike only came to Navy because he liked the look of trop whites.

BRUCE W. KAHL

Upon arrival at Navy, Bruce wanted two things: to major in computers, and to go nuke power. The computer science major was discontinued plebe year, so he went into math instead, and soon came to his senses about nuke power. Maybe hitting the tops of all those doors finally pounded some sense into him, but all's well that ends well!

Being, at 6'7" a natural basketball player, Bruce was quickly recruited for the company b-ball team, and helped them to a four year 33-3-0 record and two consecutive Brigage championships. During the rest of the year he is a starter in the volleyball club of which he is a founding member.

Bruce's other major accomplishment lay in his being easily the most experienced marcher in the company, and a member of the "I love it here!" club, a result of his having accumulated 2 (count 'em *2)* "black N's" and the highest demerit total in the company.

After 6 months T.A.D. at home in Houston, Bruce expects to join our gallant surface fleet for a few years.

At six foot two and a hundred thirty pounds of pale blue twisted steel "Kipper", in his faded letter sweater, is a familiar fixture in 23rd Company. Although he gave up the track squad for the excuse squad after plebe year, Kip has always managed to limp over to early registration and partake of the quick-breaking gouge on the computer. Not wanting to be held back by academics here at the Academy Kip joined the math major and moved on to other fields: such as Hospital Point. Well, Kip was always prone to error.

In his spare time Kip has coached the basketball team and developed a new language. He insists "Kenyonese" is in some way related to English; however, the similarity is lost on all but Steve's intimates.

Being from California Steve has seen the bachelor life and has had enough. The days of sifting through girls and sliding through Dahlgren are over and Steve will tie the knot in June. 23 will lose its best and the p-rade judges can take off their sunglasses.

STEVEN EUGENE KENYON

23RD COMPANY

The illustrious "Kojak" came to our great institution, with a short "Pitt" stop at NAPS, from the booming metropolis of Johnstown, Pa. A full fledge member of the TV club, he has found time this year during commercials to excel in his double major — Management and Technology. Not to be outdone by the jocks in the company, "Ko" shows his versatility by playing squash, heavyweight touch football, softball, and powerlifting. Even though he's in choir, those of us that have heard him sing often wish that he would sing solo (so low we can't hear him). His dream came true this year when he purchased his three inch option — a Corvette. A true Marine Corps candidate, "The only thing I feel is the recoil of my rifle when I kill." His jovial wit will not be forgotten and those of us closest to him are going to miss him always asking us, "Does make you deaf?" No "Ko", but it sure makes you talk funny. Best of luck good buddy.

ROBERT GEORGE KOVAC

GLENN LOUIS KRUMEL II

Glenn, alias "The Krum," can best be described by one of his famous naval sayings, "When I came back here two years ago, I came to stay." And stay he did, although he had his doubts Youngster Year and even in the face of being a Systems Major.

He calls Charlotte his hometown and at times his accent is very pronounced, especially when trying to impress women. It must work, though, because he was able to wait until the day before the Ring Dance to get a date and can be described as having a "girl at every port."

Driving a van for "obvious" reasons, Krum enjoys driving a truck and will save the "life in the fast lane" for Pensacola and Navy Air. Being a pilot already, he will be a step ahead of everyone else.

Glenn is second only to H.T.W. in the knowledge department, just ask him, he'll tell you. But seriously, he is a man of the world and is never at a loss for something to say.

"Hey, Baby, wanna get lucky?"

DANIEL F. LYONS

I asked God for strength, that I might achieve,
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.
I asked for health, that I might to greater things,
I was given infirmity that I might do better things.
I asked for riches, that I might be happy,
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.
I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men,
I was given weakness, that I might feel the need of God.
I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life,
I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.
I got nothing that I asked for — but everything I had hoped for.
Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were answered.
I am, among all men, most richly blessed.

23RD COMPANY

ASHTON PUGH McCOMBS, III

Ashton "Pugh" McCombs, III came to us from Hamburg, Arkansas. Upon arrival to the Academy, Ashton immediately settled down to the happy, carefree lifestyle that was to guide him to graduation. Never one to worry about the pressures of academy life, Ashton found S.I.R. chits, B.W.'s, and tennis sign-in a timely path to sanctuary. A.P.'s competitiveness in all of the racket sports is well known, especially tennis and racketball where he was considered the uncrowned company champ. When it comes to his untilization of free time duty or no duty, no one doubts that Ashton used it well. His circle of women left many of us gasping for the words "why him and not me!" (A Miss America contestant!) When all is said and done however, after Ashton puts on those ensign boards, the academy will lose quite a unique individual while at the same time the Navy will be gaining an officer that will bring credit to the service. With his blue three inch option, how can he lose? Now get out of here! WOO PIG SOOEE!!!

THOMAS PATRICK PHELAN

Tom came to USNA from that far away land of fags, earthquakes and welfare, San Francisco, California. Tom was a real hit Plebe Summer, except for the fact that he was invisible. It was rumored that he lived off campus — really dynamic. Youngster Year was a real change. Tom concentrated . . . well maybe he was still off campus. Second Class year Tom decided to come out, but overshot and hit USAFA. A real zoomie guy returned. Culture, poise and quiet confidence were all forgotten.

With a blazer, a Med Cruise and a newly adopted southern heritage TP began to set the world afire . . . . or maybe he blew a lot of smoke. While trying to be first to Hood, first in the rack, and first in the alcohol program Tom remembered the vital: soccer goalie, skiing, O-Club Rep (and Aero sometimes). And who could forget Western Carolina, tail gaters, HT, Doc, Krum or the incomparable Kipper. Tom will try, he's zooming to P-cola and early marriage to some sweet thing. He's one in a million and we'll see him around. For sure.

Bruce, better known as "Prutz" among his peers, is from Collingswood, New Jersey, by way of Rutgers. Despite this setback, Prutz has overcome his background to become one of the most well-liked personalities in 23rd company. Among his traits are his well known abilities with women and his undaunted devotion to any professional team from the "City of Brotherly Love" - Philadelphia (yes, even the Eagles!) Bruce's achievements during his four years here include 6 letters from varsity track (one of which was obtained while being captain during his senior year) and surviving one of the most difficult majors (next to history) at the academy, naval architecture. As far as females are concerned, there is no single woman in Bruce's life as of yet, but with his purchasing of his blue three-inch tool with stripes and his ability to sway any girl of his choosing, that shouldn't be too long in coming. In Bruce, the fleet will obtain a very competent officer. For collateral duty, Prutz can be an oddsmaker. After all, he has a perfect record except for the time the Phillies won and he was right.

PAUL BRUCE PRUTZMAN

23RD COMPANY

Jack, as he calls himself, displaying much imagination, hails from that hotspot of Dixie, Morristown, Tennessee. "Hick-man", as he is known by Genderson and his "Yankee Dog" classmates, experienced life fully at an early age. Deciding that wasn't for him, he joined the Navy. After a short year at NAPS he entered upon 4 long ones at USNA. Soon after riding in, Jackie bowed to the god of 2.0 and forfeited his promising baseball career for a more challenging discipline befitting his every-expanding mind: history. Since dating and having a good time were not to Jackie's liking he decided to get married, join the Marine Corps, and take three semesters of wires. Many might wonder at his idea of a good time. Undeterred by his fate, Jackie keeps smiling and his friends keep laughing, with him that is. We all wish him luck, he'll probably need it.

JACKIE LYNN RICKMAN

GRADY HAROLD ROBY, JR.

Grady Harold "Ni" Roby, Jr., came to the Academy from London, England. However, the expense of a few trips home on *his* time and *their* money quickly brought the family residency back to the states, a distant 10 miles down the road. Upon his arrival at USNA, a young lad of barely 17 years, Hal was thrust into an environment of extremely competitive men, yet, he quickly surpassed most of his classmates since he was the only Youngster of the group. Academically and professionally, Ni has proven himself a performer. He is one of an elite group who have indeed witnessed those infamous shooting stars. Of his athletic endeavors, Hal found his name on the golf team roster. We never heard much about his game but finally did come to the decision that he must play his best while in the rack. A navy brat of some 17 years, Hal, a policital science major, is hinting of law, business, and the mean and green. Good luck, Hal, success is just around the corner.

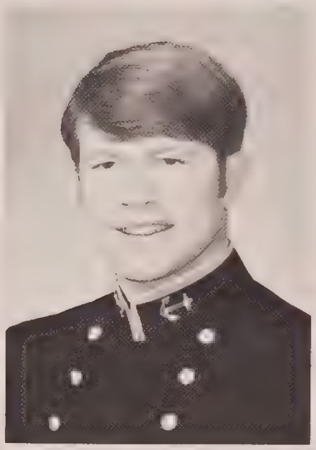
FRANCIS EDWARD SABLAN, JR.

"No Francis, this isn't the University of San Diego!" He wishes someone had told him that two years ago but it's too late to look back! Francis, our local "island boy" headed east from San Diego but still claims Guam as his origin! One taste of one of his Guamanean meals will convince you! Francis soothed his need to compete by playing on the 150 pound football team. He used his super quickness and darn right nasty desire to hit people (along with a forearm or two) to reach the All-American mark! You see! Who said height was everything? Along with playing football, Francis sidelined as a short, long, and in-between order cook for the "boys." You name it, he could cook it (and I don't mean down in the USNA kitchens!) Who said they only eat rice in Japan? Francis arrived here with one love and left with another; a sexy, well built baby blue TR-6! Like Francis in every way, especially when you say "good friend" because you'll never find one better!

23RD COMPANY

STEPHEN JERRARD SCHEMMEL

Steve arrived at Navy after a year of academia and hoops from Lawrence University located near his hometown of Madison, Wisconsin. A definite "B" student with books, broads, buckets and booze, the last three competing voraciously for second place, accounting for most of his endeavors at Annapolis. Steve, however, was never one to turn down a classmate in search of the "gouge" and always seemed to be caught up or in life, even though he never found out what the inside of the company wardroom looked like. He enjoyed fame as a star guard on the two time brigade champion company basketball team. Whichever service selection becomes his choice (just a few good men) should consider itself fortunate. Steve proved himself unestionably a person of great competence and considerable integrity. The plebes will never forget his friendly, witty charm or paternal affection he showed them our last summer on the Severn. His classmates will always remember him, for who can forget a wondrous, energetic, earnest, natty, intelligent, entity. Good luck Steve.



WAYNE GREGORY SHEAR, JR.

Alias "Doc" came to us from Lighthouse Point, Florida, full prepared to tackle a rigorous Plebe Summer. Surviving he commenced his academic studies pursuing a major in naval architecture. Doc, recruited for navy football, soon came to his senses and helped build a basketball dynasty — 33 victories, 3 losses, and 2 Brigade Championships over four years. He'll be the first to say, "If it wasn't for him the team wouldn't have been that." As you probably can guess, Doc was the wardroom jock/stud, all talk but no action: at least he unloaded a no good TR6 on some poor fool. Hating most meals served in the wardroom, Doc frequently had his father fly up to take him to Fred's. For someone with a house in Florida, Doc never invited us down during Easter Break — thanks for nothing! With a heavy romance ending plebe year, Wayne met another young lady who seemed to consume all his free time. Good luck, Doc, with your military career, but please keep your neck covered.

Still underaged, but far from being baby faced, T. J. left Quakertown, Pa., headed for USNA in search of a normal college life. No one understands why T-bone left his gorgeous Pennsylvania sweetheart for "Mother B." Many hypothesized that it was his sadistic desire to become a marine. Unfortunately, T. J.'s high IQ and quick wit made him ineligible for the Corps. Disappointed, T. J. decided submarines were the next best thing, still searching for that normal college life though, T. J. opened up business in brigade cheeser operations. The "cheeser king" was an overnight success that helped finance weekend trips back to Pa. and "you know who." However, this was not enough for T. J., so the kid with the 5 o'clock shadow directed his sadistic desires to soccer. In soccer, he was elected captain of the team, where his quick brains made up for his not-so-quick feet. Realizing that it was too late to transfer to Penn State, T. J.'s search led him to Navy air. Now, he has his eyes on P-3's. T. J. never did find a normal college life, but as a NFO on a land-based P-3 Charlie, T. J. will have a normal enough life with "you know who."

THOMAS JON SHELLY

23RD COMPANY

Charles Ray Stancil, Jr., fondly called "Charlie" by his friends, was a barefoot neanderthal-like lad from North Carolina with many fun-loving, nymph.-like friends. Upon induction day in '75, the only thing that changed about him was that he started wearing shoes! As for academics — Charlie is one of those rare few at Mother B who actually studies and works hard. This is extremely unusual to find — I think the name for this rare species is "pencilius neckus." Its difficult to detect that Charlie is a member of this rare breed. However, since He religiously pumps iron and can bench his 650 Kawasaki and Honda civic with ease. To those, who don't study at all, it's good to have Charlie around — for he is a generous fountain of gouge. While he drives progressively ahead — the gouge seekers grasp at a tow line of gouge and doze fitfully in his wake. They'll be in trouble though when he goes nuc subs and decides to, "take her down!"

CHARLES RAY STANCIL, JR.

JOHN ERIC TAYLOR

Eric came to us in that fateful summer of '75 from nearby Fairfax, Va. and quickly came to be known as "Jet." We told him that the name originated from his initials, but his tendency to "drift" might have had something to do with it too. At any rate, Jet, and his Monty Python sense of humor, have been a constant source of amusement throughout his career here.

Jet chose Marine Engineering as his major, a sure sign of driftiness, but has managed to do surprisingly well. His favorite pastime is running. In an unsurpassed effort at ever greater speed and ever longer distances Jet runs Batt. X-Country in the Fall, Marathons in the Winter, and Batt. Track in the Spring. He hasn't made it to Boston yet, but he did lead Fourth Batt. X-Country to a Brigade Championship in his senior year.

Jet thinks that Surface Line is Mighty Fine and hopes to attend S.W.O.S. A.S.A.P. We wish him the best of luck in this and all his endeavors.

JOSEPH A. VALENTI, III

Joe, better known as "Jav" by his friends, came to the Academy from Stamford, Conn. He entered USNA with high hopes of continuing his high school baseball days, only to find the duffer blocking home plate. After hanging up his spikes, Jav settled into the groove of a typical Italian mid. Academics immediately took the backseat. Joe studied as little as possible and racked as much as possible. His solution to a hard test was to sleep on it. He was quickly drafted into company sports and helped lead the basketball and fast pitch softball teams to brigade championships. Joe also pictured himself as another Fonz or John Travolta and even went so far as to buy a pink suit to improve his image. On weekends, Jav was always cruising in his formula with the tunes blaring and a small blonde huddled up next to him. The only problem was that the Maryland State Police also found him cruising a little too fast sometimes. We can all see Joe in Pensacola now, flying by day and cruising by night. We all wish the best of luck in his future endeavors.

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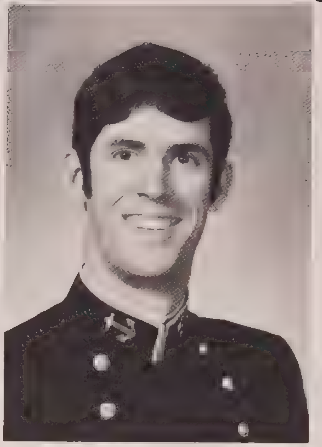


HARVEY THOMAS WALSH, III

Harvey T. came to us from Virginia Beach, following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather (those Walshes never learn, do they?). Suddenly stripped of his ability to party every night, H.T. found that he could make better grades at USNA than he could in high school, even in an engineering program. Keeping up with his image of being different, H.T. found amusement plebe year by listening to weird music on his stereo and running six-mile races around Thompson Field. Youngster Year Tom turned into the "red hot lover." Who could forget the time his otherwise spotless conduct record received 20 demerits one Saturday night on the upper level of Dahlgren Hall, followed two hours later by another 50 at the Main Gate? Even with all the ensuing marching, H.T. managed to up his running distance to 26 miles, and was the second Navy finisher at Boston in 1977. Tom plans to fly his Fiat 19 to Pensacola after graduation, where we wish him the best of luck trading it in for an F-18.

BRIAN D. WARD

Brian D. Ward, better known as "Wardo", came to the Academy from Greenville, Texas. How USNA ever survived the addition of a Texan to its ranks is still a mystery to most of us. After recovering from the loss of Franko his second class year, Brian went on to spend most of his time here pursuing "one of the toughest majors offered", namely Aerospace Engineering. Thus one could usually find Wardo busily occupied during study hour either making nachos or building model airplanes.

Seriously over the last four years, Brian has built the reputation of being a hard working guy who can still appreciate the humor of a lot of situations that arise here at USNA. Brian has a real talent for organization and as such, was elected President of WMID-TV his first class year. Academics were never a problem for Brian who was also a real asset for the company on the intramural teams. Wardo will undoubtedly choose Navy Air on service selection night and all of us genuinely look forward to working with him in the fleet.

Although few people still believe babies are delivered by storks, I think it's safe to say that Bernie *was* delivered by a rather large bird — a giant chicken. Throughout the years his band remains The Henhouse Five plus Two and the melodic refrains of "classical cluck" will forever be near our hearts. It is widely believed that Bernard picked up these strange habits at his home, which is situated "high on a hill" above Glassport, Pa. Possibly he picked them up from his little pink doggy "Snowflake." Wherever, he was certainly high the night he made his debut at the annual Christmas party.

For three years now, he has single-handly kept the alarm clock business ticking with his morning leaps across the room followed by the fames "wa-wa" slam dunk. Not much for squids or studying, a large part of his daylight hours was occupied with home. He was often seen wandering down the hall, quietly clucking to himself, in search of a way out.

BERNARD THEODORE WAWRZENIAK

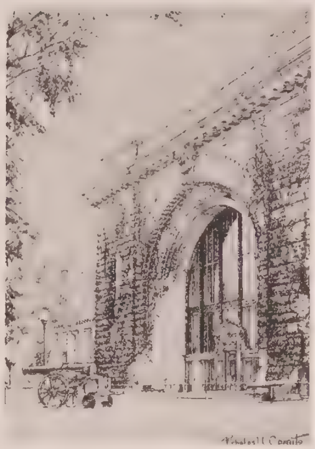
23RD COMPANY

One of those who manage to elude the deluge of the squid syndrome, Mark maintained an individuality welcomed by those who knew him best. Unfortunately, in some respects, a portion of those in this category had a rather slight indoctrination period. Mark is deserving of accolades of sorts for his undeniable role in the termination of potential naval careers, as he caused four roommates to utilize bilger's gate. Extremely popular when his tutorial talents were required, Mark always seemed to find time to pry himself from his literary specialty, Alistair MacLean novels.

His notoriety in the civil world was seemingly non-existent as Mark was the possessor of a mailbox whose precept was to avoid contamination and effectively quarrantined itself for excessive periods. Ironically, Mark was never at a disadvantage in acquiring accompaniment to attend socio-cultural events.

With a domicile definitely distinct from that which provided the musical talents of George, John, Paul and Ringo, Mark had little difficulty in convincing others that he had unique vocal aptitude. Mark felt not the least bit awkward about having the distinction of delivering an automobile to its 100,000th mile as a constituent in a "new car" community, or of owning a martian dog named Pebbles.

MARK STEPHEN WILSEY



DAHLGREN HALL

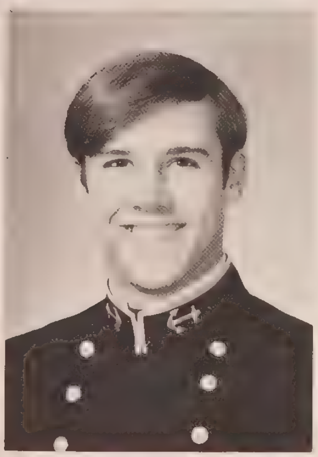
THURSTON ERIC WOMBLE

A 'bama boy at heart, Eric, alias Thurston, came to bat at Navy having to face the duff. "Old Man" as he was known on the team, quickly played out his option and joined the All-Stars playing on the 23rd Co. Brig. Champs Fast Pitch Team and Batt. handball.

Being a member of the OPS analysis gang and often the source of what some may call gouge, Eric is a colossus of knowledge. Just ask him a question and he'll tell you he's right.

Aside from his studiousness, Eric's outstanding seamanship is noted as he quickly reduced a 5 year boline to a slip knot.

Sweet home Alabama must have been Eric's motto for he always managed to end up with the most leave in the Company. He knows he can't stay home forever, for Uncle Sam's Navy has him now!



24TH COMPANY

MAHAN HALL

DONALD KURT ALBRECHT

Don comes from Chicago Heights, Illinois. Chicago Heights isn't the hub of the universe, but after four dismal years on the Eastern Seaboard, it's in close contention.

Don came to Navy to play baseball. It was only fitting that his plebe summer squad leader be captain of the team. He had a good time plebe year up on the hill, but after only one season of the *stiff* and *squirrel* routine down below, he decided to call it quits. His knees thanked him.

Don made some great friends during his four years at the Academy. Tubby, Helen, G.O. and Sue-Sue top the list. His absolute best buddy was Wiljam, though, and it would've been a tough four years without him. Don-Don and Jam got to be pretty good U-haul drivers. They could tow a car just about anywhere.

Don chose naval aviation as his service selection. Like he always said, "What else is there to do?"

When Joe came from Milton, Mass., he aspired to be three things: a great soldier, a scholar and a basketball player. Failing miserably at all three Joe decided to be what came naturally: A bum. Joe pinged around for his first two years but then he fell for the lovely senorita from Guatamala. That's when the trouble began! It seems Joe decided that he's rather stay with his girlfriend than go on second class cruise. Joe still contends that the two hundred dermerits were worth it. Nevertheless, Joe bounced back from the many months of restrictions and was soon seen tooling around in his Porshe or watching smut flicks on Wednesday nights.

When at the Academy, Joe spends most of his time either in the rack or on excuse squad. Joe wanted to be a nuke puke but his academic shortcomings will probably force him to join the green machine. We want to wish Joe the best of luck in the future and remind him that no matter where he goes the Navy banana will follow.

JOSEPH FRANCIS CIANO

24TH COMPANY

Wayne was born on December 4, 1955 in Stamford, Conn. After high school and a semester of college he enlisted in February of 1974. A year and a half later Wayne received an appointment from the Secretary of the Navy, and arrived at the Naval Academy in July of 1975. Although a management major, he had plenty of time to sail in his four years. As a freshman he sailed with the All-American Doug Hart (76), and after sailing with Pete Hyers (77) as a sophomore began racing on his own. Gaining experience with Jasper Craig (80) and Elaine Jacobs (81), Wayne was elected Captain his senior year. His service selection will bring him to Pensacola after a TAD tour at the sailing center.

WAYNE A.V. DARINZO

MICHAEL A. DEAN

The graduation of Michael Allan Dean proves that you can get through the Academy and still maintain your own identity. His individual identity is 791567. Calling both Northern California and Minnesota his home, his overly optimistic attitude towards life has kept him happy and his roommates perplexed through the past four years. Sometime around third class year he "discovered" the inverse relationship between his QPR and hours slept, and adjusted his rack schedule accordingly. His natural love for the sea and math has led him to an Operations Analysis major and several tours of engineering duty with the YP squadron. A member of the ring and crest committee, his own ring has a deep ocean-blue stone, reflecting his pride in being a member of the naval profession. (His subscription to *Proceedings* is paid up for the next two years.) His own revolving set of short girlfriends have all had to face the cruel fact that his true love has been and will always remain the sea.

TERRY MICHAEL DRUFFEL

Druf came to USNA from Chicago after short stints in the fleet and NAPS. Plebe summer proved that he truly is the cornerstone of professionalism. Due to the fact that he holds records for being involved with the most E.C.A.'s, having the most collateral duties, standing the most duty, having the most visitors in his room during study hour, eating the most brussel sprouts, and asking the most plebes whether they have sisters (and meaning it), it is no wonder that he hasn't had time to make a service selection. First class year brought three stripes and many a studyless night presiding over honor boards. As Brigade Vice Honor Chairman, he was seldom in his room but people could always tell when he was there by that mysterious squeek that so often protruded from his chair. The endless afternoons in the weight room proved to be too much for the Hubbard Hall gang for Terry became the first coach to stroke a crew barge into submersion. Nobody knows where Druff is going in June but we all know he will have a successful naval career.

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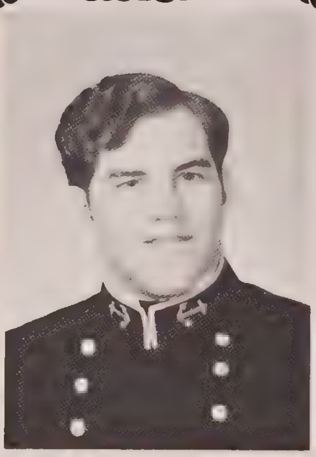
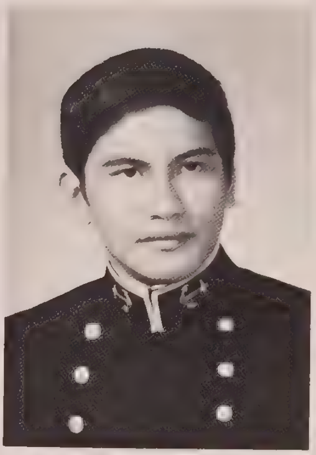


JAMES DUANE FAWCETT

Jim came to us from the sun, sand and surf of southern California. While in high school, he looked forward to going to college, instead he came to Annapolis. He still insists that one day he will go to college. The Academy has really changed his identity though. His plebe summer squad leader commented on his physical likeness to a gun projectile, with his short, stocky build and buzzed plebe haircut. From that day forth, he was the bullet. Bullet's greatest love is football and in this, he excelled. Being a four year letterman and a two year all-American, he was the natural choice for defensive team captain this year. Around the company during football season, he is quite peaceful probably because he uses every bit of emotional and physical strength to punish opposing team's bodies on the field. Bullet wanted to fly badly, until he was stunned by a nasty 20/30 eye exam. I guess it will be SWOS and F.A.O. for the bullet. He doesn't really mind though, he'll be a wealthy executive while we're still wearing blue.

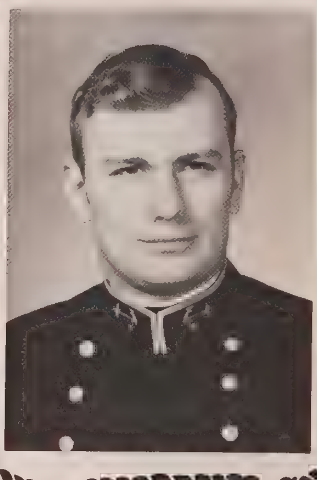


BENNY ARCEO FEGURGUR

He was a shy island boy from the tropical paradise of Guam and whatever made him decide to attend Canoe U. shall always be a mystery. Yet after paddling his dugout 12 thousand miles that same polynesian boy beached his vessel on the shores of a land called Annapolis. We came to call him Benny but for obvious physiological reasons he acquired the name "Guam Bomb." His cheery smile and pleasant personality made hard-core 24 a better place for all. However, it wasn't long before Ben began to take on the ways of his evil white buddies. Polynesian "Luau's" were a common weekend event on 4-3. He even started chasing women yet this classic display of americanization was tragically cut short in the winter of '76. Once Ben met Mary, he was never the same. Suddenly courses like wires and steam became interesting. He refused to indulge in sin. It was apparent to all that Ben was P.W. But, seriously we wish him well and it has been an honor and privilege to know him. We shall never forget Benny.

Born the son of a diesel boat sailor, I've spent my entire life on the Eastern Seaboard. Though born in Charleston, S.C., I call Key West home. I was able to live my dream of coming to the Naval Academy after a short diversion to NAPS. While it can't be said that I was an academic wizard I managed to get by. My best memories are the times I've spent with the rugby club. The games were great and the parties better. If I can serve with men half as good as my teammates, I would be quite satisfied and happy.

MICHAEL JOHN FEIDT



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Mike ventured here to the Academy from the bustling metropolis of Rumford, Maine. Reminiscent of his hometown, Mike acquired the nickname of Boisie. Through his four years, hard work and dedication lent itself to increasing social pleasure, when studying was something he did not want anyone to know he did. Many of us wonder how he did so well on tests. Always a tough competitor, Boisie was a standout in many sports where his hustle was a trademark. As a member of the big three, Boise spent much time with Iggy and M.I.B.'s. His interests turned to other areas first class year when he could be found northbound and down on the weekends. Mike is off to Pensacola to take to the skies. Some terms to remember, Boisie: 200-200, Larry's, J.M.D., Millersville Rd.

MICHAEL E. GALLANT

CHIRSTOPHER J. GIEDLIN

Chris came to the Academy with an ambitious attitude and high aspirations for his four year tour. When he learned that studying was a requirement for success, his ambitions were soon redirected towards MIB's, WVU, and the rack.

Buck discovered Youngster Year that a Vega could not outrun a Jimmey legs, so he invested in a new Trans-Am. This was one of many investments he made in an effort to enhance his financial stability.

Chris had a great love for fun and adventure, which he acquired from the rustic atmosphere of his hometown. Alfred, New York. He shared these traits often with his friends for many great experiences.

Chris will be missed by the company and by the other two members of the "Big 3" when he leaves Annapolis and heads for the skies of Pensacola.

JERRY D. HEDDEN

Upon his arrival from Eureka, California, Jerry quickly established himself as one of those fellows who would require much patience and careful training. Although his sharp mind put him in the rarified atmosphere of high QPR's, it often hindered his dealings with us regular minus brains. Still, many was the time when the "tutor of 24" rescued the unenlightened from academic darkness. His own homework was something that got done after midnight.

One day while Jerry was idly sewing patches on his famous B-robe, he was struck by the thought that his life needed more than another lecture by Prof. Calame. All his tries for true love read like a Greek tragedy until a certain gal named Mary Ann mellowed our man into the dyed in the Wuba, dead in the rack, live for the weekend, stud of today.

Dropping Marine Corps from consideration 2/c summer when, at Quantico, a casing from a flare chose his leg as a landing area, Jerry settled for driving submarines and will be a welcome addition to the nuke community.

24TH COMPANY

JOSEPH HOWARD HELLNER

Old "Smokin'" Joe Hellner came to Canoe U. from Detroit, Michigan via that Newport school for delinquents called NAPS. Along with an affinity for the French language, Joe has strong musical interests which include a love for jazz and the big band sound, spending a stint with the beaters and blowers (as a blower), Academy Choir tours, and being a once frequent visitor of Disco Dahlgren where he would make himself known to the ladies. Choosing the engineering physics major with an eye for going nuke subs, Joe takes with him the dear memories (some not so dear as others) of such instructors as Herr Professor Doctor Calame in quantum, and Prof. Milkman in engin. math. Joseph spent his summers seeing a great deal of the country, both on leave and cruise. Convinced of going boomers for his first tour of duty after taking a first class cruise aboard the attack sub U.S.S. OMAHA, we bid old "Smokin'" Joe a fond adieu from Crabtown, USA. Good luck in the fleet, Joe. We'll miss you.

SAMUEL THOMAS HICKS

". . . A practical engineer is one who perpetrates the mistakes of his predecessors."

Theodore von Karman

"Ed" can easily be called a true first class. He spends a lot of time on the rack. If the G.R.E. had asked questions about the T.V. Guide, Ed would have reached the 90 percentile mark. Though his grades were low he learned a great deal during his four year sentence. His knowledge expanded in all areas except academics. Ed is scheduled to have the ring put through his nose to go along with the collar around her neck, in June, after he graduates. Ed's big goals are to make Ensign someday and eventually to pay off a few debts. Ed does not let anything bother him. If he can make it through academics and rooming with a football player he will survive a couple of bankruptcies. Ed will someday have his own command . . ., a garbage scow out of Naples.

EDWARD RICHARD HUYER, JR.

24TH COMPANY

On a bright July morning Steve sailed into beautiful Annapolis, only to be met by "Tits" and then the fun began. After plebe summer it was all downhill except for Steve's newly acquired friend Timmy O'Hagan who he came to know only too well. Fortunately Steve did not let academics interfere with his education, as demonstrated by his many visits with the Academic Board. Athletically Steve excelled in hockey, before moving on to bigger and better things, such as intramurals and weekends. Finally, Steve has found and settled down with a green TR-7 and a few golden sodas on the weekends. No matter what Jenks does he will do well.

STEPHEN GREY JENKINS

JOHN FRANK KELLEY

Give me a molsen and my degree and I'll be gone.

LEO HENRY JONES, JR.

Black leather boots, gray pin-striped suit, black leather topcoat and a black suede hat with the brim turned down in front . . . . What's that? It sounds like a pimp's attire? You're right, it is. Known affectionately as the "Pimp of 24," Leo could always supply his friends with a girl. Unfortunately the girls he had on supply were either in Texas or California. Say does anybody "know the way to San Jose?"

Not all of Leo's time was spent on girls; his greatest love being his horn (not that horn dummy — his trumpet). It was a storybook romance until first class year rolled around and a chocolate-brown TR-7 became his one and only.

How he managed to maintain his QPR through this is one of the great mysteries; undoubtedly it had to do with his major, physics, and his lifestyle mellow. Navy uniforms are great and that is why Leo has sworn never to wear one needlessly, keeping his black leather coat in mothballs, ready for that far off date, May 30th, 1984 to arrive. Do suedaneya, Leo. Save a blonde for me.

24TH COMPANY

CRISTON EUGENE KLOTZ

Chris has managed to conclusively demonstrate one great truth during his stay at USNA — that humanoid life (of a sort) still exists in Kansas. Being one of the "decrepid old men" of the company (courtesy of USMC) has not really slowed the Ol' Dynamo down — he's still agile enough to get down for an excused squad chit (or his daily run around the yard). Chris has lived under the sword of Damocles (engagement) since the fall of the Tsars. (Sorry, Diane!) We've recently discovered that Chris speaks Russian in his sleep. (And you thought you took your major seriously!) Chris has developed a reputation as the local apostle of sailing, TR-7's, "Quicksilver Messenger Service," and high living (on a mid's salary???) If the warranty doesn't run out on his body, the marines will be in need of one less good man; Buena Suerte!

LARRY D. LEITER

"Stars" Marrs came to hardcore 24 from Godley, Illinois. Population 158. Upon arrival, he was amazed by the skyscraper that they called Mother "B" as well as the fun to be had inside. As soon as he got here that hot July day, he started sweating and continued on into the winter and for the next four years. His home away from home became the second floor of Nimitz. At Army youngster year he got hooked by a certain member of the female population of Annapolis and as he swore that it could never happen to him, she reeled him into a June Week wedding. He planned to go NVC at first, but he really loved flying at P-Cola. While at Quantico he had a great time crawling in the mud. Being color blind eliminated the first two choices and Debi eliminated the third, hoping to justify choosing M.E. as a major and burning all the late lights, he plans to enter the civil engineer corps.

RICHARD LEE MARRS

24TH COMPANY

Ed, alias McGoo, came to Annapolis to become a systems engineer, jeans, sneakers and all. He spent many hours at his desk because he felt obligated to do enough studying for himself and his roommate. His laugh (da-hee) and his impressive drinking ability will surely be remembered by all, even though he still doesn't know how he got back from Army plebe year. That wasn't the only time he lost his sense of direction. One evening when out with the boys, Ed proceeded down the wrong way of a four lane highway. How about those break down' lanes, Ed?

McGoo wasn't always sweatin' it, even though he did go through calculators like cases of MIB's. Visiting shelter island usually turned out to be a good weekend. His buddies could never eat the McGinn's out of house and home or drink more beer than could be supplied. Nor could they sink Ed's sailboat although many attempts were made.

Ed plans to never see the sun again when he heads to nuclear power school and then . . . . keep up the hard work. McGoo and remember us when you replace Hyman.

EDWARD F. MCGINN

JAMES HARLOW MOWER

James Harlow Mower came from behind the counter of the "Town Deli" in Andover, Massachusetts to Annapolis. He changed his dedication from corned beef and cold cut platters to sea power and chow calls. Being one of intellect, Jim chose to double major in management and technology. He became a prominent member of the excuse squad as a result of plebe wrestling. An admirer of "squash," Jim skydived youngster year discovering a "reserve clause" in his life insurance. Waiting to jump out of airplanes, Jim fell in love. Having second class academics "wired," Jim could always be found in Severna Park, at the popcorn popper, or yet another ECA meeting. First class year found Jim totally involved with ECA's, academics and honor. He could still be relied on for advice, encouragement or canned chocolate frosting. Following the "brussel sprout festival", "onion soup at midnight: and three bushels of apples, his room maintained a certain unique air about it. Jim is the man I'll always admire, the friendship I'll always cherish. Thank you.

LYLE K. MUELLER

Mules came to the banks of the Severn from the wild cornfields of the midwest. Through plebe summer Lyle succeeded in blending into the walls, a talent everyone wished they had. The high point of his first year came at Army where Lyle tried to mix a little sun with his Seagrams only to end up with dinner for a second time in one evening. But Mules had a more serious and studious side as shown by his appearance to the Ax-board with his good friend LTR and half of 24th Co. By the end of plebe year Lyle decided to change his strategy and did. Since then he has found a home in his Formula on his way to the wild cornfields of nuclear power.

24TH COMPANY

PHILIP CHARLES PIROZZI

Phil came from the busy streets of New York City, giving up his beard and stylish painters pants for a set of Navy blues. Phil was shocked to find he had to do four years of hard labor just to soar in the heavens which is his life's dream. Majoring in aerospace engineering, Phil found enough time to skipper a navy yawl for two years and eventually wind up as a varsity yawl team captain. Keeping a low profile in the company was Phil's style but he was always willing to exchange insults with any bold taker that he would encounter daily. Although flying is Phil's first love, his second love is Italian food which is only matched in his love for the rack. Phil has indicated that what he will miss most about USNA is nothing. He has also indicated that he will never fly in this direction again. If Phil flies as many missions in his F-18 as he did steerage runs he will become a seasoned pilot. Happy flying Phil!

SAMUEL D. PRATTON

Sam, affectionately known as Max by his buddies, came to USNA from the Tri-cities of Washington State. He was suspected of being a "neck" when he went through plebe year with no demerits, but when we found out about his love for the outdoors (the schoolyards, the church grounds, and the Eastport woods) our opinion of him was changed, and he quickly became a member of the "Big 3."

Max has been a good friend, and the life of many parties. Some of his more memorable showings were at Larry's Tavern, the Old Mill Inn, and during the Orono Experience!

Sam brought his first love back to Annapolis with him for his final year — his black '57 Chevy. Unfortunately nobody got to see it for a month, because it burnt the first day back, and had to go into the shop for repairs. It was back on the road soon, though, and provided the "Big 3" and King Coleman, with plenty of room for cruisin'.

After graduation, Sam will be heading south for Pensacola, to become a NFO. We all wish him the best of luck, and continued success.

Paul came here from one vacation town, Plantation just outside Fort Lauderdale to another, Annapolis. He came looking for the glamour of the Naval Academy, the good college life, and girls. He was a half for three. He played club Rugby for four years and managed to avoid any major injury. He didn't do so well at the Rugby parties. As President of the USNA Big Brothers and Sisters "P.J." deftly kept the club running and when in the yard with his little brothers and sister he kept people wondering, "are they or are they not really his?" After four years of intensive studying and girl watching Paul's eyes went bad keeping him from a plane's front seat. Undaunted he decided maybe it's better to be telling someone how and where to drive from the back seat or the bridge. We're sure Paul will do well once he hits the fleet and wish him lots of luck.

PAUL J. REESE, JR.

24TH COMPANY

Mark, the Magilla, came to Annapolis with football and women on his mind. He minored in finding the gouge and monored in systems engineering. Mark was always willing to lend a hand. Especially with a friend's chow package.

Second class year he finally took the big blue seriously and broke into the starting lineup. He proved himself as Navy's other defensive end with a fine game against Michigan. When not chasing quarterbacks Mark could be found down at Mary Washington College with the only person (female) who could control him.

Mark established a record at the Academy by never missing a Monday night football game. When not taking life easy down at the river, he could usually be found taking life easy in the rack. He had a unique formula for getting the most out of what little work he did.

Mark's diligent four year effort should prove to be adequate preparation for the beaches of Pensacola and the life of a pilot.

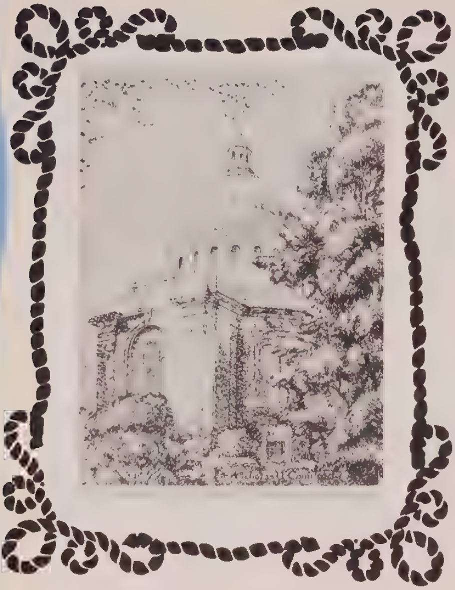
MARK DAVID STEPHENS

RICHARD DEAN TOBEY

Throughout the years here at Canoe U., Dick — alias Shorty, alias Baldy, alias Tobes — has earned a reputation of doing everything at 100%, including saying what is on his mind. This was shown the most with his constant devotion to the Drum and Bugle Corps. Water Polo and racquetball were his favorite sports; his main regret was having to sacrifice Polo Club for the D&B. His classmates in 24 will remember him for his receding hairline, signals scores and room selections, taking his horn into the shower with him, and always complaining about something. His name is immortalized by Wilder's famous saying! "Hey everybody, Tobey's in love."

CALVIN A. WILDER, JR.

No one has had a better time cruising through four years of the Academy than Rick. Taking life as casually as possible, the system has changed him very little. We should all learn something from Rick: Lay back, take things a little easier, everything will work out in the end.



THE CHAPEL

25TH COMPANY

JON W. BAYLESS

Hailing from the "Big D" Baymore quickly was accepted into the USNA by his plebe year statement "the Red-who-skins?" Two-three Jon boy, pseudo-engineer, has now given up the fun life for his S.I. program which lasts until Gigs wants to go out to the plugged nickel for a few quick ones. J.B., 25th Company's own manipulator, can get anyone to think, act, or say anything he wants them to. It was the summer after 3/C year when Jon-boy met his wife Beth. Though he's 2000 miles away, sees her but three times a year and takes abuse from his single bachelor buddies for being faithful and married, he made it official Christmas 2/c year by getting engaged. Always a quiet person Jon departs this normal behavior in order to openly express his true love and feelings for Beth. We all hope him the best in life and that he has a happy and healthy family. See you in Pensacola!!

Although he's had close encounters with the Infamous Tree, the one-in-a-million-blind-date and the Sibling Syndrome, the Blue Bomber's true loves are still Marian, the Widgets and Walter P. Chicago Heights has managed to produce 25th Company's sports trivia expert. If Tim isn't studying or working out, he can be found pouring over the statistics of The Clan back home.

During plebe summer, Tim fought his way into the finals of the Boxing Smoker. Besides playing lacrosse for the Battalion, Tim found time (in his 4 year stay at USNA) to play football, basketball and softball for EZ-25.

Studying too much has also paid off the Blueman. His rewards for taking an "easy" major like Ops Analysis are two little gold stars on his SDB lapels. His reward for surviving two plebe summers in Annapolis is a brass "E" for his pocket.

But don't think that 4 years here is enough! The Party Wagon will make many trips from Quantico to Annapolis for Navy football, Navy Lax, Navy B-Ball, Navy track, and so on, and so on, and so on . . . .

TIMOTHY R. BLUE

25TH COMPANY

Andres Brugal (alias Vidal Brugoon, Rick Valour, Emerson Brugapaldi, etc., etc. . . .) is the rather rotound pride of Manhassett, N.Y. whose sole purpose at the Naval Academy was to have a good time. Drew always preferred the easy life. He could usually be found in either the company wardroom or the rack; his Academy wardrobe consisted of one pair of white works and he considered excuse squad the only way to go.

Drew ran his personal life with a sort of continental flare. Drew's taste in clothing was expensive (Peerless will hate to see him leave), his taste in sports cars somewhat inept but his taste in women was always impeccable. One night while cruising the scene at disco Dahlgren, Drew met the woman of his dreams. Never being one to rush into things, Drew waited a whole three weeks before he asked her to marry him. The engagement caused drastic changes in Drew's lifestyle. He found that he had to start spending more time with his fiancee than he did looking at himself in the mirror. Nevertheless, Drew was able to adapt and is planning to get married in June. We want to wish Drew the best of luck in the future and on the O' Course at Pensacola.

ANDREW ARMANDO BRUGAL

PETER L. CARRIER

Geekable-tweekable, lovingly known to 25 Co. as Swing, began USNA with a 4.0 and since then has deteriorated to his 3.89 cum. "Big-eyes", Virginia's equal to Washington's Big Foot quickly discovered his amazing ability to go out drinking with the boys and how footlong cigars added to his enjoyment. His roomie, Gigs, quickly learned how to roll jelly-buns back to his room and insure that wedgies window was open to facilitate Swing's desire to get fresh air. A bead from I-Day he quickly attained stars on his collars after passing his applied strength test 2/c year. Desiring something of his to be muscular he decided on a Vette but now does it all in a Trans. Without an A.N. date he went out and met his J. W. chick at the Hotel-Bravo Dahlgren and quickly learned of the enjoyment of Saturday night religious services and why ministers do have more fun. After great deliberation with Mom, two weeks later womb-guy got engaged. Seriously, there's no person finer than P.L who's always there to support you and lend an ear. He's a beautiful person who we all respect, admire and wish the best too.

ERIK N. CHRISTENSEN

After years of dreaming about attending the Naval Academy, Erik Niels Christensen finally achieved his goal. He left his little town of Irwin in the hills of western Pennsylvania for the harbor of Crabtown. Erik immediately went out for track and lettered in every season, becoming the best shot putter and discus thrower in the history of the Academy. As captain of the Track Team, he spends most of his waking hours in "The Pit" training for the NCAA's, but you can be sure "OG" never misses a meal! Erik has done well as an Ocean Engineering major even though he values his full night's sleep above all else. Summer leave has always brought travel adventures to this Viking-blooded Dane whose journeys are almost legendary. After making sure than an SSN could accommodate his "humongous" frame, Erik decided to choose submarines as his service selection. Hoping for the blessing of Admiral Rickover, Erik expects to become part of the nuclear program and be stationed on Hawaii with all those hula girls!

25TH COMPANY

JAMES BRIAN HILLAN

Leaving the good life of a case of grain belt and a '57 Chevy back in Minneapolis, Jim came to Crabtown after spending a year busting up bars at NAPS. He survived plebe year with nothing worse than an obsession for brushoffs. But three weeks spent jumping out of perfectly good airplanes must have jarred something loose because Jim did not have a real youngster year. Instead of enjoying life Jim stayed up late most nights outlining his books in so many colors that they looked like the NBC peacock and drinking more coffee than Juan Valdez could grow in a lifetime. But he never missed his daily workout and has spent his winters slashing at people as a varsity fencer. Jim wants to fly, although his wings have been clipped somewhat by a California beauty named Loren. Very professional and hardworking, Jim is a good man to have on your side. But just in case, Jim, why don't you paint your plane bright orange like your porsche so we can be forewarned.

OHLEN MICHAEL HUNT

Ohlen came to us from St. Louis, Illinois (?). From the start "O" fit right in with the lifestyle of easy 25. Being a regular nonconformist he decided that he could improve on the wonderful life we enjoyed and found his way to permanent excused squad. He was always one for using his time wisely, rarely around on weekends, making sure the plebes (ettes) had plenty to worry about, checking out the tube and the comfort of the wardroom furniture, and, if his rack was loaded with too much junk, he would even study a little bit. NPQ was the biggest reward this place could give to "O" and he is eagerly making plans for Supply Corps. Being a big hit with the girls from Hood, "O" managed to get himself permanently attached to one of them. With a life of ease as his norm we can be sure that Ohlen will find the Navy an "easy" place to live and we wish him luck for the rest of his career.

Hailing from Muncie, Indiana, Dave followed in his brother's footsteps and came to the boat school on the Severn. Dave quickly acquired the name of Megabek because of his lound and annoying voice. Meg had aspirations of being a varsity athlete but had to settle for intramurals where he led 5th Batt. to Brigades in Wrestling and Weightlifting. Being one of the original olympians, Dave has spent many hours in Olympus developing his body and preparing for competition with his arch-rival "The Tags." Because of his muscular physique Dave is affectionately referred to as "The Hulk" and will crab on demand. Dave's roommates were jinxed as four of his first five are no longer with us. Second class year turned out good for Dave as he achieved stars on his collars and met the queen of disco Dahlgren. Since that eventful night he has spent all of his time with Vicky and Rex, the girl and car of his dreams. Dave is a truly great guy and we wish him the best in the years ahead.

DAVID J. JERABEK

25TH COMPANY

Mark, known as "Ku" to us all, hails from Cleveland, Ohio. Having turned down his acceptance at Princeton, Mark has managed to make the best of things here at Navy.

Mark has developed the ability to work hard and play hard. Many times he has crawled back from a "gamber" dance where all you do is down a fifth and then chase the women around the dance floor.

Many things have played a major role in Mark's four years here: his roommates, his impersonations, P.J., Carol, the green monster, and a certain paperweight (which came flying through his windshield at about 100 MPH.)

Socially Mark has managed a significant feat; in the four years he has been here he has dated three girls and of these three he has been engaged to two of them (fortunately not both at the same time). Luckily, Carol has finally pinned him down and they have plans for a June wedding.

The education and experiences have made a better person of Mark and of us all.

MARK A. KUHARIK

WILLIAM BRUCE MARTIN

There are some things that a man just has to do. For myself, coming to the Academy and walking out of the front door with a degree in my hand was one of those things; playing 150 lb. football in spite of the pounds it meant losing was another. And now it is over. We emerge victorious from one arena and step into another that won't be much more forgiving. Thank goodness we will have classmates, good friends, spread around the globe to help us when we are down. I will always remember you guys and hope that you will remember me. God remembers and as a famous guy named Paul once said, "What can we say to this? If God is for us, who is against us?"

TIMOTHY D. MOON

Tim came from a small town with big ideas. But he soon found out that his ideas were too big. With Systems Engineering he bit off more than he could chew. Being a pretty boy, Tom thought he's spend most of his time fighting off women. Instead he found himself fighting for weekends. Being too small for the big boys, Tim went out for 150's, but he spent most of his time resting up for his big chance. When they finally let him take to the field with his speed, he saw plenty of playing time, but come the following season he was overlooked again. Too bad the coaches made the same mistake twice, but Tim wasn't satisfied with being on only one varsity team. After football, Mooner went out for the swim team and specialized in one event, survival. But getting right down to it, Tim is a great guy and we all wish him the best of luck.

25TH COMPANY

TIMOTHY M. MULCARE

When "Mulc" left Virginia Beach to come to the Severn School for aspiring seamen, little did he know of the great things he was destined to achieve. Plebe year saw him writing letters to a dozen different girls every week. Youngster year saw Tim over at disco D meeting a dozen new girls every week. Second class year saw a drastic change which enabled him to partake of some of the finer privileges allowed him. In other words, he moved into the company wardroom and only came out once a week to memorize the new T. V. Guide. "Mulc's" study habits caught up with him first class year though, when he made Moke's list and received woodchip honors.

The memories are endless and, like Tim himself, will never be forgotten.

TIMOTHY JOHN NAGLE

"Nages," came to us from Madison, Wisconsin, via a year of partying at Notre Dame. Tim immediately became a hard-charger here at the Academy by taking a double major (History and German) and rowing crew off and on for four years. He will be remembered most for his great sense of humor and quick wit. Tim was always ready with a witty comment (whether you wanted to hear it or not). He was one of the most sophisticated members of our group. He listened to Mozart, smoked a Danish pipe, wore tweed jackets and drove a Mercedes. Fortunately he was only sophisticated during the week and on the weekends he became a complete derelict. Tim became a confirmed surface jock after a foreign exchange cruise with the Danish Navy. Unfortunately, he doesn't realize that LST's aren't sail-powered and don't serve beer. Always ready for a good time no matter what the situation, Tim won't soon be forgotten. He is the type of man who succeeds at whatever he attempts. Good luck and remember, saltines work wonders when the waves get rough.

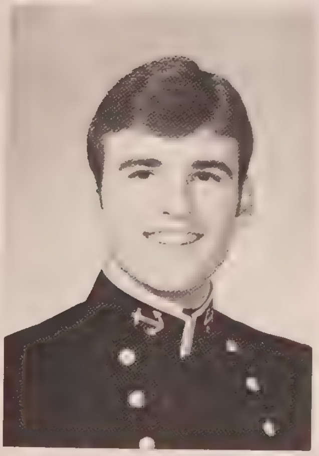
"Harvey" hails from the steel and iron city of Pittsburgh, coming to USNA ready to put out for Navy. Fortunately, he was able to excel without too much effort. Too tight to buy a stereo, he decided to build his own. At least it fit in his budget. His greatest pastime, after taking cables, has become checking the values of his collection of resistors and inductors wires. Always on hand for some much needed gouge for us LTM's he was a friend when needed. The Co. computer rep., it was rumored that he had "an understanding" with the computer. Harvey never ceased to amaze his classmates with his ability to consume gallons of wardroom coffee, usually black, or his habit of lighting up in the morning before turning his alarm off or opening his eyes. Despite his love of the easy life, Harvey has decided to honor Rickover's program with his presence, but above the water, not below. We wish him luck in his career.

JEFFREY T. NEWMASTER

25TH COMPANY

Justino, a native of southern Philly, came to USNA after cramming four years of high school into one year of NAPS. Wasting no time, Justin quickly joined that popular fraternity of Easy 25. Throughout his freshman and sophomore year, Justin had trouble communicating with people. Thinking that a different language would help, Justin chose to major in Chinese and minor in Italian. Although it didn't improve his problem, it did help him achieve President of the Chinese Club and selection for the Forex Cruise to Italy. Throughout his stay, Justin could be found standing in a six foot square cage allowing a hard ball to be thrown at him. It must have been a worthwhile habit, because it earned him a varsity letter and the name of "Ratman." His senior year, Justin decided to give up academics for auto mechanics. It was through this move that Justin learned about cars and the art of "firefighting." For service selection, Justin chose teaching in Italy, but for some reason he received his second choice — Navy Air.

JUSTIN PAVONI



GREGORY GEORGE ROMANOFF

Gigs, also known as "Romer" and the "Great Signo" (old Jerabekian derivation), arrived in Crabtown in the summer of '75 from the Pacific Northwest. Midshipman 4/c Romanoff had high abitions plebe year but 145 demos by Christmas hindered his first year progress. Greg was destined to lead his classmates though as evidenced by five stripes second class year and a company commander position first class year. Romer will always be remembered for pornographic skiing, trips to the library youngster year to meet an older sister named Tony, second class parking on Main Street, an outstanding first class cruise, tree climbing in the sixth wing parking lot, sucking up the vain brews, rooting for the Seahawks in vain but watching a Huskie Rosebowl victory, the Nancy experience and the Donna ordeal, and eighty bucks in traffic tickets accumulated in one night's driving. We all hope Greg meets that lucky girl and wish him the best of everything in Naval Aviation.

WILLIAM KARL RUCKER

Bill arrived from Teylor, Michigan and promptly set out to do great things. In just four years he became a former athlete, a former musician and a former all-American boy. Actually the music is still there, he plays lead guitar for two-five Dead heads. Bill spent most of his time in extra-academy activities such as playing frisbee and studying Philo. For service selection, Bill opted for a tour in the Bolivian Navy. Is that really a choice, Bill? Anyway, we wish him the best of luck and smooth sailing.

"Life is a sine wave so hop on and ride it."

25TH COMPANY

TOM RUTH

In "cool guy 25" Tom was known as "T-Bone," "Roots," "T.R.," or just plain hell-of-a-guy. I mean who could dislike one of the most amiable fellows to step his flat feet onto the good ship Bancroft. Not an academic wiz (Tom had trouble with Wires I, Wires I, Wires II . . . .). However, Tom was a stud sportster. He led assorted company and battalion teams to championships each year while trying out for and *barely* not making two different varsity teams. Tom, perhaps the only Mid in Academy history to survive on roommates' stereos alone for four years, was known for getting psyched down for weekends. He would always make plans with about ten different people and end up canceling them all because he couldn't decide which to do. Often seen tooling around in his "White Bomb" (a vintage 1969 Toyota Corona Deluxe) blowing down the ducks, Rudie survived not only wires, steam, roommates in space tilt, Bob T., and Mike "Bong" Ryan. Tom's easy going personality (the only guy to never make an enemy at the Academy) will *FARE* him *WELL* in his career in the Supply . . . . I mean SURFACE LINE.

BRIAN LEE SANBORN

Live from Walnut Creek, California . . . it's Brian Sanborn! One of the original 25th. Co. Dead Heads, Brian spent most of his time in extra-Academy activities such as watching the plants grow and playing frisbee. Backgammon seemed to be his most intense mental activity but athletically as a Navy polo player he excelled. For service selection, 5 years TAD in Alameda seemed to suit him just fine. Unfortunately, the Navy said he has to do something, so why not fly high in Pensacola as a pilot, it's something to do anyway. Good luck, and keep away from that yellow sun.

Slow walking, slow talking John. Never in his four years at the Academy has John wasted one ounce of energy. He is totally efficient, and talk about powerful, you only have to listen to him tell you about his feats of strength to know what power he wields.

Since I promised John I wouldn't mention the appendage between his eyes, I won't, instead I'll let it speak for itself.

The only thing I have never figured out John, is how come with your great looks you aren't in the movies?

JOHN F. SCHNEIDER

25TH COMPANY

Greatness comes to those that dare to
sweat . . .
Dare to strain . . .
And dare the pain.

LAWRENCE JOSEPH TAGGART

BOB TATA

Perhaps good guy Bob took a wrong turn on his way to William and Mary. Whatever, he ended up dazed and on football T-tables. Always on the go, Bobby was, and presumably still is, a firm believer in the T-day weekend. "Barnacle" Bob's (figure it out Gang) mathmatical philosophy is natural intelligence + instinctive cunning + minimum effort + maximum gouge = graduation.

Somehow Bob managed to pry himself away from assorted football groupies to kick more and longer field goals than anyone in Academy history. No one will forget his clutch performances vs. Air Force and Boston College or his Banner Senior Year. When not kicking or studying real hard Bob could be found flying his "Bird" with a few dozen ducks (that's malt) and his share of H.B.S. at his side. Always trying sometimes succeeding in juggling from Va. Beach hometown to a certain coed or a couple of locals. Bob will always be remembered at USNA. Not only for his football heroics, his reign as varsity club emperor, and his carefree attitude but for being a true friend to many.

LEE TILTON

"Spaceman" Lee beamed into the Naval Academy from Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Lee spent his first two years basking in anonymity. This four year quest was not to be however, as "Tilt Man" spent his third and fourth years starring on the pommel horse for Navy's gymnastic team. Lee's unbelievable energy was infamous in easy two-five. A firm believer in the twenty-six hour day, if he wasn't busy in gymnastics, Lee could be found doing physics, listening to the dead, running, rambling out to Chris', or reading "Poon." Lee solved the problem of not enough time by simply not sleeping. His first visit to the wardroom was first class year as Lee's usual subsistance was on a diet of apples and crumbs. Being an easy-going person, Admiral Rickover and Chris are both lucky that the "spaceman" has chosen earth as his permanent home.

25TH COMPANY

BRYAN S. WILLIAMS

"BS" arrived at the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology from Elizabethton, Tenn., via NAPS. As if that wasn't punishment enough, he chose to become an M.E. through his tutelage of Rocket Read, Prof. Keith, Bang 'em Bangert, Prof. Bell, and last and surely least, three semesters of Wild Bill. It's no BS that BS definitely earned his BS from BS (Boat School).

His efforts were not solely limited to the world of academia, however. He self-aqualized underwater with the Scuba Club and into a microphone for WRNV. BS shot his gun for varsity pistol and swung his club for varsity golf. In spite of all this, he remains one of the few "easy" bachelors. But he has strong desires and hopes to fulfill in the future.

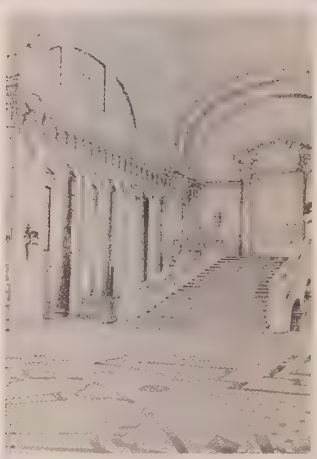
After graduation, he intends to head for Pensacola. BS should make a good pilot since he has logged quite a few hours of "flying low" in the red hot Nova.

Museums all over the country will be open extra hours when BS gets loose.

MARK R. WINSOR

During Plebe Year, everyone had trouble telling Mark apart from his two roommates, since the three of them were all quiet and skinny and wore glasses. Since then, however, this native of Wilmington, Delaware, has had no identification problem. He quickly emerged as the top brain of Easy Two-Five and his room often resembled a convention hall for gouge-seekers. A glutton for punishment, Mark majored in both Mechanical and Marine Engineering. Many thought that Mark should have played bass guitar for Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band instead of playing sailor for Uncle Sam. When he wasn't paging through a thermo book or strumming his guitar, Mark could be seen on the intramural field, giving his all for Navy in football, basketball, softball, or squash. With all of his smarts, it is only natural that Mark go Nuke Power. I am sure he will find it a piece of cake.

ROTUNDA STAIRS



26TH COMPANY

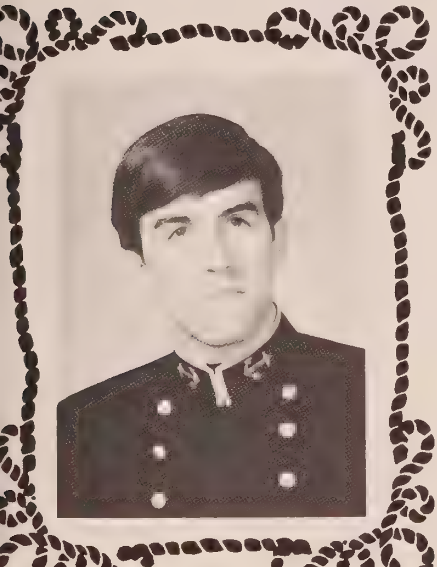
Graduating from the Naval Academy must have been the farthest thing from Drew's mind when he arrived in the United States from Colombia 11 years ago. It's been a long, hard struggle, but his persistence and confidence carried him through.

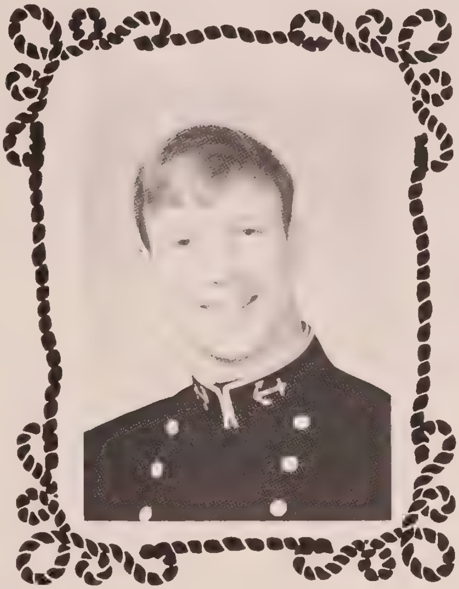
Fondly known to his classmates as "Burro," 'Drew was always willing to lend a helping hand in any way possible. Kindness, consideration and generosity were traits which made him among the company's most well-liked individuals.

When 'Drew found time from studying, he enjoyed squash, photography, and working on his car. Of course, he maintained the highest traditions of the U. S. Naval Academy by being a smooth lady's man.

Whether 'Drew's choice be service with the Colombian Navy or the U. S. Navy, the avenues are paved for a promising future.

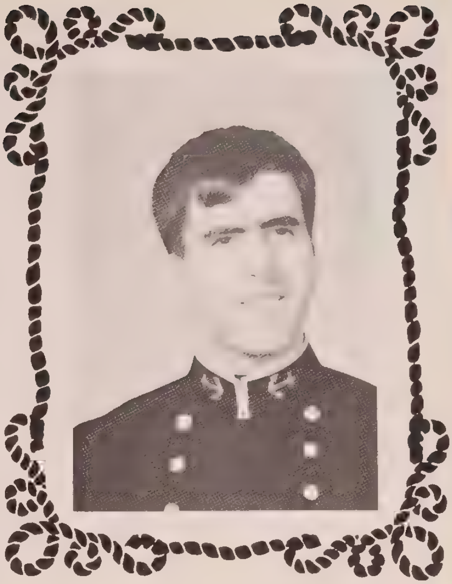
ANDREW WILLIAM ACEVEDO





JOHN ROBERT ALBISO

Beaner hails from South Kitsap, Washington, and began his navy adventure as a hotshot electronics technician on beautiful Treasure Island. An academic wizard at NAPS, John chose a double major at Canoe U., Management and Technology, two interesting fields he occasionally found time for between ripping peoples' legs off on the fieldball field and concentrated bouts of very serious partying anywhere he could lay his mighty paws on a cold anything. Well known for senseless violence and uncontrolled rage, all who have come to love Beaner realize that beneath his cold, cruel exterior lies a heart of solid ice. John and I roomed together for four years probably because we're the only people in the company who could stand each other. Seriously though, John is one hell of a great guy and I'm sure that one day he will end up in jail somewhere or hiding out from the nukes in the wilds of the Berkshire Lodge. I wish you nothing but the best Beaner cause in four years we've become more than just roomies; we've become brothers.



TOMAS CONDON AMIRAULT

Tom, otherwise known as Rault, or Dr. Bizzar, entered the Annapolis country day school from the Massachusetts North Shore with great visions of seadogs, salty sea air, wild women in every port, deep thought, and infinite freedom. His ways of thinking have changed very little since that time. He is definitely a bizzar, excentric individual who never tires of wild dreams and stories of the unknown backed by real life experience. His extensive knowledge in an infinite number of fields has lead him to being a violent pacifist, a seeker of the intangible, and a naturalist of the most intellectual sort. "The Magic Bus," a vintage Volkswagon camper with an unbelievable character and history, often carries him to where the sun never sets, the stars are on his fingertips, and a shooting moon is an everyday occurrance. He dreams of escaping the nuclear holocast on a commune in the Canadian Rockies where men are men, life is for living, and enjoyment stems from the heart and the soul. In his search for truth Dr. Bizzar has slept unsheltered in the Rockies, stolen the hearts of commander's wives, both terrified and mystified his subordinates, downed many sixes of Olympia beer, and ultimately encountered someone named Grace, who he claims was sent directly from the heavens.

26TH COMPANY

SCOTT JOSEPH BELANGER

Scott Belanger ran down from Baltimore for an adventure, not just a job. The majority of his first two and a half years were spent running on cross country, and indoor and outdoor track. Then, during 2nd class year, Scott and his roommate had a serious talk about his social life. It was decided that Scott's rebellious nature should be unleashed upon the Brigade. And so it was . . . his running ability was put to more constructive purposes, like real burger runs. When the Toyota arrived, Scott spent more time driving and very little time on his feet. With his improved social life, Scott fell head over heels for a lovely named Lauren. Scott enjoyed practicing to be a first class during 2nd class year. A black N star didn't slow him down in the least. Scott lives life to the fullest, that's why Navy Air is boss. Or should we flunk out of SWOS school? We've made the most of our short time here. We'll be there with Navy Air.

JONATHAN PACE BRAZEE

Krazy hails from Des Moines, Iowa, as well as nearly every other state in the Union. In fact, as a plebe he shocked the upperclass when he confessed that he didn't know where his parents lived at the time. He was very popular with the upperclass, regularly visiting them at "come arounds and quickly becoming an Embo patrol veteran. But by choosing to major in Chinese, things began to improve. By day he achieved criticality with his rack and by night turned into a wardroom fixture. He also found time to get onto the Rugby field or the wrestling loft to "weasle" out a letter. Weekends were spent under a silk canopy in the sky or at local colleges that specialized in co-eds. Known throughout the Brigade as a friend to weird animals, he also enjoys spending summer leave at such vacation meccas as Fort Benning and BUD/S. He should eventually regain his sanity and with that in mind we wish him the best of luck in his career.

Orginating in the city of the blundering bengals, the Cincinnati Kid was commonly referred to as "Rack" Burns, owing to those mysterious Rays caught while bathing on the "Blue" beach. Hank's plebe and youngster year motto "early to bed, late to rise, makes a Mid healthy, wealthy, and smart" was demonstrated in pure olympian form by his stellar performance of a 4.0. But second class year brought on a whole new reformation as this brother became a stalwart calvinist, taking delight in the sovereignty of God and the law of the Lord. It was also during this year that he roomed with Lampshade, another helpless and hapless wretch. Yet God had mercy on them, and welded them into closer brothers. Hank was also a member of the Grace Church bunch, travelling 120 miles a weekend to hear the word of God preached. Road time well spent. First class year brought two stripes as platoon commander, as well as a trip to the promised land of Texas for a look at the good life. In the future he plans to go air, but this world is not his home; he's just flying through.

HENRY FRANK BURNS

26TH COMPANY

It was a hot July day when Park Ridge, Illinois' finest, Mike Eriksen reported to USNA. As one of the "dozen," Lief quickly settled in to major in gymnastics and minor in Oceanography. After a shaky academic start plebe year — wasn't that a great Christmas leave? — Clyde and Bernice's boy shot up near the 3.0 mark and has stayed there ever since. Mike couldn't wait to climb Herndon Monument and thus led the company in celebrating that memorable day — really Lief did it have to splash on that firstie's stereo? — Youngster year brought about a big change in Mike's life as gymnastics took second place to Christ. A broken hand brought an early end to the gymnastic season, but failed to discourage Mike as he eagerly looked forward to Second Class year and "wires." Lief's dedication and professionalism was rewarded First Class Year with three stripes and the captaincy of the gymnastics team. Following graduation, Lief intends to follow in the wake of his ancestors and sail the Seven Seas with the Navy's mighty fine surface line.

MICHAEL CLYDE ERIKSEN

DAVID ARTHUR FREY

Batavia, Illinois' accelerator lab goofed one day and sent a local good-for-nothing flying straight to rack city, and racking has been banana pants' favorite excuse ever since the first day of the last real plebe summer. Good old duty conscious Dave slept through his first official watch in the Navy. Most of us here sweating first set plebe summer while Dave was sitting back getting a nice rush. The summer ended in a nightmare for the company's only real Bear fan. He was once seen being chased by a big black gorilla just before Parents' Weekend. Dave's plebe year was highlighted by a very necessary trade — one Grode for a big hunk of Horsemeat. Youngster year was remembered for a couple mistakes. He roomed with Lief the Nose and began the long road to become a Narch. Dave had a problem — he liked getting hurt. He was always either out on the Batt. football field or kicking himself when he received his grade print-outs. I just hope he has better luck intercepting enemy aircraft than he does ballistic bananas.

WILLIAM TODD HARRIS

Toad is about the only guy from Texas who doesn't constantly advertise the fact. An advocate of extra-curricular activities, during plebe year he was a member of good standing in the EMBO patrol, and he missed the Grand Slam in subsquads each year by barely failing the requirements for the Aqua Rocks. Known for his collection of 4.0's, his labs and gouge sessions helped many of us get through wires and weapons. Despite his academic pursuits, he could often be found late at night fulfilling his requirements as a wardroom rat. Living with the Grode for two years would affect any normal human being, but Toad seemed to take it in stride with only minor repercussions. His favorite vacation spot is Subic Bay and after two summers, he has become quite a personality among the folks there. No matter where Todd decides to go, there is little doubt that he will be right in the front of the pack, slowing down only to show the rest of the Navy.

26TH COMPANY

JOE PAUL HARTIGAN

Joe Paul is listed in the latest volume of Who's Nobody in Texas, and he's damn proud of it. After high school he tried to trade in his unicorns for long horns, but instead he ended being a coach for Big Gold. Being a foreign national from the Lone Star state, Joe has had a hard time adjusting to Academy life. After four years he still keeps his clock on Texas time.

Joe is really unique. He's the only bald mid who was fried for his hair. Who else but "Razorback Joe" would (Boomer) Sooner look at pictured of pick-up trucks than pictures of girls? He spent two years resisting that Big Beat, and he finally made it. He must be the only Catholic who hates the Kelly green and gold of Notre Dame. He still doesn't believe that a Texan is just a Mexican on his way to Oklahoma. But Joe is really a good guy. I just hope his grandchildren forgive him for wanting to kill Bambi. REAH!

SAMUEL CURTIS HULL

Not too many people had the pleasure of knowing Sam. He had a huge capacity to enjoy simple things. Belonging to an elite, two man organization known as the "twenty sixth company losers," he and his roommate "Bow-fish," could be seen on any Saturday night during first class year in Arnold's eating a "Midshipman's marvel." Oddly enough he had a great time. With a great sense of humor, he made it through the twilight zone majoring in English while looking forward to a career in the Corps. The Academy missed its chance to have Sam as Brigade Commander but the Marines won't be able to overlook his amazing leadership abilities and he'll probably make Commandant in twenty years. Yep, of all the people I know, Sam's one of 'em.

This local product of "Bawlimer" quickly adapted to Academy life due to his fastidious preparation at Poly. Too bad they didn't have an alcohol program there. He would have never mistaken the third stall in the 6-1 head for his rack one night. "Fish" met some of his closest friends in good ole 26: Wally, D.N., Moshe, and Irwin. Often confused with the other Kevin Jackson, he explains that his middle name is Bodacious. While we're on the subject, Kevin has an affinity for mountains. Why else would he do such a bizarre thing as hitch-hike to California just to see a couple of hills? He loved his material science book so much that he decided to make it a permanent part of his room 4154. Seriously, Kevin has learned a lot here. After his usual fish tendencies led him to buy a 1962 car for $5,000, he tried to sell it to a fellow fish for $5800. Wait till he finds out there's no NUKE AIR program at Pensacola. Hymie is losing a good man.

KEVIN BRIAN JACKSON

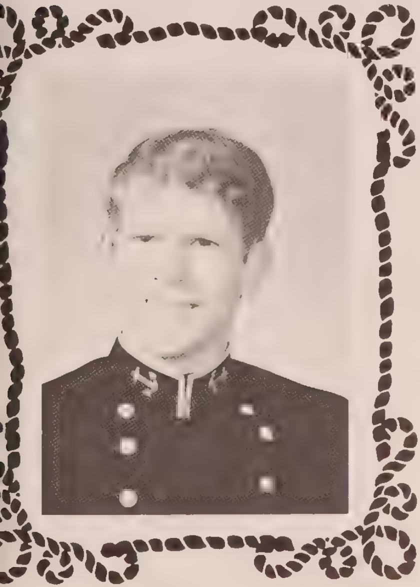
26TH COMPANY

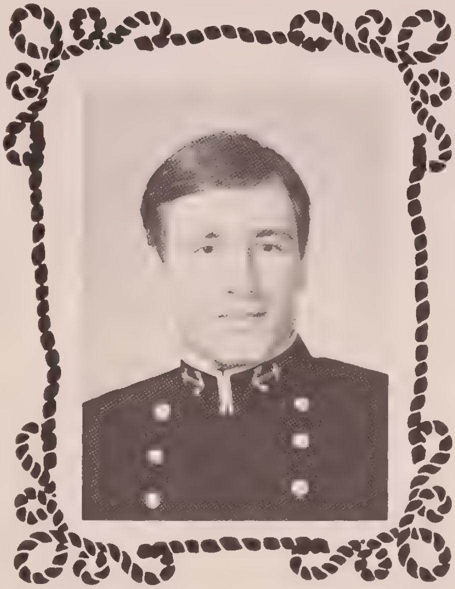
Steve came to the banks of Canoe U. from the sunny beaches of Florida, which is to say the local climate and atmosphere did not always agree with his disposition. None the less he never let the happy surroundings of Mother B detour him from his one goal in life, and that was never let work interfere with play.

During his four years here, Steve may have done a few things that some people would consider rather foolish such as being one of five who decided to split 37 pitchers one night plebe year, or how about the five day party over army (youngster year) where Steve and his roommate somehow forgot to eat. Not all of "The Spaceman's" escapades were in this vein, however, he was one of the few known well enough in Timmy's to get table service (that is he wasn't playing "catagories"). Plebe and youngster year Steve found no place was too far to walk if you really wanted to get there (New York, Virginia, D.C.), but to go fast you could always skateboard down a mountain with a back-pack.

After graduation Steve will be heading for the clouds in Navy Air; may he always stay crazy and continue to live life to the fullest.

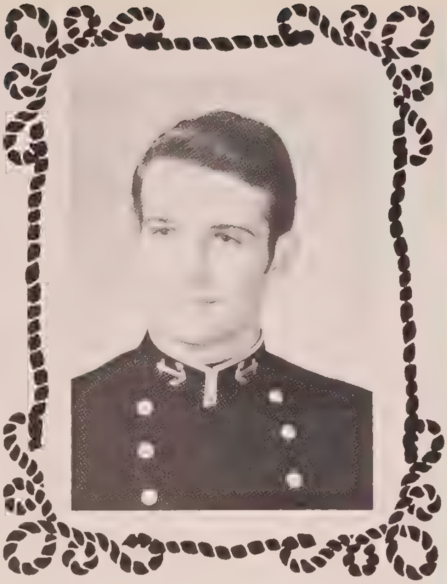
STEVEN CHARLES JONES





PAUL MICHAEL KAUS

Paul M. (for Miller) Kaus has come a long way since leaving high school. After a wasted year (was it ever!) at the University of Virginia, he transferred to Navy. But he never forgot what he learned at U. Va., as evidenced by the Semi-Annual Class of '79 parties at his house. After a plebe year of trying not to fall out of the top rack, Paul developed into a fearless company commander, since he already knew what three-striper libs were all about ("Baseball? I'll meet you at Weems!"). But he still remembers study hour, even if it is only one night a week. He learned how to lead men early, having been ComBegoRon in Gator Hunt Two. Paul has class, too. He already needs a two car garage, and his mess dress with Adidas on his Little Feet was a real success. Hog will do well in the fleet. After 3½ years of living with the other Hog, everyone knows he can put up with just about anything.



DOUGLAS HOWARD KAYE

Doug came to the shores of the Severn from Long Beach, Mississippi, though he calls Jacksonville, Florida home now. Ratey to the hilt, his escapades plebe summer earned him the nickname "Phantom." His other notable expolits of plebe year include a "walk" to New York with spaceman and a record setting performance in Dahlgren where he imbibed thirty-seven pitchers of the good-ole three-two with four buddies during June Week. Youngster year army was another experment with mend bending: five days without food or sleep, but plenty of drink. Easter saw the Phantom skateboarding down the side of a mountain. Sometimes without the skateboard. Segundo summer saw the acquistion of the average white van, which was broken-in soon after in one of many excursions to the Shenandoahs. In February, the Phantom took a little circular trip in it, which sent his head spinning so much that he's fallen for the female-type human he met that day. He'll be puttin on that ring in June, after which it's back to Florida and the friendly skies of Navy Air.

26TH COMPANY

ROBERT WILLIAM KETTER

Rob Ketter hails from St. Joseph, Missouri, which explains both why he talks funny and why he always asks girls to "show me." He rushed right in to plebe summer from NAPS and quickly went Ape. He entered with hopes of going Navy Air, but light night studies (?) youngster year turned his eyes green (U-RAHH!), after deciding to make the most of his technical expertise by becoming an English major.

Youngster year another major change took place in his life. After a meeting with Jack at Disco Dahlgren, he met the love of his life, for better Orr worse. Now his favorite songs on weekends are "Oh, Baltimore" and "Short People." But there has been a change for the better in Rob A.L. (after Lisa). He spent a month in Tango Company and was deep-selected for captain after squashing his tennis racquet. His only disappointment in the last few Octobers has been seeing his Royal hopes yanked away. Seriously, he's been a good friend; the Corps and Lisa are both getting a great guy.

ROBERT ANDREW KLOCEK

The night stalker from the Big Apple has spent the last four years preparing for the ultimate challenge of being a JOOD-in-training. He wouldn't trade a bridge watch on a tin can for a night with Cheryl Tiegs in St.-Tropez. Who else would apply for a special eyesight waiver to get out of the NPQ ranks and back into the option of unrestricted line? But what can you expect from a guy who once thought about going nuke power? No one could guess now that this seemingly gungy surface liner almost ended up applying his rules of the road on the sprawling campus of Cornell University. Thank God, he changed his mind, 'cause we wouldn't have been able to yell at two more classes of plebes for mispronouncing his name. (It's KLAW-SICK.) All kidding aside, a better friend could not be found in all of Poland, and all the best wishes in the world go out to Bobby and his future family of little javelin throwers.

When "Squat" arrived at the Academy, it was quite a change from the environment he was used to; still he was determined to succeed, and he did. Football played a major role in his ability to adapt. No matter how frustrated he got, he could always relax by getting knocked half senseless on the field; if that makes any sense. Due to his constant imitation of Felix Unger, Steve soon acquired a second nickname, "The White Tornado." Despite being a wizz at putting people's tape decks in, he wishes someone else would have put in his. Steve is the strong, silent type, just the kind all the girls can't resist. How he managed to not get caught, and keep his schedule straight, is beyond me, but he did it. He was quite happy with this arrangement, shunning permanent situations, until he met a certain singer, 2/c summer, who knows what the future holds for him. After four short years it took Hymie to finally split up the odd couple; too bad all good things must come to an end. I'll never find another roommate like him.

STEVEN ROBERT KREMER

26TH COMPANY

Bob (Zoid) drifted in from St. Louis, looking for adventure after quitting his job, making toothpicks out of logs.

Bob quickly became one of the class people around here. Often threatening to quit wine, women, song and to shave his head, Bob turned to pumping iron, neglecting all those monk-like ideals.

Mace, after getting lost in the black hole known as the E.E. Dept., came back to earth for a crash landing in political science.

Bob, though the brunt of some, . . . well a lot . . . no!, more like all, of our jokes has left us with the worst assortment of puns we have ever been forced to hear. Though no comedian, Bob will always be our favorite joke. He is one of the rare types of guys who come along and no one forgets, for you never forget friends.

ROBERT WILLIAM MACEK

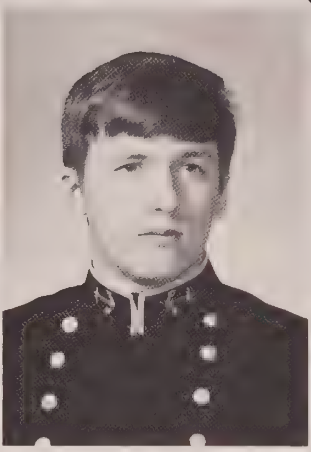
DAVID PAUL MEEDER

Affectionately nicknamed "Hogslide," which obviously had nothing to do with his unique physique, David Meeder came to the crabby school with great aspirations of becoming a varsity letterman in soccer and lacrosse. After excelling in soccer and wasting his shoulder in lacrosse, he quickly changed his goals to becoming an astute 4.0 students. Dave failed to realize though that it took more than just going over the gouge the night before the big test to make the Sup's list, as his unbelievably hard and unfair profs in every class he took tried to explain to him. He almost immediately saw what it's all about and gave up studying so as to take area libs, dine out, sneak out or just go to Towson, where the little woman resided. Finally, Dave concentrated on partying (and throwing beer), meeting hosebags, and just enjoying life at USNA, his home next to home. To this day he is the only guy I know who can watch a baseball game from the inside of a telephone booth.

MAURICE MICHAEL MONTANA

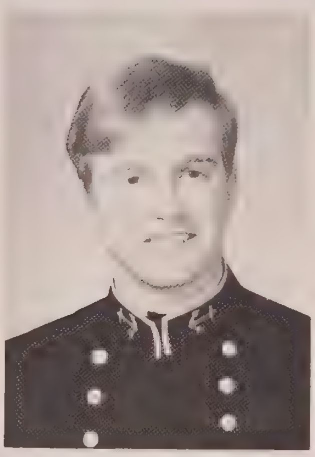
Moe arrived on Severn's hospitable shores fresh out of NAPS and proceeded to show this boat school the Long Islander's version of Navy. He really showed his stuff when he decided to row for varsity crew; that is, before his grades decided otherwise. Moe also amply demonstrated his staying power at the barstool: he was one of the Fearless Five who put away thirty-seven pitchers one fateful day in Dahlgren. And though we might not have always triumphed over Army on the football field, ole Walking Bar made sure that Navy always won the party afterwards. This lady killer has proven the old saw that "gentleman prefer blondes," though he has also had his fair share of the other types. However, the main lady in his life is a certain two-ton Black Bird which he gets crazy in every weekend as the one Blue Devil. Come May, Moe hopes to be doing it deeper in Mr. Rickover's Navy, though not often enough to exclude wine, women, and song.

26TH COMPANY



HARRY ALLAN MURPHY, II

Harry hopped in from Cape May, New Jersey, the son of a wealthy noted Irish Mafia leader (who made the Jersey congressman an offer he couldn't resist — which is why Murph is here!) "Murph," being his typical energetic self, majored in sports, sportscars, (if you call that hog 'Vette a sportscar) and girls during his stay at the Academy, while minoring in academics — history to be exact. During any weekday during the fall sports season, one could see Murphy out on the gridiron doing his thing with the 5th Batt football team (whatever his thing might be!) Alas, his weekends were all his own — especially after getting his car youngster year and never getting caught. Any this party boy got tired of the young (young!!) lovelies of Dahlgren and finally found Karen. Surface line is getting a mighty fine guy. Good luck Harry and Karen.



RAYMOND BRYCE RILEY

Bryce started plebe year with good intentions, they soon went bad. Town liberty wasn't enough for the Ohio kid but the back lot of nearby Annapolis schools would do. Youngster year saw more of the same fun. With his flashy smile Bryce caught the eye of his wife-to-be, Cathy. Now his weekends were spent in Baltimore. Second class year was a strain but academics would never hold a true party man back and Bryce was no exception. As the year wore on, more intense partying was necessary to maintain the mental agility needed to handle wires and the rest. Running for election and winning, Bryce was elected President of MPPA (Midshipman Party Person Association), a tough responsibility but Bryce handled it well. First class year, with a car, there was no end to the adventures encountered. Personal green alerts were the best way to study it was determined and boy did Bryce study. From the back roads of Annapolis to the ballfield at Weems he will be missed but Navy Air is getting one more high flyer.

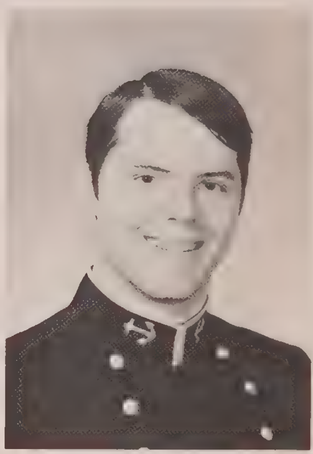
Backpacking, pot throwing, knocking with the Navs, Joined the Fleet, go cold feet, left to go to NAPS. Became a plebe, "I can't believe . . .," party time with Gary. Then Ac year, smiling Kear, things started getting hairy.

"Mr. Russell, wanna buy the place?" "Got change for a nickel, Sir?" Breaking back, "tough day at practice. Coach Clothier . . ." made it through (in spite of crew), earned his third class stripe. Youngster Cruise was less than news; leadersleep was tripe.

Rowbutt, haircut, (both self-inflicted). Mind foggy, laundry soggy, to Wyler's drink addicted. Calling Vicky, guitar picking, the rack his only friend. Performance lagging, spirits sagging, the year came to an end.

But being bright, he saw the light in the fall of '77, went Phy Sci (QPR high) and arrived in 7th heaven; Army was chilly, got lost in Philly, won stars for academics. Russian flue hot bow-fish too (missed the measles epidemic). Always awoke, forever broke, blew Harvard off the water. When in the Corps, and forever more, remember Alma Mater.

KENNETH L. RUSSELL



26TH COMPANY

Riceball is the company's token minority, hailing from San Diego and the P.I.; he lives for three things: volleyball, disco, and a certain little someone over at American U. Many a weekend he spent dazzling the folks over at Georgetown with his dancing prowess and his up-to-the-minute style clothes. Being a Poli. Sci. Major has its good points, namely being in the rack by 2230, which Sal was nearly every night. He believed firmly in resting up for the weekend. Besides being the captain and cofounder of the volleyball club, he was a charter member and star performer in the Aqua Rocks Club. He could be seen quite often practicing sinking over at the pool. Ever since some uncomfortable moments during youngster cruise, Alden has been a staunch supporter of the Corps. Besides being on the Corps' best dressed list, and having a habit of carrying volleyballs on maneuvers, we're sure he'll make an outstanding Marine.

ALDON SALALIMA SALCODO

STEVEN GREGORY SCHOCK

Steve, a mountain man originally from the rolling hills of Rhode Island, is definitely a man among men. Towering over adversaries like a great grizzly, he has accomplished many feats such as being victor in the Yawl Demolition Derby, single handedly downing a great buck with only a hunting knife, and ascending the highest of Adirondack Peaks in raging blizzards and sub-zero temperatures. His most amazing feat however was the ease with which he settled into academy life; he has been known to sleep through periods exceeding 30 hours, and has done so in every different position known to common man. He always manages to get his rest.

Steve has had heavy time constraints between an extensive sailing career and a heavy academic load, but he has somehow found time to cut loose occasionally, making a visual shambles of the real outside world.

Truthfully, Steve has distinguished himself as a thoughtful, dedicated and serious kind of wild man, individual. Take off Steve, the wild world, and women, are waiting for characters like you.

BURKE SHADE

Hailing from the lone star state (Texass), Burke decided to try it alone plebe summer. The firsties had other ideas so he became a member of a new squad (Hubbard's hemorrhoids) with another Texan as a roomie. During plebe year, Burke's room became a frequent pitstop for upperclass: "Some plebes to play with" was their theme. 3/c year brought his opportunity for stars if it wasn't for that nickle chance and unofficer-like sleeping. Weekends provided time for sleep and work on battalion projects since he was our Cdr. this year. Being a navigator turned out to be the toughest thing this year, as his heart was truly enlightened as to who the real navigator is. 2/c summer provided some fun as samurai moon. And the 2/c year was great for Friday night rumbles and resulting stitches. His wheels came back after Christmas and provided some trouble and much needed transportations for those treks to Grace church. 1/c year brought back that position of Batt. Cdr., but Burke's real love is his life for Jesus Christ, a life in which his sovereign God has richly blessed him with spiritual gifts and predestined him for eternal fellowship.

26TH COMPANY

DONIS LEE SHAW

Horsemeat came to the Trade School as an all-state football hero from West Lafayette, Ohio, on the run from the Feds for his association with the legendary notorious Gardino Family. Donny is built like Mt. Everest; he was the terror of the arenas of fieldball and Batt football combat. We spent our youngster cruise together on the good old U.S.S. Bordeion (a naval oversight which I'm sure has long since been converted to razor blades) hiding on the torpedo deck from LT John Wayne and visiting such exotic ports as Weps Sta, Charleston, and Jacksonville Beach. Donny is addicted to academia, spending many sleepless nights in search of the mythical 4.0 and actually attaining it several times. On his rare sorties from the strange land of Ops Analysis he partied like a man who had been stranded in the desert for 20 years. "Straight whiskey and cigarettes, that's all I need!" Horsemeat was the first of us to take the big step and get engaged and I'm sure he and Judy will have a wonderful life together. Donny is a quiet guy but he is so respected by his classmates that when he speaks everyone listens and you can be sure he will say something meaningful. One of the nicest, most generous guys I've ever had the pleasure to know, I know that Donny will do well in his navy adventure and that one day he and Judy will ride off into the sunset in a brand new fully-loaded Lincoln Continental.

JOEL CRAIG SHUGARS

Joel, or "Physical Wreck" as he has become known to some of his classmates, reported to USNA with football in mind and hair on his head. He quickly lost the hair, but continued to play football. Known for being a comedian, he was famous for telling of his many injuries, which kept us going, or rolling on the floor plebe summer. As the days moved on, football was left to the wayside as a "Black Bird" dominated his time. Always skirting the 2.00 mark, Joel managed to improve and get that weekend for some reason and take off in his play toy. January of 2/c year proved to this kid that women are not worth driving through rain, sleet, snow, ice and the dead of night. As speed and handling have been so much a characteristic of the Bird, his service selection will bring him a new bird, this one with wings instead of wheels. And when he's not in the air, you can find him on the dance floor. All in all, he's been one hell-of-a-roommate.

Probably the most easygoing guy I have every met, Jimbo, or Studly as he is known by his friends and hundreds of wild women, is the thinking man's thinking man. Studly quickly adapted to the infamous system here at Uncle Sam's Home for Wayward Boys by refusing to take any facet of the plebe indoctrination manual seriously. Telling tales of mellow excitement and adventure in the mountains and jungles of South America and steadfastly refusing to allow academics to interfere with his education, Jim led many an expedition into the strange and terrible world of pisco sours, Utica Club cream ale, and Oly, several of them during authorized liberty periods. A holder of the coveted Black N, Studly, accompanied by his faithful sidekick Bessie, the racing truck, could often be heard playing inspired harmonica melodies anywhere from Daytona Beach to the peaks of the Adirondacks. Jim has often been mistaken for a Swedish businessman in his finely tuned Saab. Seldom seen without his backpack or mountain boots, "Brows" has an amazingly insightful and reasonable mind and has excelled in the international relations discipline including several extracurricular relations of his own while off on his Chilean Forex cruise. I am proud to call Jim my friend and I know he is bound for high places in the navy probably as an international policy maker.

JAMES BLAKELY STETSON

26TH COMPANY

The Pony, or the Troll, came to Canoe U. from the great state of California via Indonesia and Holland. He decided to commit suicide plebe year when he became an E.E. major, and he has spent many a night chasing those electrons, (or giving EI to non-electrical types) into the wee hours of the morning. This grates against the Pony's nature as he would rather be sleeping or partying. As a plebe, he was out most Saturday nights, partying in Alexandria or Towson, never once returning with more than three minutes to spare. But then the heavy hand of Academics descended upon him. Besides his eternal position at the left rear corner of the company during P-rades, the Pony is best known for that monster he calls a car. He and that car went through a lot together, including a visit to the Commandant second class year. If he flys that jet like he drives, Pensacola had better watch out.

KENNETH R. VANDERHORST

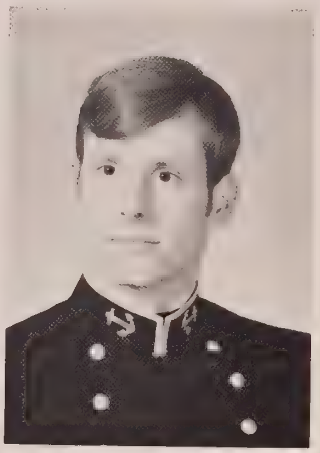
ALAN BRUCE WHITING

Doughboy came rolling in all the way across the U. S. from peaceful Bellevue, Washington. As always (almost), momentum was conserved and the madhatter immediately pounced all the way back to the end of the mile-run line. Al's "Studly" roommate and the infamous "Doc" of Doherty's dozen were amazed at his ability to imitate a sonar even before we all knew what a sonar was. We lost all respect for Al when he validated a third of the required hours to graduate from this sacred place. We figured he was just a pudgy little dummy who would attain his level of incompetency in the drum and bugle corps. He proved us wrong in both respects; he lost weight and became a physics and chemistry major and bagged it through his Trident project. Actually if you look through Al's eccentric facade, you'll see a delightfully absurd sense of humor.

ISHERWOOD HALL

MACDONOUGH HALL

27TH COMPANY

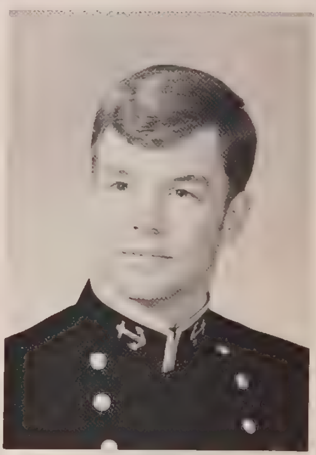


MARC E. BACKSTROM

Marc departed Portland, Oregon, back in '75, in pursuit of an engineering education, though he quickly realized physical science would be his only hope. He participated to company sports throughout his four years helping the basketball team finish with a perfect season in the fall of '78. Nothing seems to bother Marc since he is easy-going and takes life lightly, especially on the weekends. Marc will spend his initial three years at sea, hopefully with the third fleet. His long term plan is to settle back in Portland with family and friends. Marc extends good luck to all, and thanks for the memories.

Mike came into the Navy from the G-Island, taking a year's pitstop at the school for wayward athletes, NAPS. When Mike relocated to USNA, his family also relocated — without a forwarding address, as if they were trying to tell him something. If Mike had to know his phone number instead of his underwear number he never would have made it through plebe year. Being slightly maladjusted to begin with, Mike tried to increase the condition by playing target man for the lacrosse team. Mike received an N-star for his efforts along with a few rearranged ribs. Being the athletic supporter he was, Mike nearly got the "N" of a different color for participating in the Bancroft Hall Lacrosse Open. Mike came back strong second class year being elected Ragman of the Year by '81. First class year saw Mike breaking his golden rule of never getting stripes as he fearfully subcommanded the company through first set. Graduation will find Mike drifting toward helos with all our best wishes.

MICHAEL F. BRADLEY



27TH COMPANY

Drifting in from Portsmouth, Ohio, Mark approached Navy Tech apprehensively. He quickly mastered the art of clutching, and became a charter member of the plebe year dawn patrol. Against dire predictions of the upperclass, "Brown—Brown" (as he quickly became known) chose EE as his major, and paid for it for the rest of his sentence. After a rather obscure youngster year, he decided to end his anonymity by joining the fiberglass fan club.

After spending first class summer down below, revelation hit: Nuke Pukes forever! In a futile attempt to impress the Admiral, he became a permanent member of the wardroom heavyweight club. Rickover willing, he will become a professional student in the deterrent force.

MARK D. BROWNING

JAMES C. CAIN

When "Sugar" Cain left his small hometown of Minocqua, Wisconsin, the population dropped by 50%. Somehow his Dad, the lone remaining resident, carried on, although he had to open a Bar & Grill in the basement just to get people to come and talk to him. Jim has spent the last four years picking all the hayseed out of his hair, and learning that it is not customary, in these civilized parts, to get a person to do things by threatening to do him bodily harm, such as ripping his throat out. Despite his disadvantaged (hick) background, Jim was always quick with a comeback and never at a loss for something to say. He could catch almost anything thrown at him—coins, pens, bayonets—and once proved himself to be faster than a speeding bear by adroitly snagging one which was on it's way to oblivion on the Dahlgren Hall floor. J.C. will go far (away, we hope) in the Navy. Seriously, he's one great buddy, and we all wish him the best.

PETER THEODORE CALLAS

Greek man arrived at USNA with more athletic equipment than the NAAA and it was several weeks before he realized he wasn't in charge here. Letting no one forget he already had "a year of college" Pete modified Rodney Dangerfield's motto into a more fitting "I don't *got* no respect." This made him popular with many upperclass. Not having any intention of being anything but a doctor, he had visions of Med school youngster year and settled down to become one of Navy's more accomplished gouge hounds. Laughing at the establishment was always easy for Pete, but the joke was on him this time as he became committed to two more years of midshipmanry. As president of the Greek Orthodox organization second class year, he formed an obscure sect which idolized Larry Czonka, sacrificed steel belted radials and took Lambrusco baths in TWL. Pete finally got a good deal first class year with a Forex cruise to his homeland but the experience was tainted somewhat when the NIS agents finally found him and made him come back. If one statement could sum up Pete's tenure here it would be: He had all the answers but somehow they changed the questions.

27TH COMPANY

JOSEPH B. CONYERS

Cob came to the boat-school-on-the-Severn from a deprived Connecticut background. After validating about half of plebe year, he promptly failed his way through English to establish an Unsat QPR. Sailing being his first love, Walter (one-way and one-fix) firmly established his reputation on both the "blue pigs" and Class A's. Choir provided this boy his indoctrination to the social graces: he was one of the first in his class to visit the Naval Academy Wives' prep school (a.k.a. Hood College). Sailing provided another grace: that of seeming sober while attending numerous post-race open-bar blasts, including the immemorial block island. Cob has slowly learned to study. This can only be attributed to high-altitude brain damage as an aero major. He really should have been double E, given his apparently independently wealthy interest in audio equipment. Navy Air may claim this man—let's hope he is shot down over land, otherwise the aqua-rock won't make it.

DANIEL CORRITORE

When "Squints" arrived at USNA with his beloved lacrosse stick in hand, the first thing he looked for was a warm rack in which to abuse his favorite pasttime, sleeping. After spending all of plebe year trying to outwit the system, playing (?) lacrosse, racking to keep from studying or destroying his infamous alarm clock, D.C. saw the light and soon became the top neck of the company. Holding that coveted position was easy for D.C. as his love for his rack was only overshadowed by his love for the library. While on a hot streak of 4.0 semested, D.C. was crowned "Danny Diode," King of Wires. Known for his night-time carousing, D.C. could often be seen flitting around Bancroft looking for anyone to bother (bore) with shootin' the bull about movies, Frank Zappa, or Eric Clapton, Since women were a "waste of time" D.C., he spent his hours taking of his black van with disco interior, his ever present bottle of Lambrusco, his grins and expounding his words of wisdom ("get out my room!!!")

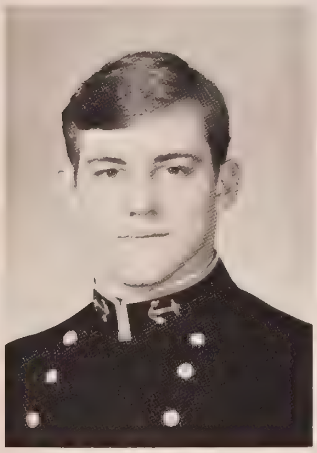
Starting plebe year with 60 demerits, one brother and two sisters, "Dylan" had seen better days in hometown Dumont, N.J. Spending his time on the water and in the pubs has proven this 155 lb. oarsman to be a true lightweight. Ridding himself of two roommates in two years, Dylan is still working on a 3rd with marginal success. Our crew team captain and company commander is a mechanical engineering major with a 3.0, and is looking toward Marine Air. His sweet tooth holds not only for food but for women as well, for as he leaves for Pensacola in search of that romantic sunrise he'll have an oar in one hand and a cookie in the other. Here's to the best oar in the ocean—good luck!

RAYMOND P. DOLAN

27TH COMPANY

Moose came to Navy from the sunshine state to play football. After three straight Ac-Boards though, he realized it was fourth and long and decided to punt the gridiron. "The Kid" still showed his athletic ablitiy be being the M.V.P. for the unbeaten 5th Batt. football team, and earning his three stripes as Batt Ops. Determined not to let academics develop into too high a priority, Barry bought his silver 'Vette as a youngster, and even found a private parking lot in the yard. A confirmed bachelor, Moose couldn't see the future in long-term relationships, and often went through more women in a week than most Mids did in a year. Barry will leave for flight school with a lot of good friends, common sense, and a great sense of humor. Toogey-Loogey!

JOEL B. DYKES



ROBERT E. EHRHARDT, III

"Emil" earned his reputation early in plebe year, when he locked up his pennies in his con locker. Although Emil did well academically plebe year he fell victim to bad influences, and went into youngster year with an Alfred E. Neuman approach (what me worry?). Using the same kind of logic Emil invested a small fortune in his Corvette, which he will be probably paying off for the rest of his Navy career. Second class year started with Rob's famous quote "I'm going to be serious this semester," as he seriously went to the Ac Board. This was due in part to sweaty palms, pink sweaters and the long way to the library via the lacrosse game. When Emil gets to Pensacola at least he won't have to go as far to get to Cocoa Beach. But no more Poughkeepsie.

ANTHONY GRENCI

The Slingshot Wop washed up on the shore of camp Annapolis from the so-called "center of the universe", Bentleyville, Pa. Even though he was the greatest all-around athlete in 27th Co., history (just ask him) it seemed he always played the same position, the bench.

Tony always seemed to enjoy the finer things of life, like cameras, loss of car privileges and having his mother iron out the bands in his underwear. He was also proud of the way he could hold his liquor. It wasn't until after his first Air Force game that he began holding it somewhere new, like all over his uniform.

Tony excelled in other areas also, take for example, a high QPR exceeded only by the number of speeding tickets he accumulated. His only failure was his inability to attain the coveted black N, but heaven knows he never stopped trying.

Honestly now, Tony is a great guy with a big heart and we all wish him well.

27TH COMPANY

CARL A. HARRIS

Carl could see the chapel dome from his house in Ashland, Va., and ever since he was little he wanted to know what it was. After graduating from Patrick Henry H.S. he grew old enough to walk. Curiosity got the best of him, and he decided to take a stroll up Annapolis way to see what the dome really was. Unfortunately, he arrived on I-day and got processed along with 1300 other '79'ers, and got lost for four years. Carl started out as a wires major *and* a crew jock, but that mixed as well as pickles and grits. Inevitably he got his oars tangled in the wire-weeds. Thinking academics first, he dropped wires and stroked right along as a management man.

Carl spent his loan on a Vega without an engine. Then he bought a wrench, pounded a little, and built the meanest Vega-vette ever. Crew and Vega-vettes were just two of Carl's four loves. They took a backseat to Carol and surface line. Well, we wish you well, Kid.

TIMOTHY P. HEWITT

Huey came from that great megalopolis that no one ever heard of . . . Wellsboro, Pa. Now that you know the town's name that's all you'll ever want to know about it. And if that makes you think the hometown is small, you oughta see him! Fits the image — small guy from the small town. This little guy did have big ideas though — like majoring in the big field of Naval Architecture — but the idea kind of deflated when he failed 4 finals one semester. So the major was wisely changed — to Man & Tech!!, the "double major." Heck, this guy wasn't as dumb as his qpr said. But still to graduate, the kid had to reach back and pull out all he was good for. I guess he made it. He also got engaged youngster year to a hometown high school sweetheart. Maybe he was as dumb as his qpr said. Huit was a friendly guy though — that explains why no one would room with him 1/c year. So all his friends wish him well. G-by!

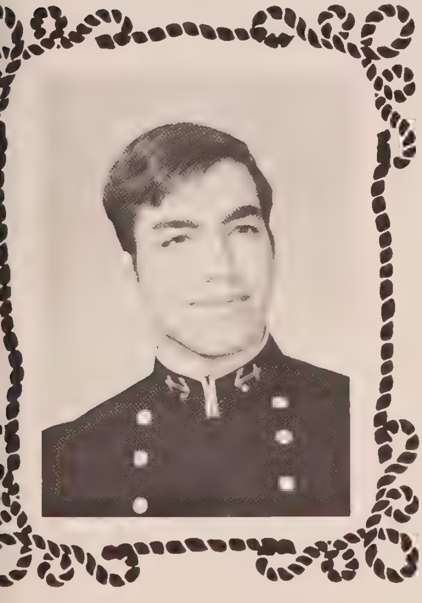
Four year of high school at the Marine Military Academy prepared Mike to continue his "Grunt" education at the U. of Navy. Meeting all of the qualifications of a Grunt was no problem for Mike, he was going bald, had one word in his vocabulary, (Uurr-aagh), and went nuts over the gun salutes at P-rades. However, a revelation inspired by Adm. Rickover soon gave Mike a new goal in life, to become the first nuclear powered grunt. The Stallion will drive a nuke tank with Bose speakers hanging from the side so he can disco through the battlefield. His famous light show at Club 6061, complete with all its catalog ordered gadgets, will surely subdue the enemy in awe. Surface line will claim old gramps for his initial tour, then on to law school? ??

MICHAEL E. KENNEDY

27TH COMPANY

Forsaking riches, women, water-skiing, beaches and that warmth of Guam sunshine, Frank Leon-Guerrero was called by his congressman and country to serve as a ploob at USNA. Known to his classmates as "The Guam Bomb," but secretly known to a few select associates as the leader of the Guam Mafia, to the ten or so Guamanians at USNA, he has provided sound support by his fatherly advice, foolish wits and the only Guamanian Restaurant at USNA. The restaurant started out popping a few pots of popcorn, soon rice, steaks, etc., etc., were added to the menu. The menu is left up to your imagination, because if you want it, he has the utensils to cook. Did you say how's his lovelife, well the "ole Heartbreak Kid" has finally been tackled. After rooming with Guam for four years, no matter who he lives with he will gloriously acclaim the role of Oscar Madison. He may be a slob but I can't help agree on one thing, his taste in women and cars, beautiful and a Trans-Am, the necessities of life. Fair winds and smooth seas as you sail on to be the first Guamanian CNO (don't laugh folks).

FRANKLIN P. LEON-GUERRERO



DONALD W. MAXWELL

Over the four years that I've known Max, he has been an outgoing, open-minded person who enjoys life. Unlike many classmates, he hasn't changed. Max, more than anyone else I know, is able to get along during the darkest hours. Meetings with "Captain Jack" took about as much time as academics, things weren't exactly bright. By the way, these meetings were not concerned with earning the coveted "E". Never one to have much liberty Junior year due to academics, he "no-showed" his own ac-board for his prized "rack-time" and finally lettered at Navy. His love for athletics and desire for challenges led him to be a leading cox-swain on the crew team. Many long, cold afternoons were spent with these guys on (and in) the Severn. Max means a lot to his friends including a very nice, understanding chick from "Joisey." Tunes wouldn't be as fun without Max around. Hopefully he won't follow the fate of his three previous "roomies" who now attend various civilian institutions. Since "happiness is found along the way, not at the end," Max will be enjoying himself wherever he goes in life. You've been a great friend — best of luck.

BRIAN L. POOLER

Brian gave up the smoggy industrial area of Pittsburg for the salty breezes of Annapolis national park. By maintaining a low profile in sleepy hollow and with Cob and Nelson for roommates plebe year, he quickly became attached to his studies and could never be separated from them. Through his remaining years, he held the position of leading academian in the company, even with Cory for competition. He was seldom seen in the hall during study hours, opting for the more "wired" atmosphere afforded by the EE labs. And, as our most honorable mid, he devoted many hours to the support of the honor concept. It seems he could never find enough time to devote to academic endeavors, though, and sacrificed many a weekend, even when his classmates had duty and he didn't, to the quest of knowledge. He is a likeable person and stands by what he believes. The Marine Corps will benefit from this educated officer and gentleman.

27TH COMPANY

RONALD G. RAHALL

"All Hail Steel City" was this warrior's cry from Pittsburgh. Leaving behind the smoke and smog of Pittsburgh's factories, Ron settled in the Naval Academy Hilton for a four year stay. While serving his time Ron acquired an alias or two. The upperclass called him Dad or Mr. Worm; for the plebes, just plain sir sufficed with a lab coat, surgical gloves, and his four associates — Hector (donkey), a dwarfed troll, Medusa (a rat tailed cactus) and Harvey (6'1½" with pukka rabbit) — Dad was a dead give-a-way as the 27th Co. shrink, who lent his wisdom to solve the mental dilemmas of the 27th Co. brain trust. Besides Dad's easy going nature, he had a serious side, and that was his devotion to Christ. His guiding verse was Jer 9:23-24 ". . . Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord . . ." Ron is a mechanical engineer. He plans to take his knowledge and associates to join Adm. Rickover's nuclear Navy. Godspeed, it's been great knowing you.

RICHARD S. REASOR

Rick "Hobie" Reasor . . . even tho he now lives in Grape-Redneck-Vine, Texas, he originally hails from the surfing part of sunny California. Rick's love for his weekends are only surpassed by his love for freedom. Neither peer pressure nor words from above could change this man's personal beliefs and integrity. Finding more partiers and friends in 26th Co. he finally had the chance to "change companies" first class year by moving to 6-1. Although many unsuccessful matchmaking attempts were undertaken by his roomie, there is no doubt that someday a super chic will meet this super guy surfing in his weekend home — Ocean City. Rick stills wants to fly (ha!) and I'm not sure whether Navy or Marine will flip a coin for him or against him . . . maybe *Delta* can grab him first! Always one to listen and give help, I wish him the
in his navy career and later in
fe . . . never forget ya; Highway

In 1975 our golden boy, John "J.J." Rendine arrived at USNA via Imperial Beach, California. John, or Deenie as he is sometimes known, adjusted quickly to Navy life by learning to wear the flame retardant suit which enabled him to make it through plebe year. During his four year course in learning how to walk on water, John tried to set a company record for living with the greatest number and variety of guys. His roomies ranged from Smittie and Guam plebe year to Pos, Cob, Bill Yalen, and Ed Merkel before settling down with drill sergeant Kennedy second and first class year. Never one to pass up fun, J. J. involved himself in many professional activities like water fights and spray can flame torch battles third and second class year. As a firstie, John settled down to be the company paper pusher as CAO and spent most of his time waiting for graduation. In John, the fleet gets a good friend, lots of fun, and a fine officer.

JOHN J. RENDINE

27TH COMPANY

"Budman" came to the Naval Academy on "I" day with little red eyes and a large hangover. When this continued throughout plebe year we started to get used to it. Youngster year the company finally realized that "Bud" had been hitting Dahlgren quite frequently. Bud wasn't too popular in the company until we realized that his mom can cook and his fiance was good-looking. These two factors lead to Budman's rising popularity. On the serious side, we are looking forward to the day Bud and Linda settle down with a bunch of little kids in masks and capes.

WILLIAM S. ROSE

MITCHELL N. SHIPLEY

Nelson strolled into the Naval Academy a sweet unsuspecting young gentleman. Hailing from McLean, Va., Mitch seemed to be able to do most everything right. As a member of the Varsity Gymnastics Team and Trident Brass he was always on the move. But Mitch had good qualities too. For example, he holds the USNA record for commiting the most class A offenses without getting caught. In his later years he also became known as the "heartbreak kid" (and that isn't the only thing he broke).

In his first class year we began to notice Mitch getting into the habit of jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. Mitch was last seen heading for the wild blue yonder of Navy Air and we all wish him the best of luck.

ALVIN R. SMITH

Smitty, alias "Aqua-Man" arrived on the morning tide. Smitty lettered three times in the "tower jump." living up to his nickname — Smitty spent extra time perfecting his techniques for the 200, 400, and 40 minute swims! Applying proven techniques learned as a management major, Smitty wisely invested in a Trans Am. Over hill, over dale, you could hear Smitty yell, "Have CB will travel." Smitty held a special place in his heart for his studies. In fact, because he loved boats and wires so much, he gave up part of his summer to make room for him to take them again! After rooming with Smitty for four years, it's still a mystery to me how someone 6'4" can keep such a "low profile" for so long . . . "Party Hardy!" Let's not forget Smitty's self-discipline or lack thereof while in the P.I. All things considered, Smitty has chosen surface lines as a service selection (so he could be close to his natural habitat.) Good luck, Godspeed, and may you never vomit on the windward side.

27TH COMPANY

WILLIAM J. YALEN

Bill, who hails from Sudbury, Mass., is never at a loss for words, but is always at a loss for roommates. During his stay at Navy U. he has had 8 roommates of which 2 have already gone civilian line. Many blame this on his Jewish background but his last roommate, of Arabic descent, denies this stating that peace negotiations were successful and mutual shower rights were established. Bill's magnetic personality is evident in his smooth way with women. Many of the letters he has received from his lady friends smelled so sweet they had to be hung with his dirty socks to mellow them out enough to get close enough to read them. But letters aren't everything as his luck with women has been about as good as his luck with cars — in both cases he has been unable to keep the same model for more than 6 months. His amiable personality and thoughtfulness for others has earned him much respect. Bill is an EE major and plans to join Rickover's Navy.

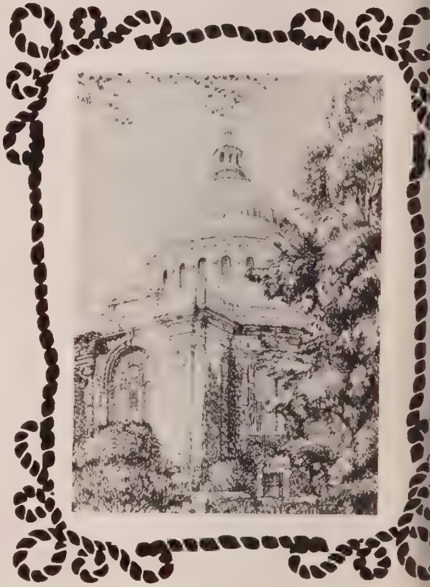
GLENN L. ZITKA

Dr. Z rappelled out of N.J. awhile back, but his rope parted depositing him on the steps of Mother B. His problems quickly began as the O.O.W. mistook him for a lost laundry bag and promptly shuffled him off to 27th Co. for safekeeping. When he awoke he discovered that he was a second class with 5 years of service ahead of him — too late! To reduce his resulting trauma he resorted to rappelling off 6-4 in the evenings. (Don't forget to wave to the jimmylegs, G-Z!)

That far off look in his eyes quickly reveals his desire to be somewhere else, like Coast Guard, maybe?

Glenn is the most considerate and generous person a body could hope to meet. Even though a sawed off, napoleonic F-4 jock almost ruined G.Z.'s amicable nature, Dr. Z prevailed. We return your many favors by wishing you well while you are hounding along in your blazer — with Godsteem.

THE CHAPEL



28TH COMPANY

Name: George Raymond Adams Nickname: Phred Secks, Sir Nose D'Viodafunk; Scruffy Chest: 38 Waist: 31 Height: 5'11" Wt. 165 Sign: Capricorn B-day: 12 Jan. 55 Hometown: Springfield, Mass.
Major: Marine Engineering
Achievements: Cultivation of a body sweater
Favorite Sports: Mattress chasing
Turn-Ons: GFD, Girl Watching
Turn-Offs: Farah Fawcett-Majors Posters
Favorite Foods: Cheeze Doodles, Businessman's Lunch 3 times a day
Favorite Musicians: Olivia Newton-John
Favorite Pastimes: Playing fire hydrant when all your friends are dogs
Favorite Movies: Anything X-rated
Favorite Sayings: "   you Martin" "You and What Other Army" "Woof Woof"

GEORGE R. ADAMS

ERIC C. BERRY

What makes a friend — A smile when smiles are short in coming but long on call, a player in one's game of just living, a handshake when others have forgotten.

What makes a leader — Acceptance that no matter your ability one still a pawn, greeting the sun on the run dowsed in sweat and responsibility, putting honor before beer.

What makes a man — Knowing where the minds freedom lies be it black against snowy white breaking the slopes challenge to be the KW6 upon skis or breaking tackles to shoot the gap to be the 150's hero.

For this Scooter, and he is player, a pawn, a hero, a KW6.

VAHAN CHERTAVIAN

Van managed to drag himself away from Europe for a quick four years at Navy. Sometimes known as "Mr. E.C.A.," Van has probably gotten more good deals out of Annapolis than anyone except his two ex-roommates. This, along with his Bull-major status, has enabled him to finish his academy career with the highest skake factor allowed by his pro courses. The list of milestones in his Navy history is impressive, sleeping until quarters plebe year unscathed was one. Third class year he did a lot of waiting . . . for the Company Commander to get lost, for his weekly beer at the Dove and for four months for a certain commodity. As a second class, it delighted his heart to see plebes scamper up flame alley to come-around. P.W. Chertavian will no doubt continue to overcome future obstacles with the same perseverance and fortitude that he has demonstrated at Navy. His sense of humor, gentlemanly conduct and continental bearing will make him successful in his endeavors as he strides through life searching out a profitable market for jublou-wear.

28TH COMPANY

GREGORIO G. DARROCA

Nickname: Roach, Bobo Adul Achmid Dada Bust: Flat, Waist: Tiny, Hips: A little bigger Birthdate: 5-23-56 A.D. Birthplace: Iloilo City, Philippines

Goals: Be the first naturalized citizen to become U. S. President: have twelve children before the age of 35.

Achievements: Two AC Boards, swimming, a Z28 Westpac veteran and graduation.

Turn Ons: Blue-eyed beauties, travel, cheap gas and women who can cook and San Miguels.

Turn Offs: Midshipwomen, cheese, Panamian socialator, ME courses, and swimming

Major: EM Catch-up

Favorite Foods: Very spicy, lots of noodles, and very accomodating

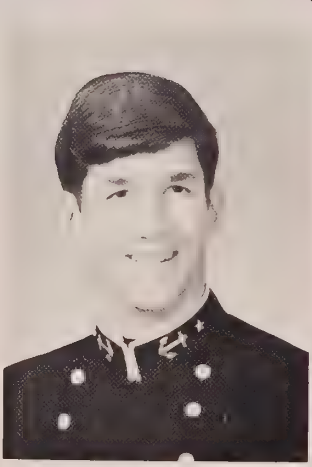
Favorite Pasttime: Girl watching, paying bills and making bills

Favorite Sport: Doubles or triples

Favorite Saying: "But I tried my best, Major;" "Wake up, Firmo!" "I don't believe this!"

Secret Dream: You wouldn't want to know.

Comments: Gregy is really the highly intellectual type despite what the Ac Board, the Ac Dean, the Admiral, and Rocket Reed said. The transfer process from brain cells to paper is just a little slow for him. As far as the gals, he's a lady killer. He made trips to "Disco Dahlgren" and they just died all over the place.



THOMAS J. FACER, JR.

Name: Thomas James Facer, Jr. Alias: Beef, Face, Foxtrot Bust: 44 Waist: 32 Hips: Slim Height: 6'7" Weight: 185 Birthdate: 11 September 1957 Hometown: Warrington, Pa. (Philly)

Major: (double major) — Management & Technology

Favorite Sports: Swimming, Golf, Basketball, Lifting, Tug-of-War

Accomplishments: 4 yr. swimming jock (letter???), founded new illness, 78th Night

Favorite Pastimes: Home, rack, morning workout with Bobbie, Lou, and Dave.

Favorite Foods: Chow packages from Mom, Barb, and Susan, Iced Tea.

Hero: Hook "The Hacker"

Nickname: "Firmo," "Nimrif," "Lightweight" Chest: 40" Hips: 31" Height: 5'9" Weight: 145 Birthdate: August 27, 1956 Sign: Virgo Hometown: San Antonio, Texas

Major: Graduation

Achievements: 2.00 and out, June 9th, 1979

Favorite sports: Water skiing (the King), X-country, Ltwt. football

Turn-Ons: Water skiing & a certain cute little lady at SWTSU

Turn-offs: Stuff heads, Navy red tape, Mother "B"

Favorite Shows: "the Alamo," "Ba Ba Black Sheep," and "Play Misty For Me."

Favorite Pastime: Horizontal workouts, truckin' home, gettin' home and the fun times thereafter.

Favorite Sayings: "Yes Dear" (In response to "Glynn get up here!" June Wk '78).

But Seriously, Glynn never wanted to go nuclear subs because he likes getting a suntan. Navy Air would have been great, but Firmo is a very modest person. So, surface line will be graced with his presence, endowed with his devil-may-care wisdom, and enlightened by his racking techniques. Smooth snoring Glynn baby and don't forget to turn off the lights. P. S. Don't wake him up for breakfast, Janie.

GLYNN R. FIRMIN

28TH COMPANY

Lanny hails from Lubbock, Texas, land of purty gals, ranches and lone star beer. Never one to let himself get tooo far behind in his work, this red-headed, hard-core glee clubber can be seen "in search of munchies" in the wee hours of the morning. Although an ocean engineering major with its usual heavy course load, he still finds time to devote to some of his favorite pastimes: Helping others to understand some things that are "so easy," reading the Good Book, or listening to Dolly Pontoons. His ability to set a goal and attain it (always) is, to say the least, phenominal. With this kind of a running record the Navy is in for a long deployment with this man. Best of luck Glo and God Bless!

LANNY B. GLOVER

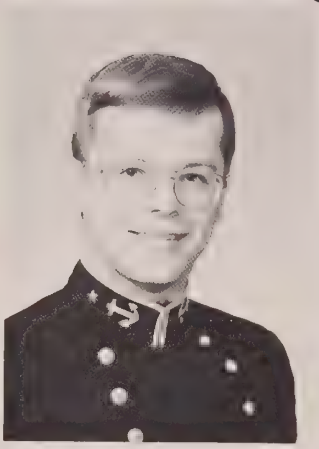
TIMOTHY J. HANCOCK

When Tim came here from the hills of Tennessee he was just a long-haired countryboy at heart. His heart is still planted in those southern woods. He still put his best into all that he tried and Tim would try anything once. He tried plebe summer formation without a belt buckle (Tim sometimes forget to come out of orbit) and his firsties missed that one. He tried Electrical Engineering and somehow survived after much gnashing of teeth. He bought a 1/c van complete with parking sticker. He outlasted the cold of Army '77 with a little Comfort from a Southern "friend." "Handcrank," as his friends affectionately called him, even discovered that Yankee girls are almost as good as Southern Belles. When Tim could not visit Tennessee often enough he found that the Charlie Daniels Band could bring a little of Tennessee to Annapolis. Now he is a Vannin' Man complete with Rebel flag. The ramblin' Tennessean loves the freedom of the highway (and the seas) — hope he doesn't get lost out there someday.

FRANK SMITH INSCOE

Alias: Scoe Bust: Ed Waist: Ed Hips: Rapid Height: 6' Weight: 160 Sign: Libra Birthdate: October 4, 1957
Birthplace: Rocky Mount, N.C.
Major: Money (economics)
Accomplishments/Goals: Graduation (with cool intack), flying high, a nice farm with all the extras in Carolina.
Turn Ons: Linda, Caroline, Corvettes, Mother Ocean, Mountains, Plants, Animals, Sunny Day smiles.
Turn Offs: Gossip, Cement Smiles, Uncool Folks, Bad Food
Favorite Foods: Mom's fried chicken, Mom's chicken pastry, Mom's chicken salad, barbeque, brunswick stew, hush puppies, groceries.
Favorite Movies/TV Shows: The Gong Show, Fantasia, Rainbow Bridge, Where the Red Fern Grows, Saturday Night Live, The News
Favorite Musicians: Chuck Berry, Jim Hendrix, Doc Watson, James Taylor, Stones, Rod Stewart
Favorite Pastime: Going home, resting, spending time with old friends.
Favorite Saying: Scratch my back, hooty who-o-o, I'll just lie down for a minute.
Favorite Sports: Indoor, water skiing, snow skiing, surfing, ping pong, pinball.
Heros: My Dad, Mickey Mouse

28TH COMPANY



RUSSEL C. KELLER

Name: Russel Carl Keller Alias: Stripes Chest: 38" Waist: 30" Neck: #2 Eberhard Height: 5'11½" Major: Mechanical Engineering Birthdate: March 2, 1957 Sign: Pisces Vision: 20/20K

Achievements: Brigade Commander, Pep Band President, Gil's roommate, Trident Brass President, COMNECKRON 28, Owner of the Late Night Love line.

Favorite Sports: Running, Tennis, Company soccer, youngster afternoon basketball club, Blindman's Bluff

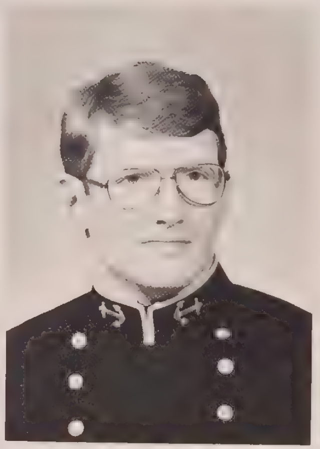
Turn-Ons: Running 50 miles, Mescan Roommates, Nurses from Pitt

Turn-Offs: Stripers

Favorite Foods: Seafood, Steaks, Burgers

Favorite Musicians: Billy Joel, Chicago, Linda Ronstadt, Fleetwood Mac, Gil

Favorite Pastime: Drinking with Rusty and Gil



MICHAEL G. LAMBIE

Hailing from the "fun city" of the plains, Sutton, Nebraska, Leg O'Lambie came to USNA with plans to take over. A renowned wrestler Mikey was forced to give the sport up when his fair complexion accidentally blinded an opponent. In its stead he took up weightlifting and "droppin' iron" set up camp in the weight room. Additionally, Mike continued his support of Navy sports by joining the cheerleading squad and had the same effect on the Brigade as a bottle of barbituates.

In constant pursuit of academic prowess. Mike spent many a long night struggling with fortran and laplace transforms to obtain a coveted systems engineering degree. Three years and several hundred "all-nighters" later, Lego had to settle for a degree in graduation.

Changing possible service selections like Raymo Martin changes majors, Lego is destined to be successful in whatever field his random number generator chooses. Mikey would prefer to go civilian line. But somehow the world would never be able to relate to brushing off plaid three-piece Peerless specials.

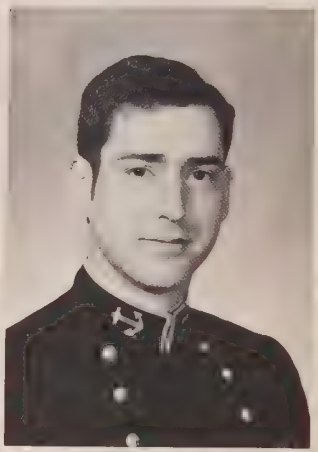
When Jan was a little boy, his father dropped him on his head. Ever since that time, he has tried everything from scuba diving to parachuting in order to duplicate the sensation. After graduation, he wants to join the seals with the hope that they will have the key to his problems.

Apparently that bump on the head caused other mental malfunctions. One in particular falls under the heading of communications. However, it seems that Professor Lee of the Academy's Chinese Department has made major contributions toward progress in that area.

Another prominent problem which has arisen as a result of the bump is Jan's obsession to run. So great is that obsession, that it is said on at least two occasions he was known to have run 50 miles in one day.

When he is not running or trying to fall on his head again, Jan can be seen crawling up steps, drifting down passageways, or taking mysterious mid-week holidays. Sleeping in class and "wardroom Ray" are also high ranking favorite pastimes.

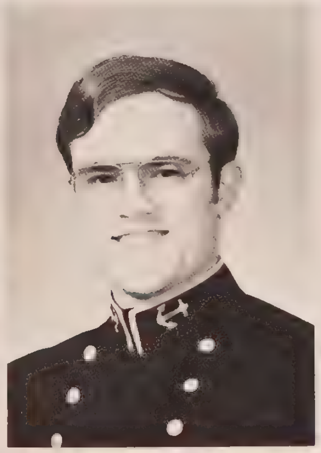
JAN M. LEVIN

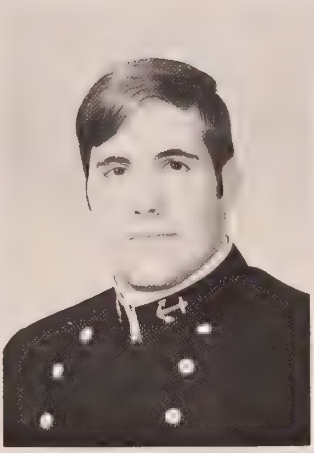


28TH COMPANY

Raymo "Ragman" came to Navy via NAPS and established himself as 28th Company's "Mr. Warmth." His cheery smile, serene disposition, and compassion for his fellowman endeared him to everyone. Nary a harsh word escaped his lip, and violent actions are as foreign to him as rednecks are to Kentucky. Ray is a model of consistancy. If it exists, Ray can complain about it. If there is a silver lining, Ray can unerringly find the cloud behind it. Unlike most masters of verbal abuse, who indulge in it purely as a hobby, Ray has been able to raise his insults into a high art form. He has always been one to jump to the defense of the "little guy". He can always be depended on to champion a cause, no matter who it pits him against, no matter what the consequences. He has assaulted the mighty on high and left them spattered with verbal abuse. No wrong-doers can escape his wrath: Ray rags on, without prejudice or preference.

RAYMOND M. MARTIN





DANA C. MARTINEZ

Nicknames: Fatmo, The Incredible Bulk Height: 6'3" Weight: 245 lbs. Chest: 51" Waist: 38" Birthdate: 28 Oct. '57 Birthplace: San Antoinio, Texas

Major: Naval Architecture

Goals: Navy Air, become world renowned Naval Architect

Favorite Sports: Football, Girls, Rack

Turn-Ons: Blondes, Brunettes, Trans Ams, Quiet evenings, with blondes or brunettes, shoeracks

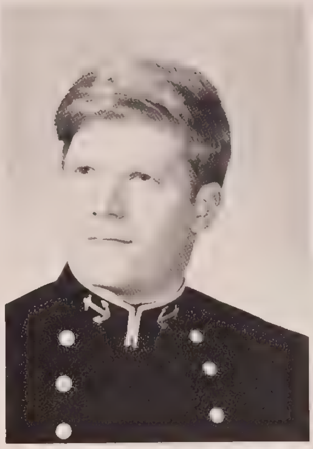
Turn-Offs: Ray Martin, Fat Girls, Ham Francisco, Kissing telephone poles with Pontiacs

Favorite Foods: Sirloin steak, baked potatoes, hot fudge sundaes, and anything else within reach

Favorite Musicians: Kansas, Chuck Mangione, Linda Ronstadt, Alan Parson's Project

Favorite Pastime: Girls, cars, sleeping, and eating (not necessarily in that order).

Favorite Movies: "Dr. Strangelove," "Play Misty for Me."



ROBERT A. MIRICK

Nickname: Chief Chest: 44, Waist: 32, Gut: Yes Height: 5'9" Weight: 180 Sign: Cancer Birthdate: June 26, 1957 Hometown: Lancaster, Pa.

Major: Oceanography

Achievements: Mary Wash. Popularity Award, BUD/S, Presidential Pardon, Class Rep., Plebe Swimming

Favorite Sports: Diving, Waterpolo, Surfing, Sailing, Skiing, Eating, Youngster Afternoon Basketball Club

Turn Ons: Calm People, Arguing with Baluga, Folding Laundry, Money, Worms, Mirrors, Admin.

Turn Offs: Human Relations Rep., Dirty Greeks, Stiches, Roto-Rooter

Favorite Foods: Food

Favorite Pastime: Picking up chicks at Charlie's, LNLL, Panic and Miros Hour, ZZ Top, Outlaws and Charlie Daniels, E.I. with Facer.

Favorite Sayings: "It's only 100 and 2," "Break Chairs," "Get Chicks," "GAROUT," "Call the Coast Guard."

But Seriously . . . This Musketeer has given up his Alligator Shirts and Khaki pants for Khaki shirts and Khaki pants. We'd wish him fair winds and following seas, but at 120 feet down in a wet suit who needs them. All in all playing straight men for Rusty was . . . an experience. We wish him the best of luck, happiness, and success. All for one and one for all.

28TH COMPANY

DALE MARTIN NEES

Nicknames: Wholesome, Nale. Puzz Chest: 40", Waist: 32", Hair: Blonde (tow head), Eyes: Blue Height: 5'10", Weight: 170 Sign: Libra Birthdate: October 22, 1957 Hometown: Sarasota, Florida

Achievements: Company Commander, Supe's List, Dean's List, Commandant's List, 200 and 4, Second Base.

Favorite Sports: Football, Tennis, Sailing, 6-4 wrestling, Youngster Afternoon Basketball Club.

Turn-ons: (Mom-Baseball-Hot Dogs-Apple Pie-and Pontiacs), Secretaries.

Turn-offs: 20/25 vision, Rotor-rooter

Favorite Foods: Apple Pie, Prime Rib, Chocolate Chip Ice Cream

Favorite Pastime: Charlie's Lemonade and Voodoo Leg Spreaders, Love-line Switchboard Operator.

Favorite Sayings: Quick 30 and out, write it down.

DOUGLAS NICHOLS

Doug Nichols has had an interesting career at the Academy. He has proved that it is indeed possible to complete four years of college work without attaining puberty.

Doug faced some formidable obstacles plebe year, but he managed to do extremely well. So well, in fact that he came out of it all with the distinction of being chosen third class company commander. How he did it has remained a mystery, with the only clue being his frequent trips to the tailor shop for repairs to the knees of his trousers.

Since then Doug has kept a low profile — made easy by his physically low profile. Doug is quick to remind you, though, that stature did not stop Napoleon, but everyone is quick to remind Doug that his hand should be concealed a little higher up, in his shirt.

Even with his militaristic bent, Doug remains a civilian at heart who can play the part of a marine officer exceptionally well . . . or is it the other way around?

Nickname: B.U. Panos, Nimnit, Wimpus, Sponge Chest: 40 Waist: 34 Height: 6' Weight: 185 Birthdate: June 17, 1957 Sign: Gemini Hometown: Union, N.J.

Major: Graduation

Achievements: June 16, 1979, Commandant's List, Vidal Sassoon School of Mid'n. Haircutting, Wires III (LTM), COMDUMBRON 28

Favorite Sports: Sports

Turn Ons: Karen, Skiing, Tushie, Toys, Youngster Afternoon Basketball Club

Turn Offs: Redneck Redheads, Summer School, Rotor-Rooter

Favorite Pastime: N.J. Turnpike, Late Night Love Line, Panic and Miros Hour, Buns-Up, Babysitting Rusty and Gil

Favorite Sayings: "Would You Shuddup," "Myyy-rick," "Nyow-nyow"

But seriously . . . As this Musketeer loads up the family car and leaves for Pensacola, we hope he won't get lost. If he can put down Sports Illustrated long enough to listen to his new co-pilot, flight school should be a breeze. We know Ken will be a sure success and wish him the best of everything. All for one and one for all.

KENNETH J. PANOS

28TH COMPANY

Steve came from Garden Grove in sunny southern California to the humid climes of the Academy. His journey took longer than most because of a year long lay-over in Cypress, Calif., and another in Minnesota. Steve is usually level-headed, although at times his training from PMF^2 shows through. Steve's academic prowess stems from his ability to improve his test scores a letter grade after the test is returned. This was not the case with lady K. However, it was during youngster summer that Steve met his bride-to-be. From that time forward Steve's been faithful to her. Steve is dedicated and devoted to his family, his country, and his God.

STEPHEN PAYETTE

MARK R. POHLMEYER

Name: Mark Robert Pohlmeyer Alias: Mo Bust: 42 Waist: 31 Hips: Quick Height: 5'10" Weight: 170 Age: 22 Birthplace: Pittsburgh, Pa. Sign: Capricorn

Major: Space (Aero)

Goals: To become a Navy pilot, captain of a viper, and eventually "command in space" (my own battlestar).

Sports: Wrestling, football, skiing

Turn-Ons: The ocean, high places, wild animals and/or women, gambling in Vegas, honest Mitch's, and watch squad inspection

Turn-Offs: Hippies, commis, dopers and girls who like to hold hands

Favorite Movies: Rocky, Thunderbolt and Lightfoot, Dant's Call on ETV

Favorite Pastimes: Body surfing at the beach all day and going out with some crazy friends trying night moves. Also, necking it with some nerds in Nimitz.

Personal Fantasy: To make out with Marie Osmond in the upper lounge at "Disco Dahlgren," and to become the "Hulk" and ravage formation during a Thursday noon inspection.

Favorite Saving: Super, tops, city boy.

MICHAEL M. SHATYNSKI

Nicknames: Shytski, Iron Mike Height 6' Weight: 200 lbs. Chest: 46 Waist: 33 Birthday: 14 May '57 Hometown: Downey, Calif.

Major: Air Minor: Management

Achievements: Founder, 805 club; Vice-president, ETA Hare Pi Fraternity; Battalion Football; 7 times in a day; Never Studied Once During Time Here

Favorite Sports: Football, Weight Lifting, Armwrestling

Turn-ons: Green Arrow, Driving, Shoeracks, Marx Bros., Wilderness, Creativity

Turn-offs: Swimming, Swimming and Swimming

Favorite Foods: Dad's Charcoal Grilled Steaks, Milk

Favorite Musicians: Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids, David Bowie, The Village People

Favorite Movie: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians, or Sitting Bull's History Lesson"

Favorite Sayings: "Get Naked;" "Hey, Fannie;" "Macho Kind of Guy;" "Chingala"

28TH COMPANY

GIL SHUGA

Nicknames: Shuga-Bear, Burritto, Baluga, Gila Monster Chest: 44 Waist: 34 Height: 6'0" Weight: 195 (on a good day) Birthdate: Jan. 26, 1957 Sign: Aquarius Hometown: Scottsdale, Arizona

Major: Bull

Achievements: 100 and 2, Presidential Pardon, Wires III (LTM), Commandant's List

Favorite Sports: None (Artichoke)

Turn-Ons: Slitch, Coors, Bronco, Linda Ronstadt, Crystal Gayle, Toys, Wild Wild West, Youngster Afternoon Basketball Club

Turn-Offs: Razors, Waking up, Going to Class

Favorite Foods: Shrimp Chow Mein

Favorite Pastimes: 4 Wheelin', Late night love line, Binaca-Blast, the Panic and Miros Hour

Favorite Sayings: "Sir, This is Ridiculous," "It's *'Gil',*" "Is or Isn't? Was or Wasn't? Wait!", "It's Cold!!", "Nyow Nyow"

But Seriously . . . This Musketeer packs up his Bronco and his noshaving chit and heads for whoever will take him. Gil is bound to be a big hit with his superiors as long as they see things his way. We wish Gil and his sidekick happy trails on and off the road. All for one and one for all.

WILLIAM D. VALENTINE

Alias: "Val" Bust: Yes Waist: Yes Hips: Swivel Eyes: Red Hair: Long Height: Small Weight: Heavy Birthdate: 15 Dec. 1955 Birthplace: "By the Bay"

Favorite Things: All sports, the beach, skiing, and all shapely things

Goals: To find a "niche," and move farther on

Desires: An Irish setter and the demise of Notre Dame

Idols: Neil Young, Bob Dylan, and Muhammad Ali

One plebe spring evening we went out on the town, letting our misfortunes, motivations, opinions, ideals, and history alight on the others ear. Then began an understanding friendship that will never end.

Mark was not only the first of our company 79'ers to letter but has been a repeater all-american since plebe year. His greatest feat is that of surviving the grueling daily workouts associated with being a master marksman. The fear of damaging a finger muscle was always present. This fear provoked "Wilbur" to wear gloves in the summer, resist rumbles, and sleep with his hands elevated.

Mark is full of energy, doing every thing zealously, including quick-pace jogging and even an unapproachable gait, when walking.

Being a native of Quantico, has influenced Mark toward women in military attire, opening his eyes to our fraternity's younger sisters, and similar.

Some of the above in jest and some not, it remains to be said that others and myself have learned immensly from this modest individual and are better men because of him.

MARK J. WILLIS

29TH COMPANY

JAMES EPHRIAM BANRES, III

Jim, a quiet Oregon country boy, came to Canoe-U somewhat naive to the ways of the big city life. As fortune would have it, he found himself among the ramblin' men of 29 who did their best to give him a taste of the good life. With the help of his two roommates, he came to know and love the feel of a fast car on a country road and the enjoyment of female companionship. However, it seems his first love will always be running. Rarely did a day pass when you didn't find Jim decked out in running gear and striding through the back streets of Annapolis. As if a simple marthons weren't enough, the "Yeti" took on the JFK 50-miler . . . and won!

Although he came here from the nuke enlisted program, Jim claims he has seen the light and wants to wear the wings of gold.

STANLEY DAVIS CLARK, JR.

Stan has undoubtedly done very well at the Naval Academy. He's excelled academically, despite the fact he is a math major, and athletically as one of Navy's divers. He also happens to own the most looked at car (if it can be called that) in the State of Maryland. Stan has always been willing to lend a hand to any endeavor here at the Academy. He's actively participated in such activities as disco Dahlgren, cheerleading, and Charlie's Angels fan club. If you ever want to find Stan just go to Dahlgren and look for the biggest crowd of girls — you're sure to find him there. Stan was all for Nuke power and submarine, that was until he spent his entire first class summer under water. When he surfaced he saw the light and knew his place was near the sun.

Good luck in Navy Air!

Stan made life at USNA interesting. He will always be remembered by the men of 29!

BANCROFT HALL

29TH COMPANY

WILLIAM DOUGLAS COCHRAN

"Cock," more egotistically known as "The Kid," arrived at Mother B with ambitions; to become a college QB, drive a silver Corvette, and to love all the ladies from Baltimore to San Francisco. The first love lasted about as long as it took him to wrap his second love around a tree. With his well known reputation brought from Thomas Johnson High School, the founder of the "ETP Club" (and it don't stand for "eat that penguin") began with a "hat trick" at Dahlgren during youngster year, and had no trouble accomplishing the third. The "Kid" could always be found in front of the mirror, or down at the wardroom justifying himself as 29's burger king, or rooting for the Colts and shootin' those aspirin tablets. Following his motto in life, "If you ain't goin' all the way, then don't go at all," Cock decided to go for it all. So if you bump into "The Kid" at Pensacola, just remember, "Ya doesn't has to call him Johnson."

RANDAL DON COMPTON

Randy Compton made the move to USNA as partial fulfillment of his lifelong desire to become a Blue Angel. His only other goal in life was to own an Open, so he compromised and bought a 'Vette. No one can tell the difference anyway.

The company flamer throughout his first three years, "Kamikaze" got the word and became an aptitude case. This is evident to the most casual of observers, including Uncle Tom. Randy moved his 3.7 to a smooth 2.7, dropped his four striper position to become a MIR, and has become President of the cynical society.

Randy believes in college life and is striving to make Navy meet his standards. This is being accomplished by the "extended" liberty which results in the infamous burger runs.

Graduation will find the "Great Soothsayer" from exotic Milton, Florida, with a degree in Aerospace Engineering in one hand and orders back home for flight school in the other. Good luck, Randy. The Hood girls are sure going to miss you.

Frank, better known to the Ramblin' Men of 29 as "Big Frank," came to the Chesapeake Institute of Higher Learning from Philadelphia. As all mids make the annual trek up to Philly for the Army-Navy, Game, the Dombrowski Hilton soon gained fame as a haven for wayward midshipmen. As far as partying goes, Franko was one of the best. It is said that both he and his roommate became quite fond of "Cella" in their second class year. Nobody has seen him with any recently . . . wonder why? However, let it not be said he wasn't a hard charger in the area of academics. Frank was perhaps the most studious of the clan and was aptly awarded in his youngster year with admission to the honor fraternity, Phy Sci, a brotherhood for graduation. As quarterback for the Fifth Batt. football team, he fired his "Polish laser beams" with deadly accuracy leading the team on to Brigade Champs. Big Frank's final victory will come on graduation day when he receives his diploma and dons the bars of gold.

FRANCIS JOSEPH DOMBROWSKI

29TH COMPANY

Bob was always an independent type of guy. He was a true non-conformist. He is the type of person who stands up for what he believes no matter what. At times this devotion is almost fanatical, like when he took 23 and 24 hours 2/c year! He intends to go to grad. school and then become one of Rickover's hit men on a nuke sub.

In his plebe year he became affectionately known as "Morocco Moce" for his extreme taste for short (No) hair. He wants to make this a new symbol of nuke - but after a few years of that he won't have any hair anyway. In any case, I'm sure he'll do well.

ROBERT J. ENGEL

MICKI L. FERNBAUGH

Fern comes to us from Dillsburg, Pa., the pickle capital of the USA. Abandoning his baseball career and his love life, he commenced to prove that one *can* make it through without sweating.

Youngster year Fern became a token member of the Dahlgren Hall Saturday Night Crowd.

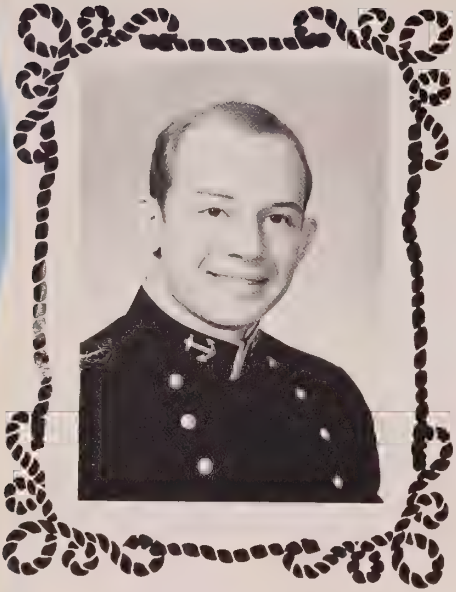
When second class academics hit, Fern had to lower his standards and pull out a "D" in wires, however he quickly got over it."

As a firstie, Fern opted to give up his coveted regimental drill position and became a YP jock instead. He also decided to write a book — "How to get a 3.8 without studying" — the doctrine of the Fernbaugh philosophy — "It is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all . . . But it is best to have loafed and won."

MICHAEL EUGENE GALLAGHER

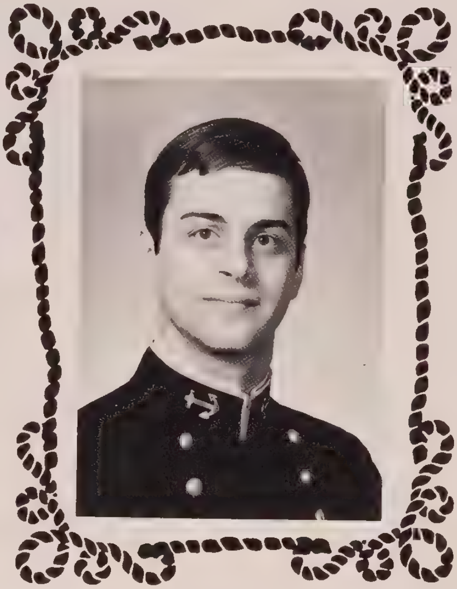
The night before I-day 1975 Mike had a choice between Georgia Tech and Navy. He flipped a coin and has resided in Bancroft since. He has seen many parts of the world from Midway to Adak but calls Pensacola home. On the pistol range plebe summer he quickly discovered he shot better without his glasses, and shoot he did. He's been an N-star on the varsity team ever since and it's rumored he can knock a hair off a tick's butt at 50 yards. He's also proven money can buy love. In the fall of segundo year he became the proud owner of a 280-Z and the roads around Annapolis have never been the same. He has set several land speed records and once was even "officially" clocked. His roommates shared his love for weekend rides on windy backroads and proved adequate ramblin' partners. Mike took physics as his guiding light in preparation for Nuke Power but found out neither was in his future. He's earned the respect of his classmates and is sure to go far.

29TH COMPANY



DONALD LOWELL GEVING

Donald "Nipper" Geving from that Rocky Mountain State of Colorado. He came to this institution through his own pipeline. He started in the fleet, went to NAPS, and finally made it to Annapolis. As a plebe, Don attempted to master the squash court, but due to his overwhelming physique the Academy was unable to keep a stock of rackets. He then turned to his first great love "pumping iron." Eventually, his t-shirts began to fill out, closet doors were broken, and an extensive use of the mirror was observed. After the "hulk" got used to his new found muscles, his roommates stopped collecting hazardous duty pay. During his four years here, Don's tastes in the opposite sex have been very selective. For a girl to have half a chance with Don, she had to possess a chest larger than his, have won at least two beauty contests, and seem like a "real nice" girl. Don is a helluva partier. After his first beer he gets a little loud and his ears turn red. After his second, the grin and winks appear and no one has ever seen him reach his limit of three. When it comes to academics and hard work, a limit is never reached. Don's tireless effort to maintain his high personal standards in everything he does, serves as an inspiration to those around him. There are rumors now that he might become one of those few good men. If so, the Marines are getting an individual whose consistent hard work and determination will be an asset to the Corps.

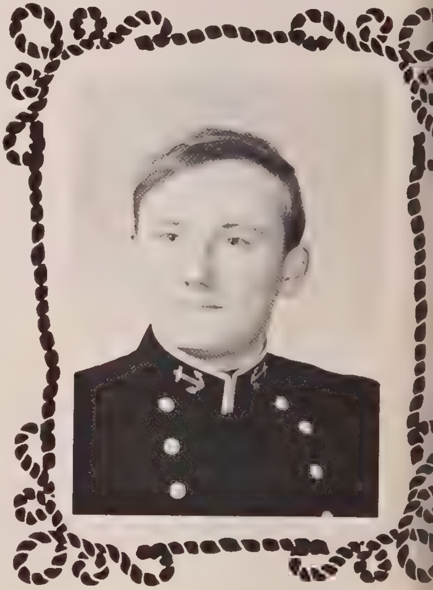


DANIEL LYNN HAMMILL

Dan, otherwise known as the "Dude" by his company mates (he still can't remember how he got that nickname), was born and raised in the bayou country of South Louisiana. He found it very difficult explaining to his classmates that living in the swamps does not make one a good swimmer, which can be proven by the fact that he made the varsity rock squad plebe through second class years. He finally failed to make it during firstie year, by passing all of his swimming tests on the first try. After getting zapped as an EE during youngster year, he decided to major in drum & bugle corps and trident brass with general engineering as a minor. His love of trumpet playing (especially "scream" trumpet) can be seen in his collection of jazz records including Stan Kenton, Don Ellis, and Maynard Ferguson (who are they?). Maybe someday, if he doesn't make astronaut, he'll get out and be a musician.

A farmboy at heart, Dale came out of the fields of Nebraska to make his mark at the Naval Academy as his brother did previously. It didn't take long. As a result of his physical features and love for flying high, he was ceremoniously rechristened Birdman. If you ever wanted to find Bird you could look in either of two places, the rack or the wardroom. Of course something must be said of Bird's study habits . . . 'nuf said. Bird's class standing may not be the highest but he was always in the running for number 1 in partying. Come weekend time Bird would wake up from his academic stupor, hop into a nearby 'vator, emerge as Birdman, partier extraordinaire and jump into the birdmobile. In fact, Bird was such a good partier that the party sometimes never left his car. Bird will soon fly from here with his math degree and arrive in Pensacola where he will get a chance to fly with an airplane. Fair skies Bird!

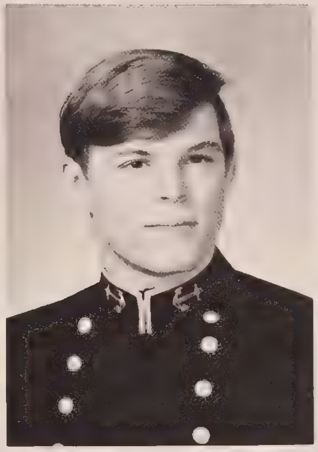
DALE ALFRED JENSEN



29TH COMPANY

"Da Jock" Jeff`came to Navy from Towson, Maryland to major in soccer and lacrosse with a solid minor in tonsorial arts. By overloading in varsity soccer Jeff successfully validated plebe year. In fact he had more area liberty his first year than most upperclass, and mom often wondered if he had actually gone to college. During protramid '77 Jeff developed strong acctraction (PWPP) to Maryland's Eastern Shore. This attraction continued through his senior year and had a positive effect on his performance in the classroom and on the field. During these last four years Jeff's strong will and determination has enabled him to achieve those personal goals which he has striven for. Jeff will take from here eight Navy "N's," a quick wit, and a competitive spirit that will assure him success in all his future endeavors.

JEFFREY PAUL JOHNSON



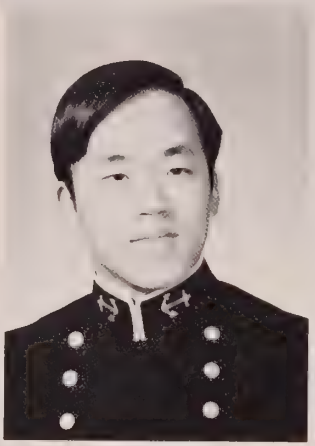
CLAUDE JOSEPH JORDAN

Claude came to Canoe U. from Wilmington, Delaware via Newport, Rhode Island. During the first two years here Claude made a lasting impression on all visitors to his room, as they usually left minus a limb or two. You see, Claude was a fiery 134 pounder with a never ending hunger pain. Rumor has it that his roommates chained him to his rack to protect uninformed guests. 2nd class year brought about many changes in our not so tall friend. Claude traded in his headgear and wrestling shoes for a silver bullet, namely a Z-car. Claude also acquired the nickname of Tattoo that year as he identified with the little star on Fantasy Island. In the spring of his Segundo year Tattoo was struck by that famous cupid's arrow; her name was Debbie and she came from Baltimore. Yes, Tattoo became very familiar with Ritchie Highway his firstie year. Well Tattoo is going to drive boats for five years so we wish him the best of luck and remember those weekends in the clouds.

JOHN CECIL KENNEDY, III

John is one of a rare breed of people who a very few will be lucky enough to meet at some time in their lives. His very lifestyle and attitude gives deeper meaning to the word "friend." Coming to us from duty in Japan, and affectionately know to a few as "Skipper John," he has spent the majority of his sojurn at the Annapolis Health Spa out on the waters with his yachts. Deciding he needed more strenuous activity to pass those increasingly difficult struggles, he has spent his first class year in the ring with the computers. Known for his famous war cry or "I'll beat that computer someday!", John has grappled with the digital, analog, and even the hybrid computers. Having managed to complete his four years as a Systems major, John is set to head for Pensacola and one of those glistening silver birds, after the "Great Day."

29TH COMPANY



RONALD HAA YOUNG KIM

Ron came to Crabtown from the tropical paradise of Wahiawa, Hawaii, but after a few weeks of plebe summer he decided that the call of the pineapple fields was more than he could stand. Fortunately his determination to leave was extended only by his folk's determination to have him stay. So, after many marathon phone calls to home (for which Ma Bell with be eternally grateful), he decided to stick out the first semester, "Just for Mom and Dad." Since then Ron has proved to be a great supplier of oriental cuisine. He is always eager to give a classmate a taste of seaweed or raw fish and the pineapple parties after his bi-annual visits to home have the whole gang knocking on his door.

Ron decided to make the most of his studies at Navy by taking a double major — management and technology. Always a hard worker he could often be found intently studying the inside of his eyelids most of the evening. Ron is a true friend and should prove himself an asset to the naval service in whatever field he chooses.

RICHARD DUELL LANNING, JR.

Hailing from somewhere in the swamps of Jersey, Richard Lanning has proved to be an inspiration to all of us. The King of fun and game he was never too busy to make study hour at least a little bit interesting. Rich's biggest contribution to the Naval Academy has been in the area of the radio station. Our own "Cousin Brucey" was head of WRNV during first class year and provided the Brigade with a viable alternative to WYRE especially if you liked records played at twice their recommended speed. Rich has kept an active interest in his Aerospace Major throughout his four years here and naturally enough plans to go subs when service selection rolls around. He's been our car rep, head of the undersea sciences club and a great guy to know and room with. Good luck!

Out of the plains of Oklahoma he came, red and white mug in hand, proclaiming that the Sooners were indeed number one. Even now, when he says "our" football team, we still can't be sure whether he means Navy or OU. But even the Academy can work its way into the heart of Lou, alias our poverty stricken mid Muk Lou. Leaving behind dreams of a Jeep and his OAO, the Muk was to discover a Cordoba and Hood College. And how we shall never forget unmade racks and unfolded laundry. Yes, somehow he's survived it all, including an M.E. major and a drifty roommate. One of these days, alas very soon, he will join us on the surface of the sea, or, pending Uncle Hymie's approval, under it. Fair sailing to one of the ramblin' 29.

LOUIS STEVEN LARRAGOITE

29TH COMPANY

Keith escaped from "The Bear" and arrived in the great state of Maryland from what he claimed was God's Country — Alabama. Along with his football talents he brought along the nickname of "Punkin" which lasted about as long as he did at quarterback thanks to his buddy, George W. Punkin as you might guess acquired a new nickname and a new sport, the name was "Luke" and the hobby was collecting banana stickers. After living here for a year Luke discovered he was losing two things, his Angie and his hair. It seems neither got along very well with a uniform. This fact however did not keep the kid from Talladega down. At the beginning of 2/c year Luke discovered a new love, running and after discovering that marathoners did it longer, he was hooked. At the outset of 1/c year Luke decided to run even farther, to Hood, Penn State and various other colleges up and down the coast. After graduation Luke plans to head south again, this time for southern belles Georgia and Supply Corps.

CORDIAL KEITH LUKER

LESLIE JAMES MCCOY

He hailed from sunny Southern California and was sentenced to 4 harsh winters in Annapolis, Maryland. Knowing a good deal when he saw it he attempted to leave the first night of plebe summer after setting the Academy record for haircuts that day with 3 in a 4 hour span. Unfortunately he never reached the phones that night to make the call home for a return ticket. Dejected he decided to make the best of the worst for the next 4 years.

Though the years passed quickly they couldn't pass quickly enough for this restless soul. To pass the time he must have broken every unreasonable regulation in the MHP. From civies, dragging and partying as a plebe to driving his new Trans-Am around town as a youngster. To him it was definitely not USC but then again not West Point either.

Service selection, Navy Air of course. Fighter pilot today, the friendly skies of . . . tomorrow.

GEORGE WAYNE MCMULLAN

The "Country Cowboy" stampeded into the big city from the wilds of Georgia dreaming of those Georgia peaches and his herd of cattle back home. Not wanting to waste his time with libs or TV, George Wayne became a systems engineer, spending many of his free hours over in Maury. Having beaded his way through the first three years with systems projects and those infamous round neck t-shirts, G.W. decided to have his mouth wired shut so as to not waste study time eating. But his new tight-lipped approach to life did not deter him from his new systems project — Mary Washington. George has decided to take his talents and QPR to the Corps, where they'll let him armor plate his pick-up, listen to WPOC, and still wear his round neck t-shirts. Psst — George — O.D.'s comin!

29TH COMPANY

JAMES WILLIAM MESSENGER

James W. Messenger is not your typical midwestern hick. A Hoosier hailing from the booming metropolis of Lebanon, Indiana, Mess is definitely a man of the world. At the Academy Jim or Anaconda, as he is affectionately called, had the reputation of being the model mid, a real hard charger. Mess was constantly striving to obtain the sacred gold E. Jim was also a N star letter winner and first team All-American in varsity rack, specializing in the distance events. In his academic endeavors Jim always used his time wisely and effectively. Jim had many hobbies but his favorite pastime was the little known art of depressing. Depressing is usually done on a Saturday night, seated gazing out the window, thinking of distant loved ones while bread plays softly in the background. Mess rarely missed a Saturday night session. To fully describe James' life and the impact he had on the Academy in such a small space is virtually impossible but in short, he was and still is a wild, a crazy kind of guy.

KEVIN SEAN MORAN

Kevin hails from the 4th largest city in the world, Brooklyn, N.Y. If it were a city!! His being a native of Brooklyn he came here with a very strong accent. After a couple of hard months of plebe summer Kevin began to speak intelligibly. However he likes to keep people guessing what he is saying so he decided to be a Russian major. Since Russian tends to get dry after a couple of years he decided Chinese would liven up things a bit. Kevin is the only person I know who can speak Chinese with a Brooklyn accent. If you ever need a question answered he always has the answer — "What do I look like, the Shell Answer Man?" Kevin not being an engineer he decided to investigate the principles of fluid dynamics. After leaving the water in the sink running he discovered that the sink will overflow. Upon further investigation he soon learned that the water will eventually flood the entire hallway. Kevin's ambition is to be a pilot. He will fly anything as long as there is an ice cold beer waiting for him when he lands. He is a great guy with a great future. Good luck!!

Rich came tripping into the Naval Academy and plebe summer on the wrong foot. Quickly gaining a reputation for being a high plains drifter with his missed chow calls and various other absent minded antics, Rich was awarded with the nickname "Oh what the heck Peck." But no tears shed for the Tommy Newsome of 29th Co. For Rich was soon in his element once academic year started. Having gained a 3.72 QPR to date, Rich has proven that there is indeed something in that size 8 head (308 cubic inches to be exact). Despite the fact that he's an encyclopedia jock, Rich can still be found frittering away his study time, reading such risque magazines as Science News. In fact, most of that study time is devoted to recopying and editing *The Handbook of Physics* into his soon to be printed book *The Gouge.* Rich will soon be walking away from here in May with a physics degree (if he doesn't forget it) into the waiting arms of his Uncle Hyman as they go where the sun never shines and the favorable winds never blow. Take care and good luck Rich.

RICHARD D. PECK

29TH COMPANY

Jim came to USNA with one goal in mind; to drive those "Greyhounds." Coming from a Navy family, he was not a newcomer to navy life. He hit plebe year as a hard charger and kept it up for all four. '76 would have been proud. Let it never be said "Rubi" ever went second class. When Jim did something he went for the "Gusto." Never before was a stereo system seen that could match "the tower of power." For a major, Jim chose management and aptly so. After all, how many mids could have said that they owned a lodge at one of the nation's most popular ski resorts? Rubes called Maine (or was it Florida) his home and often invited the men from 29 up for ski trips in his northern domain. Forever will we be grateful to him for introducing us to the wonderful world of white and most importantly those beautiful snow bunnies so often found on the slopes. 29's loss will surely be the fleet's gain.

ROBERT JAMES RUBIN

LINDSLY MCDONALD SILVESTER

Hailing from Annandale, Virginia, Sir Mackamo brought to the Severn many talents, not the least of which was generating laughter among the troops. During youngster year, in a truly rare feat of navigation, O. R. Silvester found himself no longer in his room on 6-3, but rather drifting on 6-6! — where he set up permanent residence. When his feet were on the ground Macko was usually in training for a marathon; while putting on the miles, Mac would often pass the time with his own version of Hide-and-Seek.

This two time veteran of the green table was never one to let studies bother him. Being a physical science major, Macko has proven that graduation, rack and relaxation are compatible. On weekends, however, Mackamo would come alive, much to the delight of numerous ladies from many states. Although a true charmer, Macko's heart belongs to his dog, cuddly and lovagle Gus — the company mascot. Macko was always a true gentleman and dependable? Friend? As one might suspect, he is looking skyward after graduation.

WALTER A. STARK

Good old Walter, known in 29th as weekender. And his protramid buddies as "smooth Wally." Quite a guy, would always do anything for a friend at the drop of a hat. He'd get behind helping others while spending the last week of every semester cramming for a 2.8. He came from Somerdale, New Jersey via a one year stint at the Marine Corps Academy, fooling everyone into thinking he was mean and green. No one could seem to room with him until after plebe summer when he clung to two guys for the remaining years. His unorthodox sleeping habits resulted in some hard knocks and late formations. Wally's wild and wooly weekends often proved to be too much for his friends, The Cricket and Firebird, but good mechanics always worked miracles. Wally's buddy, the computer was his mainstay here at Canoe U. and enabled him to gain access to all types of good gouge, even getting his roomie "the Baltimore connection." Never sweating the load, Wally always had the means of coming out on top. With his intelligent mind and good personality, Wally is destined for the top in whatever field he enters. He will always be remembered as a special good friend.

29TH COMPANY

KEITH DAYMOND TINDALL

Keith "Keech" Tindall entered USNA direct from MHS, Macon, Illinois. (I'd never heard of it either.) Mr. Everything at Macon, he was commonly mixed up with their mascot, "The Ironman."

The typical All-American boy (blond hair, blue eyes, cute) easily became the typical mid. Yes, he took the long hard road that Ops majors are forced to tread upon.

Having fallen madly in lust before arriving at the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology, he has become one of those rare men to retain the same girl that they entered with.

K.T. aspired to new lows at Navy with his swimming endeavors. It was not enough to fail plebe summer swimming, not good enough to meet with the subsquad for the next two years, Keith (Acqua-Rock) went all the way for USNA by coming up a couple laps short in the 40 minute swim. Service selection? Of course he's going surface, the mere fact that he doesn't know how to swim will not stand in the way of Mr. Professional.

To add to personal note — nice care Keithy, now all that you need is an imagination.

RICHARD CHARLES WARNER

Ricky is your typical Texan but we won't hold that against him. As an Air Force brat Ricky moved a great deal but for some reason claimed San Antonio, Texas as his home. He graduated from Roosevelt High in San Antonio where he excelled in baseball and girls and to quote Ricky, "Often got past first base in both." At the Academy Ricky was a very studious individual and placed academics as the number one priority in his life but due to this his social life suffered. "Skeets" sunk so low that by second class year Ricky was president of the Hood losers club. Ricky also brought new meaning to the word "violation" and spent many happy hours being violated. Being a great sports fan, Ricky cheered for Texas, Texas A&M, Notre Dame, Houston, SMU, TCU, Baylor, Texas Tech, depending on who was having the best season. Ya know Ricky was a real guy and a friend to all.

I came . . . .
  I tried . . . .
    And I succeeded!!!!!!
And now I'm going to bigger and better
  things????!!!

JAMES E. WISE, II

29TH COMPANY

Dave came to USNA from the Naval Academy area school as an ex-enlisted Nuc. Dave soon realized the error of his ways and decided to join the surface fleet. The doctors had other plans though. Dave is now going to be one of the elite NPQ members of our class. Dave has worked hard at his major, Math, almost as hard as his parents have worked at trying to lose him. They are at present moving to South Dakota to get away. Dave will soon become one of our numbers who has fallen to cupid's arrow. He met his O-A-O youngster year and will tie the knot after graduation. A few words of silence are in order, another good man has put on the chains.

DAVID CURTIS WYATT

DEWEY BASIN

RICHARD ALLEN YOCUM

Dick arrived from Fairless Hills, Pa., striving to follow in his brother's footsteps, but soon saw it was easier said than done. One of the more popular guys, Yokes made many friends and acquaintenances with his own applicance store. Even the OD dropped by for a little Friday night TV and popcorn when Dick was a 3/c. But always there to lead him down the straight and narrow was his OAO since high school. When with her. Dick turned into a superjock receiving 5 N's on one particular weekend. But when disagreements arose, so did the invisible love in Dick's life, his *B*old *A*nd *B*rassy *S*weetie, making weekends pleasant at the Hilton. You can never keep a good man down, but a good woman — you can, was his motto. After graduation Yokes will follow Hyman to the depths of the sea, mumbling to himself, "I love it, I love it, I love it."

30TH COMPANY

KURT ALLEN ALBERS

Kurt followed his nose (which was impossible to miss) to USNA from Idaho. Twin Falls or Jerome, depending on what mood he was in. Kurt was very passive plebe year although he almost killed a "Pineapple" once. Youngster year he was even mellower — so what if he skipped physics a few times? The Lizard got over it. As a second class year 'Bers got real, between his car and Sheila, he wasn't around much. When he was he went to C.B. a lot — so what if he took a plebe with him? — Eric got over it. Plebe summer 'Bers proved himself with 3 stripes? 'Bers? Anyway the pair, Kurt and Sheila, we wish a lot of luck. And some A-6 pilot will have one heck of a guy sitting next to him soon.

STEVEN PATRICK AMBROSE

Leaving his heart in San Francisco, Brose came to Canoe Univ. loaded with determination. We all thought for sure upon meeting him that he was an actor, but no, he really is that friendly. As Pres. of the "square club" plebe year, Brose survived the Ac. Board to everyone's amazement only to eventually get a 3.0 first class year. Do you still claim that Annapolis is nice in the summer months? Always full of surprises, it was never unusual for him to suddenly spurt out several lengthy lines of Skakespeare . . . especially after a few brews. He also established himself as the local expert on old movies and 50's song trivia ("Oh woe is me . . . if only academics came this easy.") Brose took his rowing talent back to the boathouse. For a long time, way too long, it seemed as if his talents would be floating with surface line. After an "enjoyable" first class cruise, however, Brose finally came to his senses and will some day be an excellent addition to that proud group of backseat flyers.

Kayaking his way to the Academy from Grants Pass, Oregon with a slight diversion at Bainbridge, "Bent" was established early as an expert in the field of general studies . . . women, music, drink, liberty, etc., Chris gave it a try at boxing, until he found out the hard way that he was supposed to jump over the rope, not on it. Oh well, at least he got an "N" sweater as a consolation prize. He had hopes of majoring in Bioscience, but that idea faded when he killed an Oreo cookie while attempting to perform surgery on it. At nights, Chris could be found studying (?) at his desk, the volume in his headphones turned up full blast. We are still baffled that he passed the hearing test with flying colors — he must have had the gouge. After taking the "big step" 1/c year (a mourning period for all single women), he decided to move his home to within walking distance, thus making 1/c year very bearable. Of course, "the apt." had to be close . . . you can't very well drive furniture anywhere (what car loan?). His organized manner (weekends were well planned in advance) and uncanny ability to somehow get high grades should aid him well down in Pensacola. We all wish him luck, as if he'll need it!

CHRISTOPHER D. BENTLEY

30TH COMPANY

Academics were, of course, a breeze. Laughing in the face of MIT Steve had USNA "wired," and OA was the only way to go. Yet the gouge held out for just so long . . . so Steven turned to professional backgammon, the game of probability. And his successed were measured monthly.

Taking time out from his game of gammon, Steve founded the East Coast Coalition in response to a threat to his 60 days-of-leave plan. Sure is hot in Annapolis in August, huh, Steve?

Steve's ability to sleep at any moment of the day should help him out once he gets to his ship. Originally he wanted to fly but it's so hard to stretch out in any of those planes, so surface line it is. Besides, Steve always did like to cruise.

STEVEN EADES BROOKS

SCOTT A. BRUCE

Scott Bruce, shouting cries of "Remember Alamo," blew into Canoe U. for four years of comprehensive goofing off and wierding out. The self proclaimed supply officer and world's heaviest gymnast was known for his hard work and his willingness to help others. Scott's desire to experience many new things had him on many interesting adventures. Fire dancing in Rhode Island, surfing and hitching in Eggo, eating, new and ever more bizare people and sleeping(?) were only a few. In his last few centons Scott became a computer jock and finally did enough all nighters to gain a B.S. (in mechanical engineering).

DANIEL WILLIAM CHANG

Following his father's footsteps Danny came to the Naval Academy from the aloha state.

During his years at the Academy he roomed with a chili bean, they became known as Cheech and Chang. Danny was renouned for his ability to clear rooms in a short period of time. Also, Danny was the only first class that had P.E. five days a week.

After his initial academic success plebe year, Dan decided to skate until graduation, maybe he went too far and he skated into big Mack's office at the end of second class year.

For Danny June Week has become the icing on the cake of each year, starting with plebe year, Dan learned that the seat of a commode was not a very good pillow after his celebration of the end of plebe year. Youngster year, Danny learned that "what you want and what you get are two different things." But second class year was a different sotry. After the Ring Dance he got what he wanted it and he liked it. Now he is a devoted lover with his blue TR-6 as his partner.

We wish Danny a friendly aloha and best of luck in his career as a surface warfare officer.

30TH COMPANY

SHERMAN LEA CURTIS

When Sherman came to the Naval Academy, he brought with him all the customs and traditions of his homeland — the Philippines. Fortunately for the rest of us he kept most of them to himself. Plebe year was an interesting experience for him, considering he was almost as old as the company officer. Being a veteran of NAPS and the fleet, Sherm used his prior knowledge to give the upperclass the impression that he actually knew what he was talking about. The only problem he had as a fourth class was being unable to do the one thing his classmates had no problems doing — carrying on. As an upperclass, the real Sherman surfaced. An avid sportsman, he tore up the soccer field with his expertise almost as well as he accumulated a record number of rack hours. He changed from engineering to bull courses to further increase his worldly knowledge (so he says). Too bad television isn't an elective, right Sherm? Graduation week will find him in the chapel; after that he will go wherever there isn't any water. Good luck in whatever you do, old man!

CHRISTOPHER JAMES DRAKE

C.J. boogied into Annapolis from Westerly, R. I.; the "Blues Capital of the World." Chris could be found every long weekend attending "Sunday night at the Knick." That is, if he could find his car keys. Christopher opted for one of those man-tech majors and took more 200 level courses than any graduate in history. A dabbler at many sports, Chris led some to believe he was a varsity sailer. We know better. As far as parties Chris was known the world over for his annual Labor Day bash. "That bands in my garage!" The future holds "any" boat out of Pearl and many days of silver surfin on the Kona Coast.

Matt came to us from Bettendorf. He was full of new ideas and desires which plebe summer quickly shattered. After clearing his throat, he was ready for youngster year. Matt taught us how to be diplomatic with the townies that year and how company officers deal with diplomats. "But Sir, I'm the one that's bleeding"! Upon getting released from the hospital the doctor gave him the O.K. to begin second class year. There were very few school nights that went by that Matt was not seen coming back or going to some sort of formal dinner. It was three months before we realized he had a good deal and by that time it was too late. Entering senior year can be a traumatic experience for most people but not Matt. Having been taught the basic concepts of mellow Matt learned how to overload. He brought new meaning to the words "youngster afternoon." Through all this, Matt developed lasting friendships and respect among those people that knew him best. See you on Wall Street.

MATTHEW ALAN GEBEL

30TH COMPANY

Heida-Ho has had quite a time at the Academy. Being an Oceanography major proved to be no problem for Steve. His approach to studying was unique, he didn't. Between his 260Z, cards, and backgammon, he worked hard at being the company's token indian and 1st set company commander. Even though his family moved during his second class year, Steve will always claim South Dakota as home. Never one to be tied down, he spent his holidays in New York, Boston, Sioux City, and even Fredrick, Md. A different one in every port, so to speak. Pensacola will have to watch out when he hits the beach, even if he is going to be a back-seat driver. Steven never had to worry about his eyesight going bad while at the Academy. The only reason he won't be in the front seat is because his eyes are too good. Someone will be in for a good wingman when he finally gets to a squadron.

STEVEN G. HEIDA

JUDSON LEWIS KNECHT

Splashing through his first year, Judd lost sight of his original goals. With a clean slate, Judd started youngster year by joining the plumber's union. Having seen the light Judd postponed marriage for ten years and began his junior year, not without the cute little green bug. His friends gave him an inside connection with the secret service, Judd gave them a party with hippos. Putting a stick in his hand, Judd took to the fairways . . . and the trees, and the lakes. He missed it by a single shot but was kept on for his moral strength. Senior year found Judd following in the footsteps of great leaders and handling it well. Juddy then made a hole in one, both on and off the links. Through the bad times and the good, Judd will be remembered with great friendship and admiration. It's hard to be angry with someone who wakes up grinning from ear to ear. Best luck to the both of you and remember ten dollars is a lot of money.

RICARDO PATRICIO LILLO

After 3 years of prep school at the Chilean Naval Academy Ricardo finally decided to come to Annapolis. He is affectionately known by his classmates as the "Dude," though when 2nd class year rolled around he was better known as U. A. Lillo. His favorite saying during plebe summer was "excuse me Sir???" Rick didn't change his Spanish ways 1st class either, as CDO of 30th Company he usually reported it as "Senor, La 30 Compania Esta Formada." After choosing EE as his major Rick learned 3 new words, "where's the gouge" Dude. There are two loves in Rick's life, his Jensen Healey that sounds like a tank that made him the chief contributor to the policeman's ball and his real true love, Teresa, which to this day no one really knows their legal status. After graduation he will join the engineering corps of the Chilean Navy where we all know he will be "excelente."

30TH COMPANY

BRIAN H. MACKAY

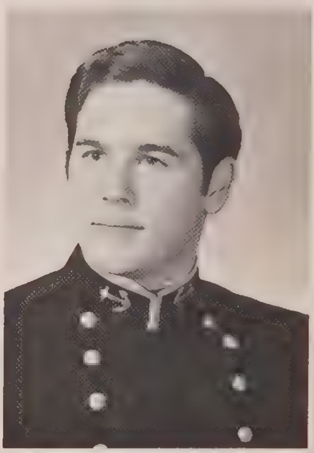
Mac hailed from Arkansas (pronounced Arrhh-Kansas) but you'd never it. He is such a suave and debonair *hick*. Brian had a small problem hanging on to roommates for the first two years. Only 5 people roomed with him and stayed. His obvious claim to fame was his involvement with the famous (or infamous depending upon your point of view) Navy F.B. Team. Soaking up bennies was Mac's Major. He minored in P.E. (as all constant white-works-wearer's did), and with his license to bag, he had it made. The only thing Mac always worked on was his "systems". He was the only person who could take a Hum/SS Fortran Course. Seriously though, we all wish him a lot of luck in the future and truely hope that he can fly better than he can drive a standard.

JEFFERY SCOTT MANOR

Jeff came to us back in '75 as a refugee from the Gator Navy minus a year's layover at NAPS. Jeff claims many places as home — but which one, when?? Well, it all depended on whether or not the sports teams in that particular area was winning or not. Currently Winter Park, Florida is home ever since Tampa Bay upset the Vikings. Jeff was never one to worry about academics — not even in the least. While his "sweat" classmates were burning the midnight oil completing term papers due the next day, Jeff was sound asleep dreaming of soft, warm things. Consequently, upon entering class the next morning, his standard line became "WHAT!!!?? what term paper??!!" Known as a chronic arguer by all, Jeff never missed a hassle, even creating them for fun, which is why he appeared on campus. As a sailor, arguing with officers was no fun, and somewhat dangerous . . . BUT . . . if he were to become one!! Jeff will be a fine Naval Officer, especially if a war needs starting.

Ken was from somewhere in California; wherever there was a winning team. He and Anita Bryant agree on its governor, though. His two brothers had to help him through plebe year. Ken was a perfectionist if there ever was one. He had the best swing on the golf team, especially when the club was air borne. The back nine was always his favorite because the 19th hole was near the 10th tee. Ole one beer Painter was great entertainment in public places. He always introduced himself to women, but they could never understand him. Either his lips wouldn't move or he would develop an unintelligible southern drawl. Next to golf, women, and beer, Ken's pasttimes included wiretapping, driving his Pantera (disguised as a Pinto), and beer. Only ten dollars separate Ken and a trip up the aisle in New Hampshire, California, or wherever. Ken's love for chestnuts is outweighed only by his love for flying. Jan, Mo, Po, Val, Scoe, Crank, and the man called Horse will all be there. The way he marches he should go . . . never!

KENNETH BRUCE PAINTER



30TH COMPANY

Mike made his way to the Boat School from the sunny beaches of Miami after a brief visit to NAPS. Boxing his way into our hearts plebe summer, Ped insisted on maintaining a trim 127 lb. figure though lasagna, double-beef burgers, and lots of pizza easily boosted Mike to 145 lb. in the off-season. Despite any physical anguish Ped suffered, losing weight had no effect on his grades. Academically, Ped was a wonder at USNA . . . . we were forever wondering when he'd put down the comics long enough to crack a book. How he managed several 3.0 semesters is beyond all of us . . . . you too, Mike? Youngster year Ped began his education in professionalism, namely booze, women, cars, and liberty. We'll never forget that fine spring evening after the company mess night when Ped insisted he was ready for the first-class forty minute swim down at the city docks (it's supposed to be done in khakis Mike, not mess dress!) Ped attacked second class year with high hopes — he plowed into stocks and investments as easily as he plowed into a many splendid thing with his 260Z. Parachuting into first class year and his third semester of wires, Ped will always be remembered for his enthusiasm and excellence in the boxing ring and more importantly, for his thoughtfulness and unselfishness. Ped was never one to say "no" to anyone looking for help of any kind. We wish Ped the best of luck and fortunately for the Marines, they finally found one of those good men they've been looking for, for so long.

MICHAEL D. PEDERSEN

PAUL E. POHLMEYER

Paul, "Po," departed Pittsburgh leaving behind a dull life of sex, Booze, and money hoping to find the exciting facets of life here at the U. of Nav. As a plebe, Paul decided the color of black was out. So he chose to go with basic white works the rest of his tour. Youngster year, Paul still had plebe summer on his mind. Many weekends, Po was found having uniform races out by the Hilton. Although Paul's major is aerospace, he was often found tinkering with electronics. Po became an expert in wiretapping, television repair and hairclipper maintenance. Junior year, Po felt a party was in order after the Pitt game. Here Paul learned self defense, when mixed invitations caused a hellacious fight for him. Due to injuries acquired from varsity wrestling, Po's form of exercising has been limited. Now many weekends are spent working out at local discos where shouts of "the king" are heard as he emerges from the crowds. Po chose Navy Air, since flying is the next best thing to disco.

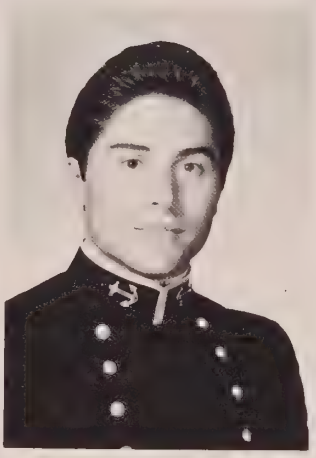
STEPHEN GEORGE SQUIRES

"Put me in a boat, and I row!" Steve Squires — our resident crew jock. Yep, there's no mistaking this guy from a distance. Anyone who spends as much time in a shell as he does, has got to walk a little funny!?! Girls? The final Squi verdict — "She's Butt!" (except one, that is). Easily entertained, he has been known to spend hours just staring out the window, academics not being one of his stronger points, about 10 o'clock at night he is frequently heard annoucing "I'm going to bed. I'll study in the morning." Sure, Steve. Ol' Squi sure left his mark here at U. S. of N. A. — from winning his weight class in the plebe summer wrestling tournament to being president of FCA and captain of one of the best crew teams in the nation, his senior year. Friend of all, enemy of none; he's always there offering a kind word or a helping hand. Yes, folks, this kid from Washington is going places in this world!

30TH COMPANY

DANA E. SWENSON

Sweats started out in "Happy Squad" and was one of the few remaining members after two years. Hailing from New Hampshire the lack of good skiing in the immediate area often caused this man long trips north. Even in the cold of the north Dana always had something warm waiting for him, (we all wish Cheri luck) and as a 2/c he made it a permanent thing with her. Where he is going is not the Corps — he could never take the "mental" work. Rickover should get a good man and probably a spare tire or two for one of his boomers.

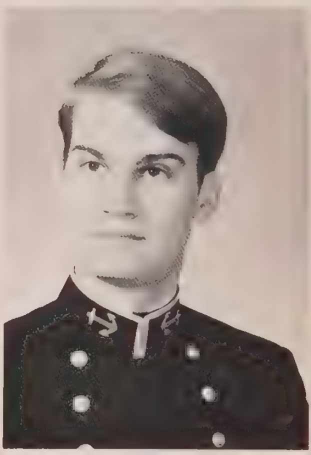


JAMES VANLANGEN

Van decided, after a year of NAPS, that he would continue his education, but instead ended up at the U. of SNA. His biggest obstacle plebe year was convincing everyone that he was a plebe. For medical reasons (blocked pores) the guy just couldn't sweat. Van (Disco) was extremely proud of his appearance. The greatest compliment he received quite often was "but you don't look like a Mid." Van was also a jock and received two N's as a youngster. He even got to see the Dant for one, probably for a special commendation. Jimmy, a gifted lax player, could handle his stick better than most and it was this talent that made him big in the chick department. Van also got into "hanging" at parties and midshipman functions, so much that at the D. C. mardi gras, Van played superman, leaping from tall escalators and evading security police. Jim decided on Navy Air since he was too far south to joint the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and his application to Barber School was lost.

When I asked Tom what he would like to read twenty years from now when he gazed back into this illustrious anacronym he replied simply — his name on a check from the Irish Sweepstakes. Hailing from Injun Head, Md., T.C. has made a perfect roommate for many classmates and former classmates. His easygoing style of leadership has supposed some casual observers to believe Tom as being unambitious. Anyone who witnessed this fine lad a week or so after a term paper due date can faithfully deny this accusation. On being a partier, the Native Mosquito Colony as Assateague Island National Seashore can attest to the fact that Tom is more than just a "good time." The future for T.C. looks to the sunny of Papsycola where he hopes to gain a multi-engine flying license and the realization of a lifelong dream, (T.C.'s P&C Import Emporium-We fly lower, higher.)

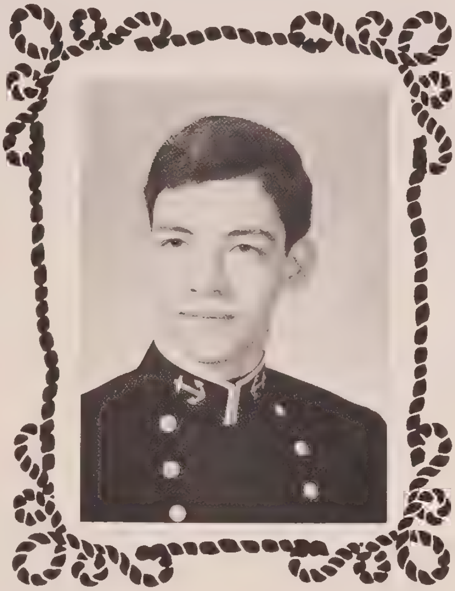
THOMAS CARROL WARREN, JR.



30TH COMPANY

Mike, a good 'ole boy from Kentucky, came to the Naval Academy with his flintlock and coonskin cap. Unfortunately, since it was outlawed years ago, Mike's dream of a two hour hunting spree on Stribling Walk was never to be. Concentrating instead on academics, he managed to squeak through with a mere 3.9 between shots of Kentucky bourbon. Ask Mikey — he hates everything? Or did he? (What about those last minute dashes to C.B. Mike?) Mike decided, however, to stick to whoppers after being caught in the middle trying to stop a race riot at MacDonald's in Philadelphia. His night in Philly was made complete after being rear-ended by a midget in a green Z. Once first class year rolled around, Mike, who would rather ski than swim, spent many hours on the lakes and around the campfires back home. He could have opened a tavern in his room with all the happy juice he received from home on his 21st. The fleet will gain immeasurably from a man who lives by the motto, "If I can't do it, it can't be done." Good luck, Welchy!

MICHAEL K. WELCH

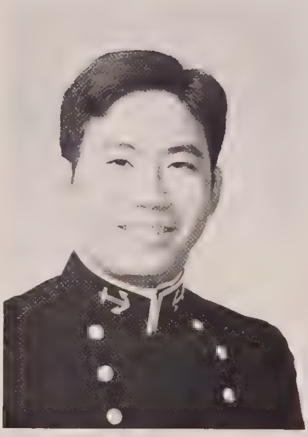


MACDONOUGH HALL

THOMAS MICHAEL WITTENSCHLAEGER

With the longest name in the class, Tom quickly became known as Witt. When he rolled in from Pittsburgh in the summer of '75 Tom decided he'd rather drive than ride. Within two years, Tom owned three cars and one bike. Tom tried to double major in crew and EE until midway through youngster year when he discovered that water and electricity don't mix. As the "Masked Bandit," a ski mask and a key lime pie became the tools of his trade. Second class year, after watching Dustin Hoffman, Tom decided that he too could be a marathon man. After an impressive debut at Virginia Beach, Tom's shocks went kaputt. First class year, this kamikaze KA sailor got his kicks by dunking his dates on Sunday afternoons. Tom will make one hell of a Naval Officer, and we all wish him the best of the fleet.

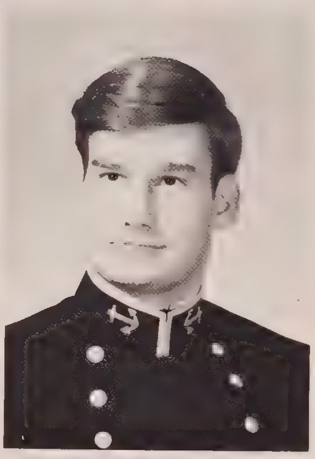
31ST COMPANY



DOUGLAS G. K. AUYONG

Known as the Pineapple, Doug could easily be recognized by his pitter patter footsteps coming down the hall. His four years at the Academy has had many oddities for us to observe. One of the biggest oddity is his ability to eat or shall I say to consume large amounts of food. No wonder his squad does not look as though they have been on diets. The Pineapple has always been trying to "poison" his classmates by feeding them exotic foods such as raw fish and smelly seaweed.

I could always recognize who it is as well as many others by his familiar calling words, "Hey you!". As friendly as he may be, whenever Doug gets up no one speaks to him because he could outdo a mean dobberman pincher on the charge! So when you hear pitter patter of footsteps and the cry, "Hey you," be prepared for it may be the Crazy Hawaiian/Pineapple!



PHILLIP ANTHONY BEGLEY

Begs made the July '75 trek to the Naval Academy from Springfield, Virginia, a scant 50 miles away, and immediately established himself as a particularly outgoing and outspoken personality. The latter trait got him into trouble more than once, but as a plebe he really did sweat the second class. Wanting to make the most of his free four-year college education, Begs decided to spend his hours of academic endeavor as a systems engineer. In true Begley style, however, he never let his choice interfere with the hours he spent in the rack or in front of the tube. A bull major at heart, he handled his few bull courses with amazing ease. The trip from Annapolis to Springfield and back became a popular one during his first class year. Somehow, the demands of his major just couldn't compete with the weekend attentions of his young lady back home. Phil managed to salvage both his degree and his romance. After four years, surface line still looks mighty fine, at least for the next five.

Bob has very simple tastes, he likes to have the best. Bob ended up in the trade school, coming from a high class suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, called *Elyria*. While not quite skating through plebe year, with the use of his foxy sisters picture, Bob showed us his social sophistication the first time we were off the leash in Florida. While most everybody else was "drinking to get into the mood," Bob was picking up on five Eastern Airline Stewardess trainees.

"King of Pips" is the title Bob earned at the expense of celestial navigation and BUDS training second class year, and as a first class, he earned the title Disco king by bumping out at all the high class discotheques, Tramps being his favorite.

Bob, desiring to be a naval aviator is working hard trying to live according to the Lord's will as he spends his time flying low in his 'Vette, chasing down a beautiful young Ferrari from a distant land.

ROBERT LEE BURELL

31ST COMPANY

Clem! What a stud! An avid English major and body builder Mark was the kind of guy people could not help but notice; at least the women did. You could never figure out whether it was his coolness under pressure or wits that made him such a success at USNA. A very personable guy also, Clem could make friends with anyone. And he usually managed to keep them until they heard the CB band. Just kidding Clem! Everyone in 31 knows the CB band was found for stardom had it not been for the resignation of a vital member. If Harry Chapin ever needs a songwriter he better make sure and look you up. Anyway, good luck in Pensacola although I know you won't need it. If you handle those jets with the skill that you handle your 280Z during your touch and go landings in Georgetown you'll be the best. Hey, let us know how it feels to "turk out" in an F-18.

MARK M. CLEMENTE

DAVID LEE COLES

Already a veteran of Service Academies, Dave got traded from Air Force to Navy for a first round draft choice in July '75. Tired of sitting the bench in Colorado Springs, Colsey became a "starter" at Navy from the first day. Coming from Battle Creek, Michigan, the corn flake capital of the world, Dave's dry wit and good sense of humor kept 31 laughing for four years. A systems engineer in major and a cowboy in heart, he led the company in academics and study hours, yet never shyed away from a cold Moosehead beer or a good Elvis tune. His major crisis at USNA was the death of the King, yet Elvis lives on in Colsey's command performance imitations. Deceptively slick with the women (he is Begs' girl's favorite), a steady stream of letters from Battle Creek continued for four years. Dave was able to remain single in true cowboy fashion. After all, "cowboys ain't easy to love . . ." The Corvette of his dreams became a hot silver Camaro which tended to stay in the shop more than on the road. Resisting the Nukes, Colsey will fly off into P-3 heaven; and heaven's the limit for a great guy like Dave.

RICHARD BRADFORD DREHOFF

Commuting from the bustling metropolis of North Linthicum, Rich was dropped off at Canoe U. by his dad on his way to work. Rich soon developed an excellent rapport with his first set firstie and he furthered that relationship at army time by playing "spin-the-bowl-of - ice - cream - on - your - favorite - firstie's-head." A double major, he soon found academics difficult and so bagged them altogether. Even though an excellent lacrosse player, Rich soon wisely chose rack over lax and gained his letter in rack during his youngster year, when he could legally rack during study hour. Not one to bag sports altogether, he soon developed prowess at nerf hoop and proceeded to hustle all comers; especially Hugsy who spent half of his paycheck on cokes lost in those infamous "double or nothing" wagers. Rich can also trade cuts with the best of 'em, and is a noted antagonist. One can look forward to many an argument with this future Supply Corps Officer because, as one noted parent said, "Rich has the world by the tail."

31ST COMPANY

G.P. FONTAINE

To have been here was neat.
To get out of here was even better.
Later Brah.

CHARLES WILLIAM GITTINS

What can one say? With a new twelve grand 'Vette and an ego to match, Charles has successfully recovered from the romantic setback suffered during 2/c year. As an integral member of the Wolfpack, Charles manages to have some clout within the Company as well as the position and stripes as Brigade Parade Judge to immediately change the disposition of any company officer within the Brigade. With a Navy Sports fanatic for a father, he has supplied many of the companies with Indian and animal pictures. As for the women, the Gittins Charm has worked many a miracle with reluctant young students of surrounding schools, and also with a few that even he doesn't want to remember. Looking to cast his lot with the few good men as a Marine Corps NFO, Charles can't wait to personally deliver some fiery ordnance against enemies of the state. Although his low level passes might not always be made in combat, he's bound to go around with gusto, and his cronies will not soon forget his influence. Get 'em, Gitts! (DBS)

Craig is from a military family and currently lives in Arlington, Virginia. While at the Academy he has majored in Aerospace Engineering, but his education didn't stop there. He has also learned scuba diving, military parachute jumping, and rock climbing. His favorite sport is soccer, however, he spent a year on the varsity sailing team and participated in Op' Sail '76. As a plebe it was trial and error for him, mostly error, but he has made a turn around and has vastly improved. He was battalion adjutant first semester first class year. Upon graduation Craig is going into the Marine Corps and hopes to fly helicopters. He also plans to marry the girl who's helped him through his four years at the Naval Academy.

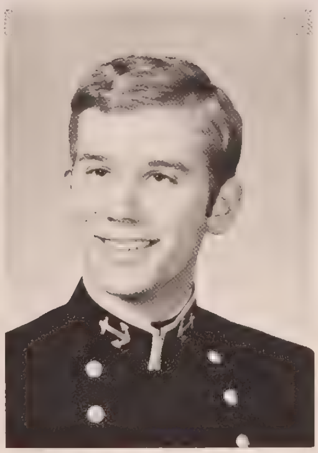
CRAIG GRABOWSKY

31ST COMPANY

I am still not all that I should be but I am bringing myself to bear on this one thing: forgetting the past and looking forward to what lies ahead. I strain to reach the end of the race and receive the prize for which God is calling because of what Christ Jesus did for us.

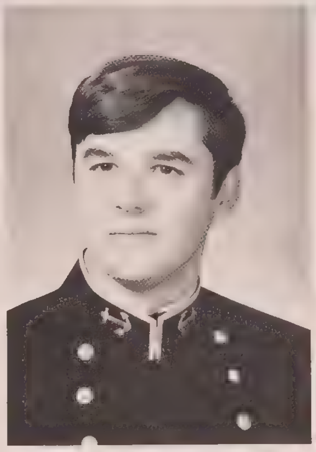
To know the worth of an anchor, we must feel the strength of the storm.

ROBERT DWIGHT GREER



WILLIAM RUSSELL HAYES

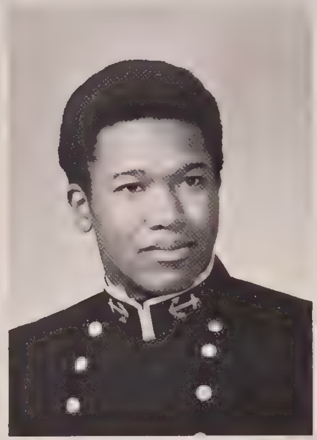
After two years in the fleet and a year at Naps, Plebe Year was a breeze for Bill. As a plebe he managed to take advantage of most of the first class privileges (remember those elevator rides, the ensign's wife, and civilian clothes) and only accumulated 185 demo's. Youngster Year gave Willy a chance to be himself. We will never forget those Saturday nights spent at Buzzy's with Ish, the way he perfected the art of extinguishing cigars with his hand, the boof fights, and course, mugging Ohman. But halfway through Youngster Year a quick engagement forced Bill to calm down and made for a quiet semester. Second class year came around and he was well prepared with his new car parked a few steps from the gate and his new found bachelorhood. It was a quiet year highlighted by ice skating with Lorj, T, and the boys, a broken knee, and a cold Christmas leave in the hall. Now we're firsties, long weekends and ghetto life will pull us through. Right, F.H.? P. S. Remember the bench!



STEVEN ISCHE

After four years at this fine institution of higher learning, Steve Ische has emerged a true leader. Being one of the few sane members of the Brigade, Ish managed to escape the wrath of overprotective company officers, and absent-minded professors. Just when the establishment thought they had the Ishman, he managed to pull the wool over their eyes for another semester. Youngster year Ish and the rest of the motley crew could be found at any of the various Annapolis nightspots, here is where his true genius was recognized. Back in the hall Steve though quiet had his moment of brilliance. He was always one to look on the lighter side of things. Not one to study too much Steve's grades reflected this, and it finally caught up with him 2nd class year. With first class year came a much more refined Steve Ische, but he still managed to get out now and then; much to the dismay of authorities. The past 4 years hold many fond memories, but the question everybody is wondering about is, is the fleet really ready for the lives of Ish?

31ST COMPANY



KEVIN L. JACKSON

Kevin Leroy Jackson, alias "action Jackson," and known by his company mates as "the rampant Westpac lover" was definitely an asset to 31st company during his years at U.S.N.A. A very active individual Kevin revealed his many talents by participation in modern music (the Variations), the flying club and junior varsity track. On top of these "Action" was able to manhandle an aerospace engineering major and could be seen giving EI to fellow aero majors during many a study hour. Kevin was the kind of guy who was always willing to give a helpful hand or hint whether it was needed or not. And when he wasn't sparkling in his performance as a midshipman you knew he was out painting the town with mucho ladies. How did you know? He came back and told you so on Sunday night during study hour. Good ol' modest Kevin! Fair winds and good luck in Pensacola good buddy. I'll probably never find another roommate of your caliber in any respect. And hey, take it easy on the women. You want to save some for your next visit to Olongapo, If you know what I mean (smile).

WILLIAM BRYAN JONES

What can one say? Rolling into Naptown out of the deep south (Old Miss) "The Hones" has done his best to sail through the Academy with a minimum of effort. Although he almost made it through plebe year unscathed, he was caught in a crossfire of form 2's and saw fit to privately consult the Commandant. Nevertheless, it's been smooth seas since then, and with the minimum of booking that he has engaged in, one must doubt the Aero Department's claim to difficult fame. As for the weekends, if he isn't legally carousing under the auspices of a sailing M.O., then his devoted D.C. darling occupies the rest of his free time. As a member of the wolfpack (when he's been around), the Hones is now looking forward to tangling with tomcats. Having heard his morning sonata of hacks and coughs, we just hope they've developed an oxygen mask with a built-in spittoon.

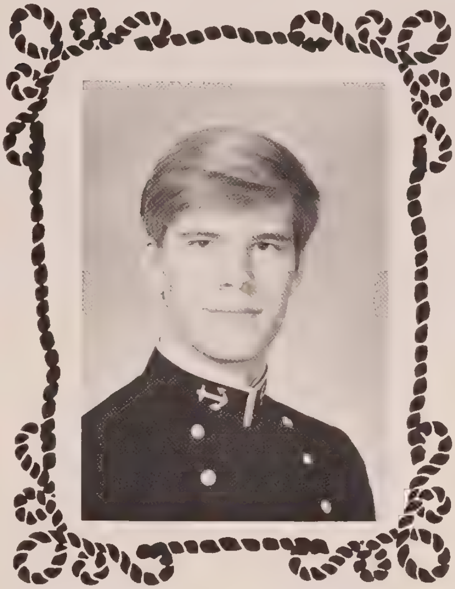
Annapolis was quite a change from Miami, huh "T"? Not only did he see snow for the first time, but he learned about short hair too. Hey "T", (some call him "FL"), you know we are the only ones who were roommates all four years? Well on to your accomplishments . . . without you, how would we ever have had that 6-2 record in soccer 1/c year? I guess Oceanography, I mean enginemath, was kind of tough, good thing for phi-sci. Your research project on resonant frequencies was interesting — you really perfected it. You really broke some hearts youngster year until that cold January night — I was there too remember? Now you've really broken them all, because they know they don't stand a chance anymore. Between ice skating all winter, and keeping an hour by hour count on how long 'til the weekend, we managed to live thru the week, bolt until Sunday night, and then we were back to the rack for 5 more days. Remember the bench!!

THOMAS BROOKS LEWIS

31ST COMPANY

Kevin — or is it Mike? — well, anyway, whatever his name, came to USNA to fulfill his lifelong dream. Being the hottest surface liner in the company as a plebe, he felt no need at all to sweat 2/c and told them so. He found his great love for math and engineering early so he became a Poly Sci major. He loved them so much he even spent his summers and 1/c year in "added research." Being the only confirmed bachelor in the company, Kevin found himself the political prisoner of a beautiful Cuban spy. Using all of his USNA acquired diplomatic skills, he decided his only alternative was marraige, and they signed the treaty on the seawall one sunny Sunday afternoon. 1/c year he bought the ' Stang and set land speed records for Wilmington to USNA, USNA to Ocean City, and Pollock Johnny's to 6th Wing parking lot. He eventually sold his racing machine to Allstate Insurance for a negative profit. Graduation will find him on a "hot steamer" and ready to attain anything he desires in life.

MICHAEL KEVIN MAHON



JONATHAN MICLOT

What can one say? At 6'6", 235 lbs. Da' Mic from Iowa is tired of being compared to cornstalks. Combine that with the gentle disposition of a grizzly bear with cramps, and no one gives this man much grief. But the 'Mic' does it all, and sometimes does it all well. A firm believer in being "definitely not cool" with the foam at the O-club, he has been the life and often the laugh of many a tailgater. Postgame activities aside, his favorite haunt is the basement lab deck of Maury Hall where his Captain Kirk fantasies are fueled by the dazzling array of buttons, analogs, hybrids and digital computers. As for service selection, "well does *anyone* have a coin?" But he's definitely not a "tin-can" man. (Lean, mean and green maybe?) Yet, as he hands "Bo-Bo" another, and his bloodshot eyes survey future horizons, his only comment remains, "Yeah, I be big dumb!"

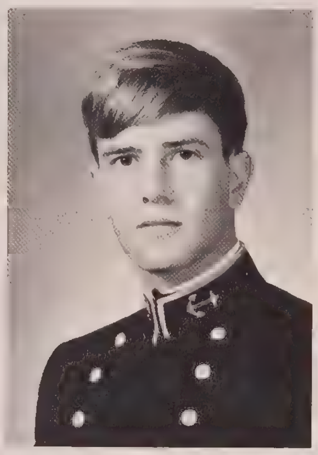
JOHN CLIFFORD PEDIGO

Another south Florida native, J.C. came to Navy where he learned the fundamentals of academic theory resulting in his discovery of the "low yield semester" and the "minimum involvement day." Known by the infamous quote, "I live to lift," Peds, to the amazement of all, survived the trials of plebe year. John's face (when it's not his twins) was usually seen floating around the Aerospace Eng. Labs with the rest of the air heads. A dedicated student of the fair sex, John has become known for his "luck" with the young lovelies. Fortunately he never let it discourage him. Motivated by a keen sense of survival, he soon developed a nose for the gouge, which was to sustain him until June '79. After graduation, John will be where he belongs, flying the friendly skies of free airspace for the Navy.

31ST COMPANY

DONALD P. QUINN

D.Q. came to Annapolis from that "thriving metropolis" of East Rochester, N.Y. A great wrestler and stud athlete, he chose to pursue wrestling at USNA. Peaking out a little too soon he decided to pursue the more important things in life. He had a lot of trouble but he finally got his priorities straight . . . (1) Party (2) Rack (3) Study. This oceanography major is best remembered for his "homy" 2/c party van in which he provided good times for all or at least until the thing (his van) mercifully died. D.Q.'s next set of "hot wheels," carefully held together by rust, soon became known as the "death-mobile." Need I say more? If there's any truth in the quote "you rate what you get away with" D.Q. rated more privileges than the supe. One of the lucky few, D.Q. latched on to a real sweet woman in high school and has managed to hang on to her ever since, or is that visa versa, D.Q.? Soon to be "formally" married D.Q.'s will be heading for old P-Cola for NFO training.



KENNETH W. RAUP

It all started in the summer of 1975. Not knowing what to expect, Ken showed up fearing the worst and found it. He survived plebe year by maintaining a low profile, maybe too low, since five of his firsties didn't know who he was come June Week. While suffering the academics of youngster and second class years Raupigo lightened the strain by living with his "Twin" Pediraup, much to the confusion of the plebes and upperclass alike. They'll probably give his diploma to John by mistake.

Finally first class year arrived with its long weekends, when "Boni" let him take them, and his BMW in which he commuted between his home in Richmond and Annapolis.

A short four years and then graduation. How time flies when you're having fun!?

While times were not always the greatest, they were nevertheless very memorable. Surely these times, good and bad, will always remain firmly in his memory and be fondly remembered for the rest of his life.

Stew!! He was so busy rowing for Navy Crew he didn't have a lot of time to party, but he sure did a heck of a job when he got the chance. He and Bentely really did Washington! Back in the hall he worked hard and managed to spend 2 years unsat, but never saw the long green table. But phy-sci started being nice to him and he pulled above the ol' 2.0. All the girls in Dahlgren will remember Stew, and so will the breweries that he kept in business. Some people say that Stew had to sell 2 oil wells and a herd of cattle to buy the car in a little "finder bender." Stew may have gotten away with a 2/c car, but he couldn't get away with an army mule. He managed to accumulate almost as many demos as a 1/c as he did plebe year. Stew says things will get better after graduation — they have too!

MICHAEL RAMSEY STEWART

31ST COMPANY

What can one say? Strike-air, a sun devil to the last, arrived in dismal Naptown 4 years ago and has been raising hell every since. Streicher convinced himself early on that academics were merely a sidelight to the massive weekend party atmosphere at 'Naplis. Few will ever forget Streicher's run in with the Jimmy legs at the Outlaws concerts. It is doubtful that the Keystone Cops would have messed with the boy had they known the powerful arsenel that Dan-o packs.

Never one to put up with inefficiency, Streicher concentrated on firing both barrels to combat geeks and smacks at the Naval Academy, and few will argue that Dan-o had no qualms about stepping on breakable egos. As a result Streicher was soon recognized as the leader of the wolfpack which of course thrived on egotistical mids.

An avid Navy football fan, Dan will no doubt find time to return from Quantico to take in a few of the Navy squad's games. Of course, one can't be too sure if Dan will survive the Ax-boards since they've been chasing him since plebe year. But if he does he will no doubt join the few and the proud with the goal of Pensacola as his second stop, after Quantico.

DANIEL B. STREICH

CLIFFORD CHARLES WILSON

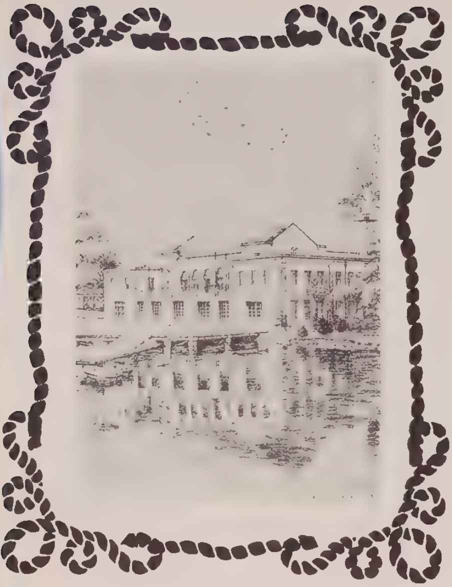
What can one say? Bobo as the second of 3 brothers to attend Canoe U. has probably benefited most from the experience. Bobo had the use of his firstie brother's van as a plebe and all will no doubt remember the many fast and furious drives that Bobo had to make to get back from D. C. in time for plebe dinner formation.

Bobo soon tired of school work so he decided to let the books ride and concentrate more on rack and tube.

To recover from the hard evenings of wires gouge hunting, Walt returned to the "beach house" on weekends to party with various members of the opposite sex. First class year brought with it the van so long awaited both by Walt and the guys who lent him their cars in the past. That van should come in handy for wooing the women of Newport, Walt's next stop after USNA. But long after Walt is gone, his classmates will remember — "Hey Criffy Poo Poo, I was just wondering if . . . . ." (cw)

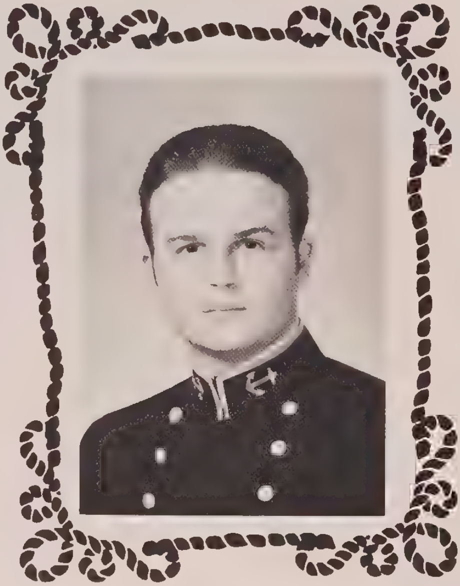
KELVIN KNOX WOMACK

Hailing from Toledo, Ohio, Kelvin Womack came to the United States Naval Academy determined to emerge an electrical engineer. The combination of football and academics though was too much for the young stud so youngster year he changed to management and technology. After settling down in his new found interest, Kelvin became a shining star in the Company. Arising from his rack only on special occasions "Mack" spent his four years as a leader in 31. Keeping away from football during his second class year his grades prospered as the usually quiet Kelvin cooked many a fourth class with the flames of his wrath. The leisure of first class year allowed a return to the gridiron and a starting position with the 150's. As Kelvin hits the fleet I'm sure the Supply Corps will gain from his many talents, but personally, I'll lose the best dictionary I ever had.



HUBBARD HALL

32ND COMPANY

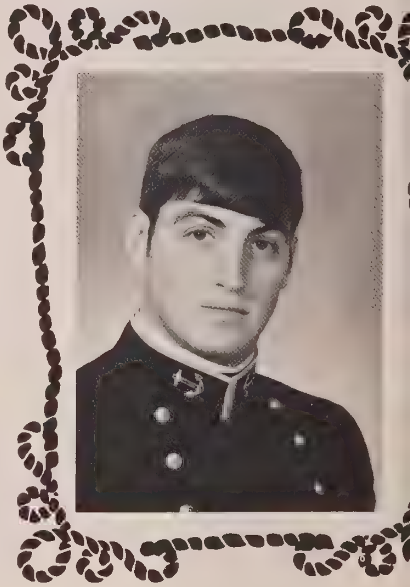


GREGORY VINCENT BAKA

The Mad Hungarian glided aboard from sunny California looking for a chance to continue his high-altitude antics, which he did throughout his four years with his unique running, marching, and hair styles and his choice of "mufti." Known by all for his wild investment schemes and extensive travel plans for backpacking, Greg was forced to set his sights for lower goals and only made it as far as Guantanamo Bay, while acquiring the nickname of "Bert Lance of 32." The correct translation of Greg's name was a constant source of disagreement within the company as it could never be decided whether to use the Hungarian "Alert, conquering foot odor," or the Japanese "Stupid." "Chewy, pass the Alpha decimal One decimal sauce, please." If we don't cross paths again, remember — Don't feed the penguins in Antarctica.

Bigger than life and the rest of us, Steve strolled into Annapolis with a football in his hand and a trail of broken hearts stretching all the way back to New Jersey. The "Baze," as he was soon to become known to the rest of "the boys," started off plebe summer with a few bruises as a renowned member of the three B's. A started on the plebe football team, Baze soon punched out of Navy football and into the weightroom, another victim of the Welsh curse. Youngster year found the Baze downing the Brews and breaking world records. Never one to be accused of over-studying, the Hulk with that tremendous build and zeal for pumping iron soon became a lifetime subscriber to "Body Beautiful." First Class year found the Baze living for weekends, riding that big Yamaha Time Machine, and breaking hearts at U. of M. Take care ol' Buddy as you fly out of our squadron and into the nightlife of Pensacola.

STEVEN H. BAZER



32ND COMPANY

Jeff came to Canoe U. with a smile as warm, and a heart as golden, as the Californian sunshine he had left behind. Unfortunately for him, his pleasant thoughts of the surf, the sand, and the rays of home were rudely interrupted when he, all too suddenly, found himself being verbally assaulted by a little "screaming memmy" known as the "Menke Mouse." Always quick on the rebound, Jeff soon recovered from this initial shock and quickly regained his beaming smile. Keeping a low profile was always one of his specialties. When he wasn't busy "necking it" at the "brary," he was either out running, or demolishing some poor fool on the handball courts. Jeff will continue to use this energy and enthusiasm of his in the future as he pursues a career among the glorious Navy fighter pilots. Jeff's sincere concern for others was always evident, and his willingness to share himself with others made him a true friend to us all. Honestly seeking to deny himself so that God might increase in his life, Jeff pressed on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus. God bless you Brother, we'll meet you in the air.

JEFFREY L. BONTRAGER

ROBERT ANTHONY BURNS, I

Bob Burns, a product of the Big Apple, came to USNA via a year's stint at SUNY Maritime College. After that year of fun and frolic he realized what work really was like when he entered the hallowed halls of Bancroft. Never fully recovering from the harrowing experiences of Plebe Summer with Flamin' Freeman, Bob somehow managed to keep his head above water through all these years. The only time that his head went underwater was when diving for Navy's swim team. When Bob wasn't studying, which was often, he could be found trying to entice the hearts of the lovely young ladies of "Disco Dahlgren." He finally snatched a shy but cute Maryland girl and turned her into a raving beauty who could dance better than Ginger Rogers! If Bob ever decides to leave the Navy, he will surely find a job as a comedian as he made many a classmate laugh at his numerous antics and imitations. The mermaids of the deep will certainly welcome Bob when he cruises on board his first ship.

BRENT RICHARD COTTINGHAM

Besides being religiously unusual, Brent was known by his classmates as the guy who always had a spare buck to lend or a spare hour to type a term paper. Always in pursuit of physical excellence (his own), Corps-bound Brent found happiness on the company soccer fields when he wasn't getting "pumped up."

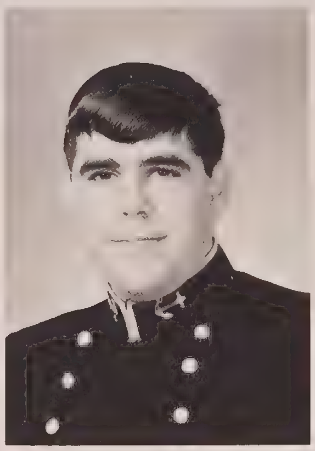
He came from way out west in Watsonville, Calif., but he had a second family of "good people" in nearby Westchester, Pa., where every free weekend was spent.

His favorite verse: Psalms 34:7,8. The Angle of the Lord encamps around those who fear him, and delivers them. O Taste and see that the Lord is good! Happy is the man who takes refuge in him.

32ND COMPANY

DAVID MANUEL DENNIS

Kicking his way into the hearts of many and the legs of others, Dave came to us from that "Garden City on the Eastern shore," Salisbury, Md. After a brief stint at NAPS, "D" entered plebe year with a strong desire to develop morally, mentally, and physically — well, the desire was there anyway. Not one to let plebe year stand in the way of his fun, he could often be seen in town enjoying his Saturday evening out, the problem being that Dave often never saw the town. Always highly successful in soccer, Dave carried his competitiveness back to his room where he could be seen participating in such great sports as trash can basketball or rack football. Carrottop never let a lack of sleep get to his disposition, even if he were limited to 10 hours a night. "Birdman," as many people so affectionately call him, was the "brain" of the crowd, validating such courses as formations, haircuts, and returning from weekend liberty. Trying out a Datsun 280-Z on the 10-day "no deposit — no return" plan, he quickly opted for an MG as his car. We'll all miss Birdman and hope he does as well with Navy Air as he did with us in Club 32.



DAVID E. FLEENOR

Galloping in from the hills of Tennessee, Dave instantly began his naval career with lots of enthusiasm and determination. The "Fleens," as he is known by "the boys," quickly adjusted to the military life style and to most of the perils of plebe summer. Jumping right into the ring of intramural boxing, Fleens often took more than he gave out, but no man was able to bring him to his knees. A true sports lover from the word go, Dave started on the Brigade Rugby champions plebe year. Breaking out of his shell youngster year, the real Dave was soon spotted at such noted places as Buzzy's, Timmy's, Donatelli's and, yes even "Disco Dahlgren." Never one to pass up a good meal — or even an average one — he often found that last button a real challenge. A natural as a history major, Dave often caught more than he deserved, but we'll see who ends up in court first — won't we Tim? Always one for firsts, Dave became the first ever to drop wires second class year and thus earn the cherished title of an "LTM." Dave, fair winds and following seas on your "mighty fine" pathway into the fleet.

Trading the bayous of New Orleans for the wharves of Crabtown, Tim strutted through the salty gates in search of adventures unlimited and a chance to star in an Old Spice commercial. Never one to sidestep a challenge, a pretty girl, or a chance to edge in one of his Groucho "one-liners," Tim slashed through plebe and young"star" years. As a segundo, he discovered what weekends were made for and cancelled many a reservation at Chester's (Nimitz) Bayside. A natural rabble-rouser, Tim's speeches always left the masses reliving nazi Germany. After a year and a half of 8-0 life, Tim and his partner in crime, Big Al, moved to their penthouse on Disco 8-1. It took four stripes and stable rights for his pet stallion to bring back to 8-0. This time as COMSIXTHBATT. Tim majored in Marine (urrah) enginering and opted to "drive the big rigs" of Navy Line upon graduation. Wherever the seas may carry him, he will always be "in like Flynn."

TIMOTHY VINCENT FLYNN, III

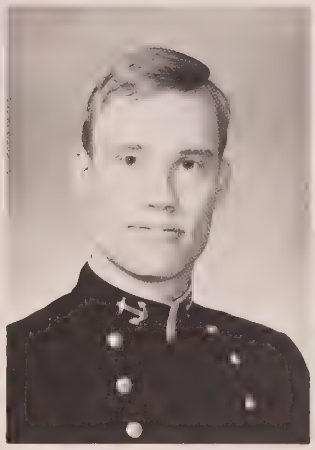
32ND COMPANY

"Bar" came to us from the land of O.J. and sunshine. His quick wit and big smile quickly established itself in the ranks of the "fighten' 32nd." With the start of plebe year, Berle advanced from the rank of midshipman to socialite extraordinaire. His interests oscillated between skeet shooting, women and weekends with his sponsor. During his short weekday visits in the hall, Berle rewrote the book on military bearing and the art of marching. Youngster year launched him into systems engineering and full-time physical fitness training, mixed with a liberal dosage of a special someone out in Annapolis. As an upperclass, Berle quickly discovered through practical "hands-on" research that the opportunity costs of pursuing academics was just too great when compared with the "good-times" to be had outside the wall. If and when he graduates Berle will be following in his father's footsteps when he dons his "suit of green" and joins the few, the proud — the Marines. URAUGH!

BERLE GARRIS, JR.

JOHN RICHARD GAUSE, JR.

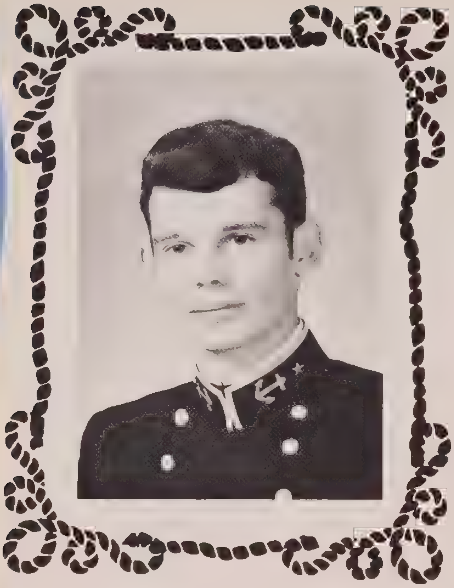
J. R. came to the infamous Canoe U. from Bradenton, Florida, bringing with him the amiable disposition of the beach people, but tempered by his special sharp-tongued sense of humor. Rich, known by every possible combination of his three names or nicknames, but most commonly as "Goose," foreshadowed his study technique plebe year. Although "The Torch" didn't "light" any fires during his upperclass years, he soon established a reputation as last to bed and last to rise. Taking duty during Army his youngster year, he soon got into the Army spirit. Unfortunately for him, the astute MCMO intervened and the "Goose" got the "deuce" and "Goose's Ganders" found that returning the nameplates took much longer than collecting them. Starting out as a plebe, Rich worked his way through the "ranks," and was Vice-president of Antiphonal Choir his last year, displaying his responsibility and leadership. The future is never certain, but wherever Rich goes, he's sure to make life more interesting and rewarding for his acquaintances.



FREDERIC JOHN GROSS

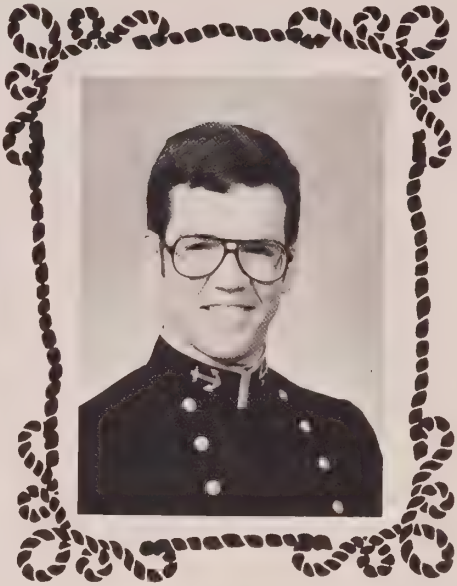
"Big Rick," a chip off the old block of '52, came to us from the hot, dusty wastelands of Arizona, and after four long years, never really adjusted to the cold, clammy East Coast. An academic "go-getter" from the start, Rick spent weeknights in the library and weekends worrying about what he should study next. Never one to put off till tomorrow what could be done today, Rick was the object of some friendly *Grief* from his classmates, for the organization of every facet of his life. Everyone admired him for his dedication to doing what they too should have been doing. Rick has matured through four years of spiritual diligence before the *Lord Jesus Christ* while at the Academy. He leaves with this hope and assurance: In you *O Lord,* Do I put my trust and Seek Refuge; You are my Rock and My Fortress; Into *Your* Hand I commit My Spirit; You have Redeemed Me, *O Lord God* of Truth and Faithfulness.

32ND COMPANY



JOHN R. HARTZOG

John came to Annapolis from Virginia Beach to take a four year vacation from the beach and try his hand at the boy's school on the bay. He quickly set out to become the company "YP jock." As a career Nuke from the first day, he actively pursued recreational activities (especially rack), but did take enough time off to keep a good QPR, and become YP Squadron Commodore (or something like that). One of the few that did not sign their life away for that "midshipman dreamboat special" car, John always tended to be on the sensible side, and not let things get to him.



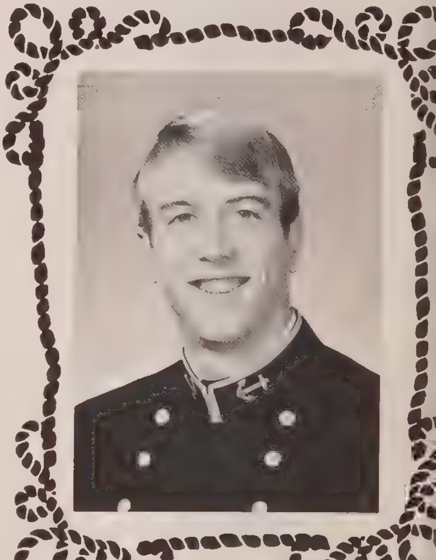
CHRISTOPHER JUSTICE HAYES

"C. J." came from a Navy family and always hesitated when asked where his hometown was. As a plebe, whenever he wasn't getting fried by Sam Fox, he was getting run out by "Sunny." As an upperclassman, whenever he wasn't studying, he was trying to get SAT, so B. H. became his home on many weekends.

Chris was rarely found on the athletic fields since the water was his home on weekday afternoons. Plebe year, it was the crew team and then he found his true love — sailing. Driving navy yawls around the Chesapeake became a full-time occupation and being skipper of a "blue-pig" was one of Haze's better achievements. Service selection? Surface Line (what else is there?).

With his "South's gonna do it again" and "Go Bulldogs!" buttons, Howell smiled his way into the heart of plebe summer from the word go. The great "Ho Ho" soon became the only plebe with permanent permission to wipe down as he proved that you can be cool and still be a sweat. Youngster year saw the real Schnoll (a new nickname for every occasion) come bursting through as he showed the Academy and the Sugar Bowl crowd how to party "Jaw-ja" style. This pivotal year also saw him give up his varsity football — hopeful status to become the scourge of the intramural fields in an all-out effort to save his ankles, grades, and that everloving face. Maybe it was the climate, but somewhere along this time his appetite changed from Mom's fried chicken to pizza — actually to a certain pizzaria waitress. By second class year she was the regular co-pilot of his blue 280-Z. Even a Maryland belle couldn't get the South out of one of "the boys." First class year found him looking southward, straining at the bit for Pensacola and Navy Air.

HOWELL CENTER HOLLIS



32ND COMPANY

After leaving Newport and NAPS in shambles, Jack Holt, pride of Michigan, defender of the Maize and Blue, decided to work his magic on the Academy. He was one plebe they forgot to tell that the partying didn't start until *after* plebe year. However maybe he saw the handwriting on the wall and how a certain young lady would settle his life down a bit. If you believe that, you probably believe the Pope is Lutheran. Jack always attacked his academics; the problem was they often had a better defense. As one of 32's legion of history majors, some accused Jack of being too "full of" his subject, but in spite of that, somehow he "gouged" his way through, "wires" and all. Company soccer earned him the nickname "Sponge foot" although he made up for it in the sports world as a coach, softball center fielder, part time professional bowler and full time "rackster." No one may ever know whether he or his roommate won the history's longest "I got you last" match. The 3 o'clock in the morning study group can never replace him, but ready or not — Navy Air and Michele here comes "the Holt."

JACK WAYNE HOLT

THOMAS SCOTT JACOBSEN

Shuffling in from Clear Lake, Iowa, Jake settled himself down for life as a midshipman — and never quite fully arose thereafter; one could always find him lodged securely in his rack. Since this gave Tom the reputation of being prematurely dead, he shocked everyone with his bursts of speed on the intramural field. First class year found him to be a valuable asset to the company soccer team's defense. His final year also gave him a mixed blessing of sound — Baze's snoring and "The Stereo." As an upperclass, Tom managed to "Flame on" and strike terror — and puzzlement — into the plebes. The addition of women to USNA provided Jake with the little sister he never had at home. As one of the company's four History majors — and the last of the Brigade's Portuguese students — Tom struggled over each of the engineering obstacle courses. Joining the fleet with his coin collection and the slogan "Out the door in '84!" Jake also takes with him the well wishes of the "Boys of 32."

ALLAN PHILIP KUONG

Allan left the hallowed hills of Wellesley, Mass., bound for certain fame at USNA as a brilliant swimmer and all-around stud. After a wet plebe year sprinted by, Big Al (alias 007 Kuong) decided that he had deprived the women of America and the profs of academia long enough; so he traded in his speedo for disco lessons and a degree in EE. Al's small stature often led people to underestimate his diverse talents, including his ability to discreetly fit in small areas, like mailbags. What Al lacked in inches, he maxed out in charm, quick wit, and an amazing knack for "pulling it out" under seemingly impossible odds. Bored with last minute success stories and academic specialization, Al decided to expand his horizons with General Engineering, rescue first aid, and a flashy '78 camaro, loaded with more communications gear than most destroyers. As a charter member of the 32nd Co.'s "Upstairs" Society, Big Al and his husky hitman were often quoted for having said, "We have not yet begun to party!" (Or Study?) Surface line may be mighty fine, but just for two years worth of allergy shots. Al's real love lies in the friendly skies of Navy Air.

32ND COMPANY

TODD PARTRIDGE MAIRS

Todd came to the Naval Academy from St. Paul, Minnesota, to join the ranks of "the men from 32." Plebe year for Todd wasn't blessed with fair winds as survival became a way of life for this fourth class. Youngster year arrived and Todd settled down to more serious business. Selecting Naval Architecture as his major he spent most of his time trying to keep his head above "C" level. Second class year and time to move out — still one of the few surviving Narcs, Todd took on the additional responsibilities of plebe indoctrination. His boisterous contributions in this area earned him the fourth class award for "reaming and screaming above and beyond the call of duty." Believing that an undue privilege was earned, Todd helped initiate the new second class rate of unlimited weekends. Toddle now spends his time cruising through first class year with the Nucs waiting for him in the fleet and candy waiting for his graduation. Good luck!

DAVID MICHAEL MCDONALD

David reluctantly left the beautiful hills of Lynchburg, Virginia full of high hopes for the future. While not all of his dreams were fulfilled, many did come true. A notable success was his achievement in the chemistry major, an endeavor aided by his nocturnal activity which earned him renown as a man who doesn't need to sleep. Other gifts included a running ability, honed sharp in ten-mile races, and a sense of personal creativity which earned him a reputation as a radical. His imagaination was evidenced in his love for travel. Perhaps the most widely traveled 79'er in the company, he found that the Philippines were definitely not Capri! Not the least of his faults was his love for the Yankees, Bullets, and Redskins. And the way he bragged about Virginia Tech, he should have gone there! But then he would have missed the Ring Dance. David's personal interests included ice skating, skiing, photography, and developing his green thumb, He always dreamed of being a big-time juggler, but for now, duty calls and David is there to answer.

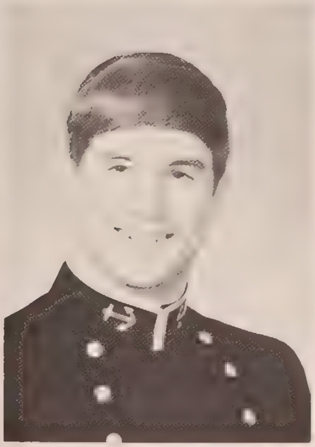
"Wild Bill" hailed from the land of neon lights, showgirls, 24 hour gambling joints, and ranches, to join the ranks of the men of "Loose Thirty-Deuce." Bill's lust for life, and woman, was just one facet of his vivacious style. You might say that he even "indulged" a bit his first year here at Navy just to assert himself as a crazy guy who would try anything once, just because it was there . . . in the MHP. Bill's second year, however, cramped his style when company officers and OOW's alike decided to insure that his antics were one-time performances. Bill has had to fall back on his academics and women to keep him out of trouble? This new insight, and his perverse sense of humor will serve him well either high in the sky or beneath the seas. If it sounds like Bill is an indecisive guy, well he is, but there is method in his madness. During his career at Navy, Bill played both hands against each other and leaned back and let the cards decide his fate. Fortunately, he usually found himself holding a royal flush. To a good friend I wish him only "fair winds and following seas;" for any other state would cause his ocean structures to fail!

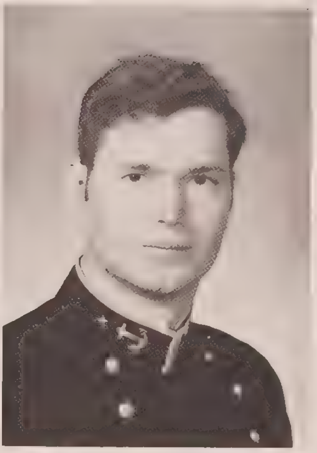
WILLIAM D. NOBLE

32ND COMPANY

Ken is the epitome of a "backwoods country boy from Maine" gone off to school in the big metropolis of "Crabtown, USNA," well maybe small metropolis. Anyway, after a brief adjustment to military life, and life in the big city at Newport, Ken transferred his academic and athletic prowess to the Un-college. Deciding to major in wrestling and minor in history. Ken spent his weekdays on the mats and his weeknights burning the midnight oil. Known for his ability to extract classmates from the clutches of over-eager plebes, the last frantic words of many an overwhelmed, pep-rally-bound classmates were "Southworth!!" A one-woman-man since plebe year, Ken spent many a happy weekend away from Mother "B: with his girl in Virginia. Never putting his spiritual development second to anything, Ken always strove to put God first in everything he did. Making Jesus Christ the center of his life, Ken put all of his trust, hope, and faith in the Lord, seeking to become the man God wants him to be. A Marine-Air enthusiast from the start, Ken plans to join his younger brother and the other "few good men" in the wearing of the green (Galatians 2:20)

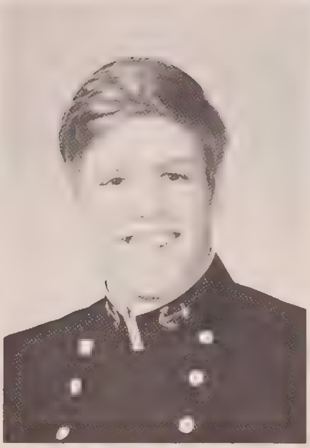
KENNETH SHEPARD SOUTHWORTH, JR.





DAVID L. SPAIN

Rolling in with the tide, Crimson of course, from Huntsville, Alabama, Big Dave made his mark early — on one of his roommates with his inimitable windmill boxing style. After a year of giving E.I. to all comers in plebe chemistry he decided he might as well make it a major. As if this were not enough to convince everyone of lack of sanity — he proceeded to go "Airborne," overload with Russian, serve as NACA president, and astound Bancroft medical with his basketball ankles. Maybe it was the Maryland weather, but second class year found Spainman getting his high in the Rocky Mountains as an Air Force exchange student. Inspired by the scenery, his grades continued their exponential progression. First class summer vacation found him teaching the Japanese to speak "Southernese," impressing the belles with a new Celica and taking time to share his Christian beliefs through some Baptist Student Union missionary work. Med School may be put off indefinitely as the Nuclear Navy seems to be calling and Dave is anxious to move on. May the Spirit always guide your path, Dave!

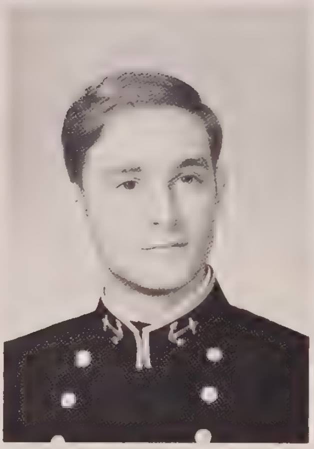


STEPHEN S. VOETSCH

Steve, our one and only three striper. We always wondered why an army brat should pick the Naval Academy for his schooling — then found out, quickly, that it was the only school close enough to make dining out at home (plebe year), to mold area libs into weekends (3/c and 2/c) year), and to make every day a weekend (1/c yr), into reality . . . while maintaining his military lineage. Steve was a hard man to pin down — the marines certainly tried hard enough . . . and found that the closest they could come was a babe named Sue, or maybe an after lecture beer bash, or was it giving him the 3 stripes and a green c.o. to go with them. What finally got him was plastic money and a flashy Z.

No, our 3 striper was a difficult man to define. Sure he was a "dynamite" b-ball player, a snake, (woman killer), a dedicated runner, still searching for his "marathon man," and a perennial out of company nameless face to each new class. He changed seasonally from "skins to bullets," "E", to Sue, but some things never changed his well-earned nickname "Mom," his competitiveness his loive for light (natural DRMIC) and his hate for light (sorry Edison). To sum him up, "What can you say!"

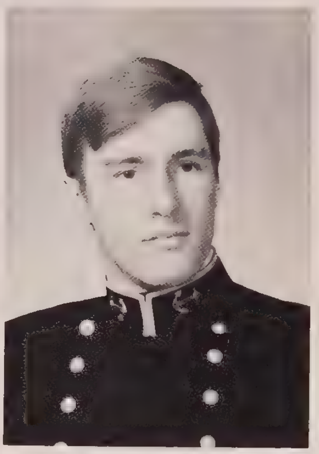
33RD COMPANY



GEORGE EDWARD ARGERAKE

A ladies man from way back (or so he says), George was always full of anecdotes to brighten any believer's day. Always manned with his Chelmsford smile, easygoing Rake proved an easy friend to make and keep — even though skydiving often got in the way, whenever Nadine wasn't. Guess something good does come out of tea fights after all. A guy who always got the most out of a green alert (at least for the first four weeks of 1/c year) and weekend action, George would be seen on Saturdays streaking in his Celica from the D. Z. north to Balitmore.

Academically George's claim to fame was his brush with doom during plebe year, and avoidance of the Board in all subsequent semesters. Even though he seemed to spend most of his time in the hall looking for the gouge, he spent enough time studying to get by. George plans on flying for the Navy after graduation, and we all figure that he'll do well.



CHRISTOPHER JAMES ARMITAGE

Since he was passed over for midshipman, Chris arrived at Navy via NAPS. Being a Navy junior, he can call almost everywhere home, from Alaska to Norway, and it's understandable that he got lost on the way to I day. The "Tage" could always be counted on to help make or mend things, be it wardrooms, vans, stereos, telephones, whatever, Chris was eager to help, and the less he knew about it more he liked it. Tage was a hard working Mech, well a Mech anyway, till he saw the light, and took a promotion to general — engineering that is.

Tage had no trouble adapting to life as a firstie. Long weekends, green alerts . . . ., well they just suited him fine. Parking in the yard made things more convenient, since his weekends didn't end until 6:29 anyway, but that may have been more Patsy's fault than his. Tage plans to fly after graduation, that is after a few wedding bells and a short walk under a few crossed swords. Good luck Chris, we know you'll go far.

Rezo came to the Boat School from San Jose after a stint at NAPS. As a plebe he served as the favorite target of many upperclassmen. He fought off this adversity as well as Ac-Boards to remain the Company's only '79 token. But he had to sweat out first semester first class year . . . waiting for delivery of his car. Without wheels, Gary made it only as far as the O-club on Friday nights. There he experienced attitude adjustment, boogie, and wild women. There is a rumor that Gary once had enough to eat at one meal, but it is probably only a rumor. With two hollow legs, seconds and thirds turned into sixths and sevenths. He is the only person who ever went through a whole year without having his table cut. Serving as a company jock, he brought the basketball team its first winning season in recorded history, serving as coach and star forward. If not found in the rack, he could be found in the fieldhouse engaged in one-on-one combat on the B-ball court with Cory. Renown for his humor and his ability to pick up female CIA agents in Dahlgren, Gary can always be counted on for support and good friendship. His addiction to cigars, mountain dew, the rack, boogie, and wild women should serve him well at Pensacola.

GARY ESTRADA CEREZO

33RD COMPANY

Our resident Chicagoan, Phil necked his way to a degree as a Physics major here at the un-college. Never one to let weekends stand in the way of fun, Phil preferred to spend the time with his beloved grey boats. He earned the star of a YP Commanding Officer his second class year, the first of our company to command at sea. That star was not his only one, for Phil was on the Supe's List more than he was off. At this writing, Phil is the only known living human to have successfully wedgied "Rags" Ryan, and he has the trophy to show for it! Another facet of Phil is his ability to tune in radio stations from far-away lands on his portable wireless set. Alas, he'll lose his talent when braces come off in May. Service selection night will see Phil opt out as one of Hymie's boys, to drive more and bigger grey boats. He will be a welcome addition to the Nuclear community.

PHILIP HART CULLOM

KENNETH ROBERT DARIN

If it's Friday night, Darin is on the prowl . . . smooth talking his way into the heart of any young female within striking distance. The one they affectionately call Kenny drifted to the heights of 8-4 from Rochester, New York. This was no accident however. Ken was run out of the state by four of his girlfriends' fathers and his little brother who couldn't get any sleep due to Kenny's noctual snoring.

Once Ken settled down at USNA he really found a home. Not only did he do his best in the managerial classroom, his desire to excel was felt by all those around him. Ken is a man whom anyone would feel proud to call his friend. He is a credit to USNA and will be a credit to the Naval service.

JAMES CLINTON DAVIS

Jim is a local boy from the bustling metropolis of Mt. Airy, Maryland. Since studies were second nature to this mechanical engineer, Jim became our resident E.I. expert, never refusing a single seeker of hidden truths. In the natural progression of things, first class year found him with three stripes leading the company to higher aspirations. After riding the down escalator through the squash hall of fame, Jim found his true love to be distance running. The question of the week — will he explore the wonders of the deep or join the great grey targets . . . oops! Fleet is a better word. Good luck, whatever your choice, and remember — "Knowledge is good."

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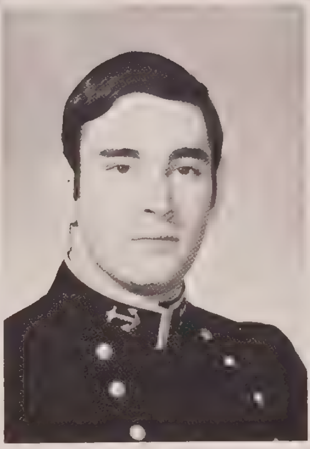
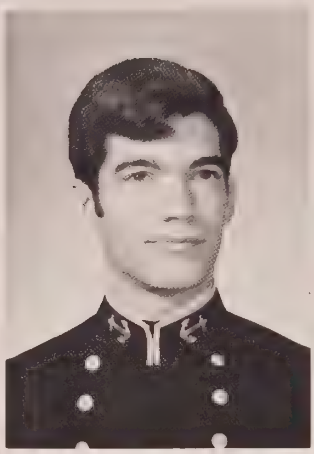


MARK RICHARD DUNCOVICH

Although not an extra-terrestrial, Mark came to us from Lake Tranquility. His family immediately moved to another New Jersey podunk, Woodbury, Mark found them there and continued to visit. Mark did some strange things while at USNA and could often be found following his future brother-in-law out of airplanes. Mark came to USNA with visions of Nuke power dancing in his head. Someone came to him in a dream and now he's turned to green. Mark is looking forward to the PFT as he always aced the applied struggle. When the Corps gets Mark they're getting a good man. Mark always dumped the Navy pro courses and filled in instead with bits of history and German, his double major. We all look forward (although he doesn't) to seeing Dunk on our first gator tour.



JACK EGGLESTON

When the Stun came north to Navy, he was determined not to let it cramp his style; he roughed it plebe year spending weekends and drill periods on the briny deep with the sailing team. Jack has been known by many names Eggs, Stun, & simply Amazing. The latter coming from his ability to answer problems, while at the same time not being able to explain where the answer came from. It was after a few of these occurrences that we realized that the Stun worked in mysterious ways.

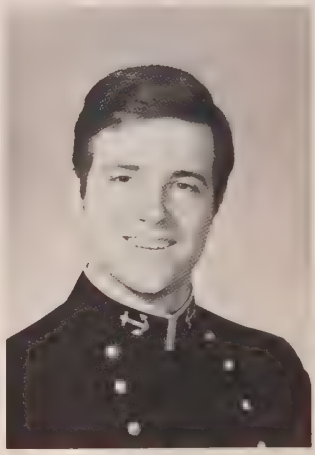
Stun was different from most Mids, he cared. Not about his room, which normally looked like Dresdan after the war. Not about his looks, which really weren't his fault. But about his friends. He cared a great deal. He always had an ear to lend, no matter what. For that alone we'll never forget him. But Jack was much more. He's someone real, that few who know him will ever forget. I know we never will. Thanks for being there Stun, no matter what you do, or where you go. We'll all be with you and be behind you. Thanks for being one of us.

T arrived in Crabtown in record time, compliments of the Jersey FOP. Why he gave up dodging tables at a Jersey City Saloon for dodging regulations at USNA is still a mystery; although he does both well, we know his heart was always in that Pub. Artfully navigating around striper hounds, MOOWS, ODs and the like for most of his tenure, he did run into a ROCK in a smoke screen one winter night.

Sythe's greatest love at Navy was Liberty. More than once the clock was beaten by only a few seconds. On liberty he balanced the women and the brew as well as he did the regs at school; until that now famous question was asked, "IS MARY COMING TONIGHT?" Somehow after that fall T regained his balance after a few tall ones (tales that is, not brews), and now he has the road to Immaculata College memorized.

T did enjoy liberty — but he did not let being at USNA interfere with having a good time, despite the void. Thanks for sharing those good times my friend.

THOMAS MICHAEL FORSYTHE



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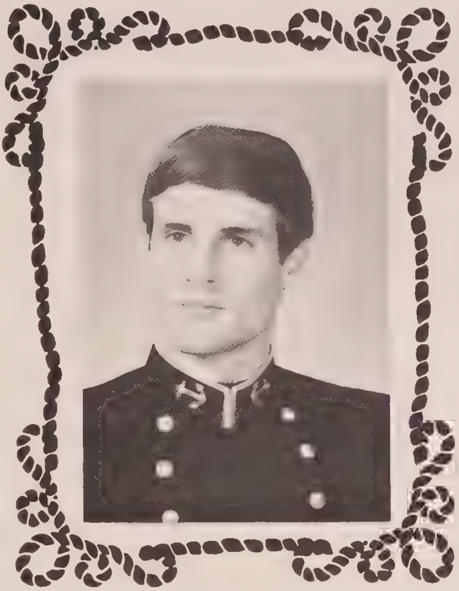
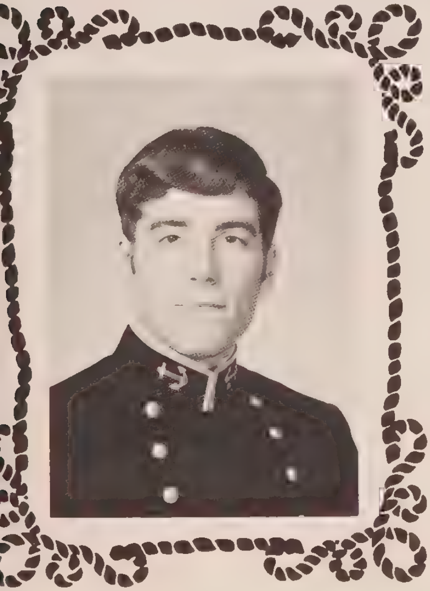
"Goody" is living proof that all play and no work makes a history major. Long evenings in the wardroom and early bedtimes were his trademark, but he always did enough to get by, and how many engineering majors had to put up with five term papers a semester? Jim quickly gained an infamous academic reputation with his "Goodwin QPR Curve," or better known as the "Goodwin Dive," which is the very difficult feat of going from a 3.00 before finals to a 1.90 after.

Even though Goody was born a Navy brat and has lived in various spots around the country, he considers himself a true Californian and represents the state well. An accomplished surfer and swimmer, he validated three years of swimming; Jim would fit right into any beach party, and if you ever met his future wife, you know why the beach boys say they wish they all could be California girls.

A blurry eye chart will prevent Jim from following his dad's footsteps in the front seat, but we all wish him luck as he heads to the sky as a back seat driver.

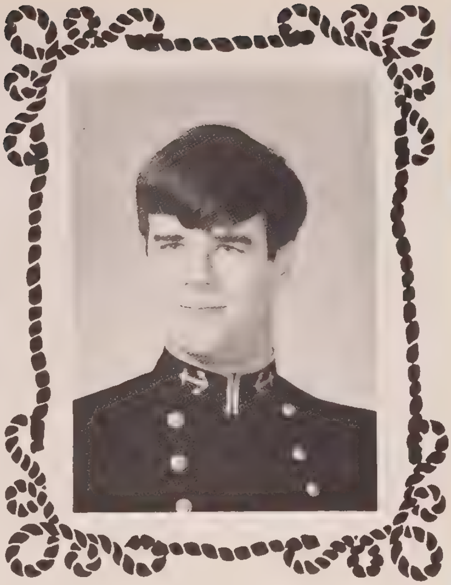
JAMES FREDRICK GOODWIN





MICHAEL LEE HAWKINS

Hawk came to us from California. He managed to hang on to his free spirit throughout the duration. On the Rugby field he's one of the meanest ever made but off the field he's easygoing, always busy fulfilling his duties as deputy vice honor chairman or hitting the books to avoid the wrath of the mechanical engineering department. Chasing the women on the weekends keeps him in shape and with his fiat X-19 he has little trouble catching them. Always ready for a laugh, his sense of humor keeps him going in a pinch having opted Marine Corps, their slogan goes double for Hawk, "Man for man, nothing better."



TONY HEIMER

Tony came fresh out of Yonkers, trumpet in hand, and played his way through four years, practicing in the hall, playing with NA-10, or putting his D & B through the paces at halftime, he turned USNA into his own conservatory of music and counted the Supe and the Dant among his avid devotees.

Academics never bothered Tony — he just ignored them, if they interefered with his playing. There was, however, one thing he didn't ignore and she ended up with a ring on her finger and a certain D & B Commander in her pocket; Kathy, you couldn't have made a better choice.

Tony always will get the most out of life — whether driving his blue super sports car at Mach 2, running Batt track, or hiding out second set in the back shaft as M.I.R.

Rest assured that the world will remain safe for democracy due to that lonely trumpeteer, as he heads out into the fleet. We know he'll do just real fine.

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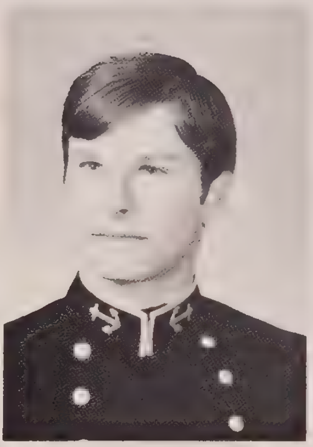
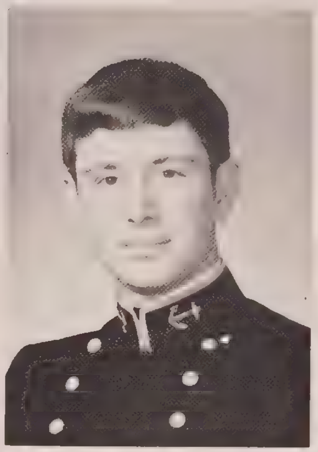


STEVEN DARRYL HOGGE

Steve came to us from Wilton, California (we had never heard of it either). While here Steve learned to drive with the Maryland reeducation program. It seems they didn't like his grand-prix style. In fact, if Steve gets another ticket before he makes the rank of civilian he could be walking to nuke school. As an EE major Steve had many projects. He fixed calculators and even worked a short time for Ma Bell. From the middle of plebe year on Steve suffered from a rare disease. He enjoyed jumping out of airplanes. He would often be seen taking off on the weekends to hurl himself out at 10,000 ft. For entertainment Steve also enjoyed driving to N.J. It seems there was a certain girl there that made it his own Mary-land. Steve intends to go nuke power, we all look forward to pinging on him in the future.



PETER ANTHONY JOHNSTONE

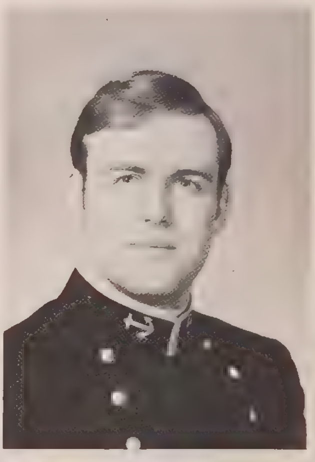
Peter arrived in USNA plebe summer full of ideas and ambitions which eventually brought him to Brigade staff. Four stripes were not enough for a person of this calibre, so Brigade Ops became five.

Never one to be bothered by academics, Peter could usually be found out on the tennis court, or, in Towson with Meg. We'll never forget the chow packages from Towson. A chem. major, he could always be counted on to return to 8-4 with a strong buteric acid scent.

Second semester of 1/c year arrived and Peter returned to 33 and was never seen or heard from again until June Week.

The city of Buffalo gave birth to this friendly polar bear of a man. From the start of his USNA career only two things were on his mind, a tall ship and a certain beautiful woman. After a brief stint with the crew team, "Mongo" decided to sweat in another manner and became a heavyweight econ major, spiced with German. Among Mongo's many accomplishments while here at USNA was his successful survival with a plebe year roommate named "Murph." Not one to learn too quickly, he spent the next three years with a shadow named Weck. How he survived the pearls and sheldricks, the mile runs, and the applied struggles, only the shadow knows. His claims to fame consist of his extended semester break in '77, (is it true that two Eskimos can't freeze), his freedom machine of '69 vintage (superman isn't the only one who changes clothes in public places) and other things which will go unmentioned due to the law of tonnage. Among his future aspirations are making a certain Diane very happy, taking the kids to ballgames and taking the "Nav" for all its worth. We all wish him smooth sailing and a happy forever.

JOHN ALFRED KUNERT



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Cory gave up the rays of Carmichael, Calif., for a fouryear stint here at Canoe U. He adapted well to plebe summer and immediately won a name for himself in the great "War of the Racks." Cory led a balanced life here at USNA, alternating between the Eberhard-Faber mode at 3:00 a.m. and company soccer stud during the day, capping his intramural career by coaching the soccer team to a winless season his firstie year. Majoring in Marine Engineering, he has twice survived the infamous "Wild Bill Lee" and is well-known for his one-night term papers. Cory's social life has also been active. On any given weekend he can be seen commuting to and from Hood College in his 280-Z, followed by numerous Green Alerts during the week. After graduation, Cory will be leaving USNA to the tune of wedding bells and a 5 year hitch with the bubbleheads. We all wish him the best of luck.

CORY R. LANE

TIMOTHY PAUL MACNEIL

Calls Ithaca, New York, home. Five down and five to go. Has only worn full dress blue twice: first to get fitted, and the second time for this picture. "I came here with an illusion of what it's all about, I leave satisfied that I now know just what I want." Thanks to my parents and few friends for getting me through and making U.S.N.A. almost bearable. Go Biafran.

ARTHUR JOHN OHANIAN

It's like clockwork, the fall season is here and A.J. is nowhere to be found. His seasonal disappearance has been going on ever since he came to us from Golden, Colorado. During the week A. J. could be anywhere within limits. He spent his entire plebe year trying to convince the upperclass that he was part of the company. The weekends posed little problem to locate him. Every Friday night he was at a Holiday Inn. Saturday he was on the gridiron. And any time after that he would be out in his true American sportscar raising havoc with the women.

33RD COMPANY

PETER ROBERT RASMUSSEN

Ras started as a second round draft choice but somehow made the team. His grades in both academics and apptitude have gone steadily downward proving that plebe year is the easiest. Ras managed to keep the same girl all four years, leading everyone to believe that it may be possible to graduate and be married. His wife and kids will undoubtedly pin on his bars at graduation. Sailboats and their design were his first love, but brains (or lack thereof) cancelled his dreams of being a naval architect. Management saved him from Ac Boards. In May he'll be going green after spending all firstie year convincing people that there are only two service selections possible: ground and marine air.

MICHAEL WAYNE REEDY

Mike had a hard life. Jake, the Captain, and a few other assorted friends led Mike to a never ending battle for truth, justice and the American way. Never one to give up, Mike worked hard on his studies and will graduate despite them all. Having lost all but one roommate, Mike was off to a great start plebe year. He is still determined to establish the 8-4 branch of the Lionel Central Railroad. He has contracted for a station to be built in 8439, if the Reedy Federal Credit Union ever collects. Mike's work will certainly not go unnoticed by some and his good humor will be missed by all. Mike has narrowed down his choices for service to Nuke, Air, Marine Corps, or surface. We wish him luck and a fine career in the future.

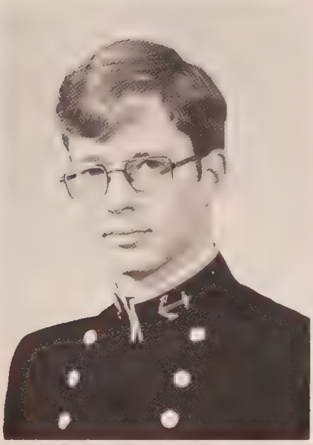
Doug ran his way to the Naval Academy from Brunswick, Maine, and then limped his way through four years here. A member of the varsity track team the entire time, he didn't let a myriad of foot injuries stand in the way of very fast times in 100 meter races at podunk meets like the ICAAAA's and the Hep's. Never one to disparage the delights of the female form, Doug had more girls than Hugh Hefner. Indeed, his most difficult decisions involved choosing which young lovely to take where. Doug joined the jet-set with his purchase of a Z-car and then flew his way back and forth between Annapolis and Newport (a sailor's port), walking now being a plebeian pastime. All in all, Doug's four years as a Latin American Studies Major have prepared him admirably for life as an Argentinian Naval Officer, but service selection will most likely see Doug flying U. S. Navy jets (real ones). Good luck, bud. Fly high.

DOUGLAS HOWARD STONE

33RD COMPANY

Born to sing a good time song, D. R. Vortherms, affectionately known by his classmates as, "The Doctor," came straight off Mount Rushmore to the seafaring town of Annapolis. After quickly figuring out the partial pressures and oxygen content of 8-4 the South Dakotan settled easily into the academic life of Navy. A man of questions and answers Danny boy would contemplate such toughies as "What is the mack number through a DeLaval nozzle at varying pressures?" and "Should we study tonight or watch the tube?" An active one, Dan found time to star on the Supe's list as well as on the company football and basketball teams. When not studying (?) or playing, the president of the orienteering club could be found (lost?) in hills of Virginia or Severna Park? Be it fair water, plains or green and rugged terrain the Naval service will be gaining one committed, involved and fun loving individual.

DANIEL ROBERT VORTHERMS



JAMES MATTHEW WECKERLY

When the Wecks left the sprawling metropolis of Haddon Hts., N.J., he set out with his head high on a trail of fame and fortune. The trail started at USNA and the fame and fortune were quick to follow, Weck's first great achievement was the survival of his first swimming lesson, for which he gained instant notoriety as "The Rock." His wild imagination made him a natural math major and this he pursued with wild ferver. Not one to take the path of least resistance, the Wecks finally proved that brick walls are moveable and that sweat is rarely proportional to success. Fortunately, the Wecks was blessed with a sense of humor that has gotten him thru 3 years with the Mongs. Who could forget his grin after eating his 21st birthday cake. With the advent of first class year, Wecks was thrust into the alien world of cars, women and weekends. Undecided about all three, he eventually settled on the car but his social life is as active as ever. When Wecks leaves, USNA will have lost one good man, but the fleet will have gained an invaluable asset.

ALAN MATTHEW WOMBLE

Big Al came to us from Paducah, Kentucky, as everyone could tell once they heard him speak. He spent a fair portion of his time chasing wild women and trying to shake off the M.E. blues, but he could always be found playing on the rugby field as the star fullback or else tooling around in his little M.G. His love for sports and the outdoors will definitely serve him well in his upcoming entry into the Marine Corps. He will always be remembered as a great friend and USNA's loss will be the Marine Corps' gain.

34TH COMPANY

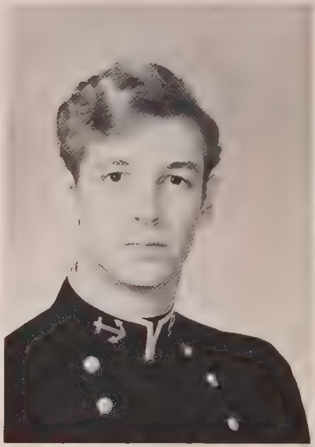
SMOKE PARK

KENNETH C. BITTER

Ken, known better as "K.C." or "Bitts," came to the shores of the Severn from landlocked Scottsdale, Arizona. After weathering the storm of plebe year, Ken found a home with the History Department and a nemesis in the O-course. Youngster year brought the discovery that there was indeed a world outside of Gate 1. Ken made frequent trips to Baltimore and Washington, D.C. in search of the finer things in life. He could often be seen escorting these finer things on weekends. Second class year brought Ken his last challenge from the Engineering side of USNA. After wires, steam, and boats were over, Ken said he could finally learn something. First class year found Ken cruising in his "Green Machine" and committed to surface line. After graduation, it will be back to the West Coast and pursuit of a naval career.

Butts arrived at USNA with lead in his pockets and it still took an inattentive corpsman to slip by the scales. Bulking up by 25 pounds over plebe year brought Butts safely above biafran standards, it must have been all those extra french fries plebe summer. Nobody can claim to enjoy life more than Butts, who else could study two hours a week and still get good grades? All that extra time allowed him to enjoy sterrage runs as his Icabod Crane body sliding down the hall became legend. Known as "Bambi" because of his facial resemblance to Capt. Wood, Butts was an instant hit with the girls. He introduced 34 to "The Bowie Scene," now a company tradition, and broke the hearts of girls from California to Germany. First class year brought sailfish, motorcycles, and rock climbing to Butts' life and ours (how can you ignore someone who clings to ceilings with his fingers and toes?) Seriously Butts, best of luck in Navy Air 'cause you got us through four years here.

ROBERT E. BUTTRICK, JR.



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Jer" drifted into Annapolis with a reputation as a ladies man attained while at NAPS. Plebe year's restrictions were a little tough on this New Jersey boy's love life but once 3/c year hit he was ready to go. One of Fred and Denny's boys during plebe summer he managed to survive plebe year even though he lived with "Bunfuddle." Jerry came to the Academy with the glistening of gold wings in his eyes and aerospace engineering in his heart, but was steored into mathematics just in time where he found a home and many early evenings in the rack. Jerry was one of those guys who could get better grades by studying less. Finding the secret to 2/c year one evening in early October he lost his heart, his weekends and his paychecks to a lass from Bowie. Jerry decided to blend a little green into those gold wings and will have to stop at Quantico on his way to Pensacola. Good luck, Jerry, watch out Pan Am!

GERALD CROSSLAND

MICHAEL A. GIBSON

"XO, it's been a tough patrol. Take her down to three hundred feet and let's get the heck out of here."

ROBERT JOSEPH GINSBERG

He was a company commander, rock climber, marathoner, wrestler, backpacker, motorcycler, technically-oriented history major, airborne marine-hater. And what is good, Phaedrus, and what is not good — need we ask anyone to tell us these things? From the guys . . . "Pole, Ginsberg, Pole!"

34TH COMPANY

MICHAEL D. HANNAN

Also known as "Le Toad" has finally made it. During his sabattical here at the Academy some have accused this man of moonlighting as a Midshipman. However, those of us who know him realize that his many ECA's have on occasion kept him from his studies and professional activities. Active member of the "Frederick five," "mental bus" and backshaft tribunal, this stronghold of the international rules has blazed a trail from the sign in book aboard the love boat to the musk ridden chambers of Hood College, all in the name of developing the morals of lonely young girls.

Unknown to many are the commendations this man has received during his time at the Academy. Named to the Dr. Brunza order of merit, the Toad was named "Schaefer man of the year" 77-78, and awarded the Navy Cross for the manipulation of his Visa bill which made "Deep Creek Lake massacre II" a possibility.

The only lewd science major in the Academy, upon receiving that diploma, will be quoted as saying, "You can't stop me now."

JEFF DODSON HEADRICK

Jeff came to the "club" from the booming metropolis of Sweetwater, somewhere down "thar" in Texas (how long *does* it take by covered wagon anyway?) and quickly made his first discovery — there *are* places with more than 1 stoplight! "Jeyf" (down-home pronunciation) soon had his classmates trained in remedial Texan. Although NASA seemed to control his deep-space departures, his formidable mind was usually occupied with the rigors of ocean engineering, the major he came to know and love as he pioneered "sleep efficiency" 2nd class year. His busy days, however, were oftened brightened by a cute young artist from Texas. His quiet manner, a clever guise, secreted an aggressive spirit that spent itself during late nights (water buckets?) and wild rides when he "piloted" his white formula. Jeff's service dreams were dashed when he learned that there were no nuclear-powered aircraft. Jeff's kind, Christian personality and continual concern for his classmates will be long remembered and will serve him well, be it in the air, under water, or on the range.

"Osim" or "Boo Apha" to his friends came to us from sunny California, although many of us thought he was a foreign exchange student from Japan. Plebe year Jim was the only plebe who could give a full chow call in Japanese (at least it sounded like Japanese to us). At the end of plebe year Jim sold his soul to the God of EE and spent the remainder of his stay at Canoe U. sweating over Therinen, Norton, Santoro and other things beyond normal comprehension. Second-class year Jim found time for his favorite pastimes, Ronnie, racking (especially in Dahlgren Hall heads) and working triple integrals in his head ("I can do it in my head"). First-class year Jim's time was spent working on restoring his '65 Mustang (Hopeless cause?) and a certain young lady in a blue Camaro. In the end Jim's love for Navy Air was superceded by his desire to be one of Hymie's boys. Jim, is prototype really as much fun as Pensacola?

JAMES A. ISOM

34TH COMPANY

Our company rack commander shot out of California a vegetarian, beach loving, tough betting, town careening, truck driving, fast hosing, bat swinging, hard loving, engine math failing, pump festing, befuddling, uncontrollable driving, date shocking, heinous thinking, California free spirit. After quickly finding a home in the YP Squadron Mike took a year off to sunny California. But you can't leave a lover and neither could Mike leave the YP Squad. Mike returned and quickly shot to the top of the wires sub-squad. His goal of Brigade Commander fell short, but his exceptional sense of humor and unbelieveable draining capability made him a truck sitting lawn chair emeritus. Still shocked that the Navy will pay him, Mike should do well in the surface community.

MICHAEL E. KREYENHAGEN

MARK ADAM LANGE

Mark broke the hearts of all the gals in Fraser, Michigan when he left to pursue a career of voice at the Naval Academy. Mark was never nice enough to throw us a few of the scraps after all the girl friends he went through in his four years here. Between singing, and systems, and singing, and girls, and singing, and his car, and singing, and choir, and singing, Mark did not have much time for Green Alerts. Why waste time watching Monday Night Football and drinking beer when he could be evaluating integrals or programming a computer? One of Mark's greatest distinctions and biggest disappointments was being number two on the plebes' biggest flamer list our second class year.

Plebe summer the voice gave us the song, "There was a hole! . . ." "lanch! is that a dirty song?" "It's Lange, sir!" "O.K., Lanch, clean up that song!" "There was a stump! . . ."

I wish I could have been V.P. of the Glee Club and Pres. of the Public Relations Committee so that I too could be spooned by Admirals and their daughters.

RAMON E. LUKE

Ray Poo, one of Texas' best, came to the Academy committed to the Marine Corps. The quiet and well meaning guy we all knew plebe year blossomed into a true partier youngster year and was well known as Tom's keeper. Ray has never been the same since he lost heart to one of those Texas sweeties. The only Ops. Analysis major in the company, Ray was doomed to spend many long nights slaving over a hot computer terminal or running from "the integrals". Ray doubled as a pincushion as the doctors at Bethesda tried to decide what one thing he wasn't allergic to. Ray was quick to volunteer for anything; roommates, YP cruises, intramural referees, 2/c company adjutant, and any other "good" deals we offered him. "Luker" was our honor rep and as such spent many long hours sitting on honor cases. His high sense of Christian ideals will always be a source of inspiration to all of us. Ray changed his mind about Marine green, and the skies of Iceland will be his P-3's home.

34TH COMPANY

JOHN WILLIAM PALMER

John came to us from the backwoods of Wisconsin (Tomah?). John intends to be one of the terrors of Wall Street some day if he survives being the terror of the skies. He was a good, all the company officers said so. The reason we gave him so much trouble was because management majors never sweat grades. John can outtalk anyone in the world including his closest friend the Honeyell bobo. Needing only a roommate who could pull him out of the rack in the mornings and clean the room, John had a hard time; only 3 of the 10 who tried survived the ordeal to graduate. All of second class year there was a certain red Fiat (a car?) parked two blocks outside of Gate 1. John was a staunch believer in the adage "You rate what you get away with." Seriously, the Club wishes the best of luck for John whether he continues to hold a joystick for Navy or is financial manager of Amalgamated Bottlecap, Inc.

"Don't worry Goose, you're not out of step; the rest of the company is."

SCOTT THOMAS PICKLES

Scott came to the Academy from Wilmington, N.C. He enjoyed plebe summer '75 and anxiously awaited plebe summer '78. Although he didn't think it possible, he acutally had more fun the second time. The class of '82 will always remember that smiling face and those understanding blue eyes. From the beginning, Scott was a practical midshipman. He choose marine engineering for his major and has unsuccessfully spent four years trying to breathe underwater. He was the only mid on the 6th Batt football team who had to weigh in with full pads to make minimum weight. "Picks" has kept himself busy by being a member of the debate team, the zebra squad, WMID, OCF, BSU and rack. With no plans but the carefree life of a bachelor, Scott was last seen pulling his Granada toward Orlando and the service of Hyman G.

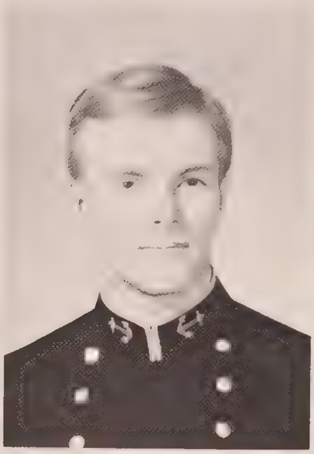
A tough partying, extremely helpful, good dressing, sadistic rat killing, delishop operating, "rocket" battling, Redskin hating, bulldog and Hilton Head loving, southern comfort drinking, Bowie dating, scuba diving, Florida beaching, fast driving, gun slinging, mind boggling, Nodoz taking, Ocean Engineering, Prix driving, story telling, fun loving, Georgia rebel, Pete always kept things jumping in 34. Between his air cans, pigstyle, and 8-3 jumps, Pete made plebe year most interesting. No one will ever forget the blue TR-7 saga. Always well endowed with nams and cheeses, Pete ran a first class drugstore and deli that would rival the best. Pete always dated the prettiest of young lovelies until his heart and freedom was stolen by a young colt from Bowie. Although he lost his heart, Pete never lost his willingness to offer time to help anyone at anytime. Truly a great guy who wouldn't hesitate to give the shirt off his back to aid a total stranger, Pete's fine character and sense of humor will carry him far in the nuclear fleet and any endeavor he undertakes.

PETER FORREST REEVES

34TH COMPANY

"Dimples" rolled into USNA from Vandergrift, Pa., with visions of new Corvettes, Mechanical Engineering degrees and beautiful women under each arm. Tom saw his daydreams turn into nightmares as he became one of "Denny's boys" during plebe summer. Youngster year found Tom with a varied appetite and an insatiable thirst as he delighted in eating stereo boxes, doors, and a pack of Red Man every now and then. Often known as the "unVette," Tom's dream of a "real car" took over a year to become a reality. As for the degree in M.E., well . . . second class year almost took care of that. Never one to let it get him down though, Tom took things in stride. It was the "beautiful women" idea that we never quite understood where he was coming from, (as his adventures at the P.T. Inn will well testify). Perhaps Tom will best be remembered as he heads for the F.M.F. as a guy with a warm heart, a big smile and the biggest cheeks you ever seen. RYCHLIK . . . "DON'T MOVE!."

THOMAS MARTIN RYCHLIK



ALEXANDER SHARP

. . . So I'm sitting in the classroom,
I'm looking like a zombie,
I'm waiting for the bell to ring,
I've got John Wayne stances,
I've got Erroll Flynn advances,
And it doesn't mean a daggone thing . . .
. . . Well life is short and the world is rough,
And if you're gonna Boogie Boy you gotta be tough,
You gotta cut me loose from this one room dive,
Put me on the ladder keep this boy alive!

DAVID WRAY SHOCKLEY

Doc, Shocks, Dave, the Doctor came to USNA from Columbia, S.C., after a year of post-grad ed. at Hargrave Military Academy. The Doc came to play football and quickly found his way into the bomber hall of fame. Doc continued his fine performance youngster year by becoming a triple threat in grades, conduct, and apptitude. After completely fooling the A.C. Board, Dave is the only surviving member of the hut. Bumfuddle and Dren moved on to greener pastures. Second Class Year found Dave hopelessly in love with a bombshell from France. He was also possessed with Trans-Am mania and a new academic outlook. After breezing through wires and steam, Doc became a phantom, seldom seen but often heard. By this time, Diane had Dave completely wrapped.

We will all miss Shocks and will remember him for: His love of snakes, (but in bed, Doc?), Christy, Redskin mania, S-H-RIM-P, Love of Navy boxing, rumor control, stout, Mary Washington hosing squad and wires sub squad. Dave wants to be a pilot but his heart is in to big gray targets, and most likely will end up relieving Adm. Rickover.

34TH COMPANY

RAY L. SNELL

"Matt" left his role as John Milner behind in Mill Valley, Calif., and came to USNA with a head full of hair and a pretty good brain. He bagged-uh-fought his way through 4 years as an "ancient cultural engineer" and it was smooth sailing until Joanie took away his most prized possession. First class year we found Ray watching his hairline receding and playing 3 striper out in town. He donated his stubby legs and bear claws to the 150 lb. meat squad and his fiancee donated his '66 'Vette to a used fiberglass factory. Although he never did achieve his secret ambition of becoming a Y.P. commander or a D&B'er, he did manage to put up with constant abuse from the same "wild and crazy" roommates for 4 straight years. It is doubtful whether he escaped with his sanity intact, but we are all sure that he will go far while pursuing a career on the briny seas. Good luck and remember Ray "It was only 'cause we love you."

PETER DAVID WHITNEY

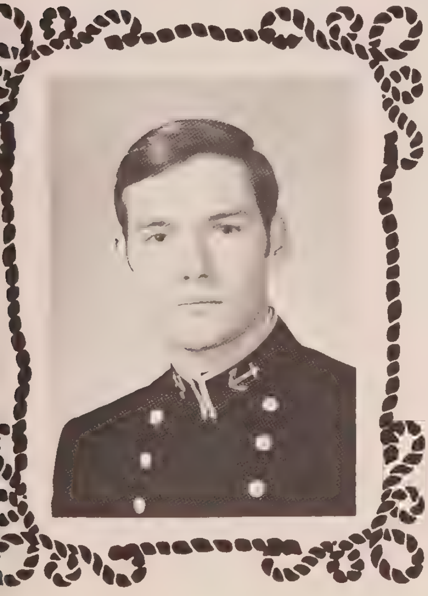
"Mad Dog" Whitney came down from Schenectady, N.Y. after one year at a real college and jumped straight into the toughest of the "E's." When he was not doing labs for Samuri Santoro and company, Pete spent every available weekend studying Italian culture. Always a stickler for doing things by the regs, the only reg Pete ignored was the 6:30 time limit for the mile run. When last seen, he was counting the days toward June 2, 1979 and June 1984. Pete was always ready to help his classmates in a pinch and should be an excellent part of the surface community for the next five years. "Are you mean, Whitney?"

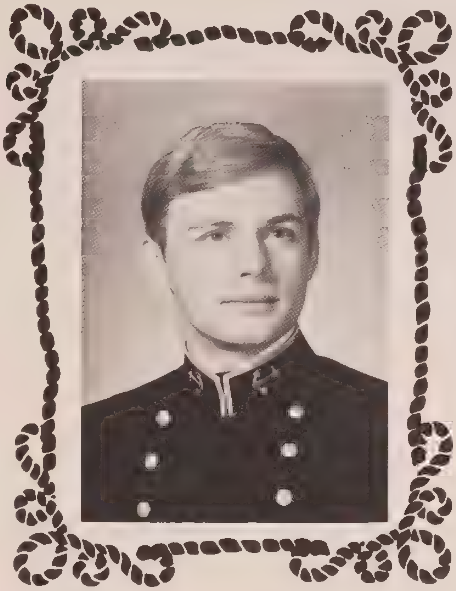
MEXICAN MONUMENT

35TH COMPANY

One of those awesome double majors that ferments within the academy, Brades joined with the football players, one armed parapalegics and third grade reading students in the demanding field of management and tech. A veteran of the 35th Co. DMZ and target of many a late night raid, he finds pies and baby powder the in thing in fashions. Small minds like small things, and Mike is no exception. A collector of toy cars, he inherited a TR-6 from Daddy. Being a Severn boy, his biggest problems seemed to be the draw bridge on Route 2 and constant gas attacks. Set Circle William became a prevalent warning on 8-1. This man swears allegiance to both the Terps and Redskins. Small wonder all his friends are in city jail on drunk and disorderly charges and his favorite sport is running over small dogs. A surface jock, Mike is setting his sights on the greyhounds of the fleet, provided the IRA doesn't pick him up on waivers.

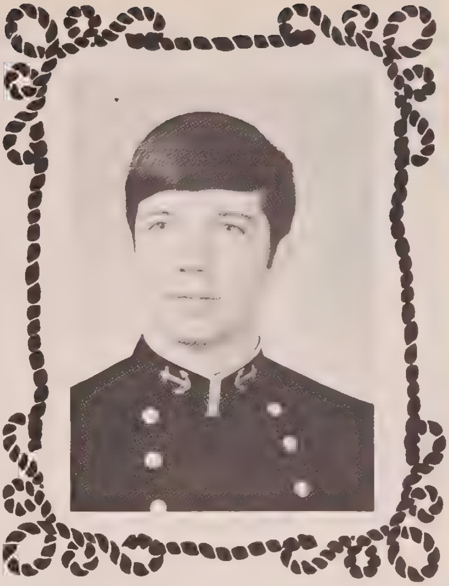
MIKE BRADY





ALLEN KENT BREWER

Brew came to Annapolis from the beautiful beaches of Narragansett Bay. Al sure had his priorities straight when he arrived. He got his job done well (the rack), but as soon as the opportunity presented itself, he was off to Ohio, his beautiful "C", and a nice fireplace that kept the bare skin rug warm. Being a former Nuke, Al knew all about the good deals in subs — fortunately, by first class year, he found out how "good" those deals really were" — mighty fine!" Wondering what his first billet might be, Al will probably sharpen his skills as signals officer on his first F.F.



MICHAEL PATRICK DOYLE

Mike came to USNA from the little town of Stuyvesant, N.Y. Induction day was the first time he had seen more than 20 people in the same place. When he wandered out of the Catskills four years ago and surfaced at USNA we thought Rip Van Winkle was only a fairy tale. We quickly discovered Mike to be the fun loving type who excelled in room warfare and girl watching. "Dil" always had a plan for the next weekend and it usually centered around girls. There hasn't been a more faithful skirt chaser around Mother B for some time. When he wasn't chasing girls he could be found buzzing around in his little brown TR-6. Being a mech-neck, Mikey spent his daylight hours counting sheep and his nights trying to pass fluids. He never was one to let classes disrupt his learning. We know he'll succeed wherever he goes. Good luck, Mikey.

35TH COMPANY

TIMOTHY MARK DUMBAULD

"Doomie" a hard charger from the state of Ohio started his career at Navy playing "doofball," but later figured out that those long treks to practice weren't for him. So he decided to play animal ball (rugby) because of those "cute little shorts" he got to wear. Doomie's the kind of guy who thrives on chasing women, consuming huge amounts of beer, singing rugby songs, chewing "skoal," and being descrete about who he sneaks off with from the "O" club. An avid Cincinnati Red baseball and big 10 football fan, he always caught maximum crap from everybody in the company, everytime the reds lost their division and the big 10 lost the Rose Bowl. Besides all this hard play, he also found time to stretch his neck by completing a systems major. Doomie plans to become an NFO, and certainly all of his friends wish him the best of luck and success.

DOUGLAS STEPHEN FOREMAN

Doug came from the sunny diamonds of California to the Naval Academy more worried about his swing than his tuck. Unfortunately for naval baseball and for the other '79 Marine Engineers a cast on his knee and a young lovely from back home appeared at about the same time Youngster Year and it became all work and no play for "Neck." Ha! Now the sacrifice and determination that he used to display on the field was channelled into counting neutrons during the week and counting the weekends he didn't spend with Terry on one finger. We're not sure, but we think his conviction to becoming a Nuke ended somewhere between first class cruise and the ever-nearing wedding bells. When Skin says goodbye to Horse, Jump'in Joe, Dill, Pecker, Utterrack, Doomie, Wangs and all the other guys in 35 he'll be heading for the job that will keep him off the ocean blue as much as possible. Wherever he goes we're all sure that success will follow close behind him.

Paul joined the elite of America from the town of Woodbury, N.J., via NAPS. Upon entering the pearly gates to a navy adventure, Little Peck soon realized the Chesapeake had no 20 foot waves for surfing, so he went full force into becoming a navy wrestler. After two very successful years of leg grabbing and fasting Peck decided that eating like his roommate was a better idea, so he quickly grabbed his N, gained 30 pounds and became, of all things, a "student?" Highlighted by his superior academic effort, stellar "Squids" performances and daredevil skateboard jumps Paul's 3rd and 2nd class years came to a happy ending. Then came the first class year and weekends. Paul once again is a wrestler. Sharpening and toning his skills in a way only he knows Paul was generously rewarded in a way only a man of such success could, a pennant which he proudly displays on his locker door. Upon graduation, Paul will go to Quantico, get stuck in the mud, and be saved as a Huey Cobra streaks down and scoops him up. Good luck to Paul and Mimi in all their future endeavors.

PAUL R. GEHRING

35TH COMPANY

Harry drifted into Annapolis in 1975, from an obscure little town on the eastern seaboard — Charleston, S.C. His voice still cracking with youth and dripping with drawl, he quickly learned how to keep quiet. After three years at the library, with daily breaks for meals, he read about speaking and women. Nobody knows if he's tried either, but now he's out of the 'brary. Actually, all those years of pencil necking did Harry good. A remendous company commander, Harry organized many a green alert, then never went to one. Always out for the good life, his afternoons are crammed with tennis, running, music and on occasion racking. Despite all of this, he's got that drive and chrisma most just envy. We wish him the best of luck always and some day, a girl.

HENRY BAKER GREGORIE, III

DOUGLAS WARD KEILER

I remember the first time I saw Doug sober and I told someone to "take a good look, you'll never see that again." Doug is one of the few people to spend more time in a sailboat then in the classroom. Plebe year saw the office of the Commandant denying Doug the nector of the Gods in yet another sailing related scandal. Youngster year brought many new faces and new beers in Doug's life. Having a passion for TR-6's, Doug's first priority was to find a girlfriend with a TR-6. Two years later Doug had to decide which he liked more. Now he spends his money on insurance and gas. On the academic side of life, Doug would change his major with the weather. Doug's greatest accomplishments however is his charter membership in both the fearless syndicate and four muskateers. His only great fault is playing "candid camera" past midnight. I'm sick of sending my paychecks to you by yardmail for those negatives. Best luck to surface line for taking Doug.

LARRY PAUL KELLER

Larry, better known as "Little Napoleon" by his classmates came charging in from Southwest Texas with a bottle of Lonestar in one hand and a Texan of the Month award in the other. Nappy had a lot to learn from his classmates at Navy, and the first lesson resulted in multicolored SDB's after the Air Force game. After the usual strain of plebe year, Larry set up two goals for himself — first and foremost was to get plenty of rack and secondly to be one of the first to earn a degree in that mystical major EE. Since then Larry has diversified his interests to vintage 'Vettes, junior misses and finding the gouge. When asked of the future, Larry replied "I like the car . . .". We all wish the best to Larry and his future, whatever it may bring. And as humorist Will Rogers once didn't state, "I never met a Texan I didn't like." (sic)

35TH COMPANY

JOHN LEO MADDEN

John well known as "Beacon," "Mr. Revenge" and "Curly" rolled in from Livingston, New Joisy via Naps. Curly has numerous interests, such as expensive cars (a '64 Dart), old nag horses and long binges at the Happy Buzzard. Curly experienced much more success on the rifle squad than he did in the P.Z. department, rising to the rank of S.S. commander. Beacon kept extremely unusual hours at the USS BANCROFT. Evidently either Curly thought he had the graveyard shift here or he was some form of a vampire. Curly will join the mighty surface warriors and all of his friends wish him the best of luck and success.

ROBERT LEE MELCHER

Bob came to us from NAPS after a two year stint with the Marine green. A native of Thriving Loves Park, Illinois, Melch breezed through plebe year by relying on his experiences in the Corps as well as a distinctive sense of humor. It wasn't until the second year that Bob found two new loves — a girl back home and more importantly, sport parachuting. Never one to let trivial items such as academics get in the way of extracurricular activities. Bob lived for the weekends when he was usually seen with a girl in one arm and a parachute rig in the other. Despite serious doubts during second class summer, this talented stud returned to the club with a wide grin. Seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, Melch forgot the old adage, "Men's minds are like parachutes — they only function when open," and wound up facing the green table. He made it through unscathed, however, and now looks forward to the day when he may again don those marine greens.

The decision to attend the Naval Institute of Technology (Annapolis Branch) was not easy for this life-long believer in the teachings of Jimmy Buffett. But, spurred on by visions of that huge, gold, gem-encrusted attention-getter that might soon adorn his finger, Brian braved the harsh climate and harsher realities of Annapolis and took that one small step for financial security, one giant leap for TWA. Always a trendsetter, during plebe summer Brian pioneered the sleeping-at-a-desk techniques that carried him through much of his classwork in the aero dept. Other notable records: time in head, time in rack, time to earn Rat-room OOD Quals (both inport and underway), and highest QPR/sweat, ratio in the company. B. Demerit 2/c really wowed us by turning a friendly week-night plebe TV & popcorn party into a 300-per. Admin. conduct orgy. After completing his "first class" job of coasting, Brian, garbed in green, will ride out of here on 2 wheels (courtesy Yamaha) and later on a pair of wings (courtesy McDonnell-Douglas). Then if he could just get a hold of a nice pair of feminine . . . Oh well, can't have everything.

BRIAN L. MERRITT

35TH COMPANY

Rink came to us from the banks of the polluted Mississippi River and the home of Dahlgren beer. Being from Mizon, Bill had to be shown everything, like what a girl was and how to get past the bad first impression. Not to be called a slow learner, he now spends more on Bay Bridge tolls than on his dates. Rink found Mech. E distracting to the point of exhaustion and eventually saw the light at the end of the wind tunnel, called G-easy. It was not difficult to tell when Bill was around. An accident in the 8th Wing head left him with a head movement that would best be suited to the back of a '57 Chevy. Dial-a-duty was a favorite game with him and he seemed to win, a lot! Sports were a strongpoint. Evidence the battered lightpole on Farragut where one of Rink's moonshots imbedded a softball in the starchion. He led the league in damage to cars along the seawall last season with 2 Firebirds, a 'Vette and $1000 dollars damage to a Mercedes roof.

BILL RINKE

KERRY M. SHANAGHAN

Shan's presence was felt from day one here at the Academy. It took the company four days to pronounce his name and another ten to understand his Mississippi language. He had aspirations of being a scholar here at USNA but decided that academics weren't his bag and decided to major in oceanography. He excelled in company sports and was a diehard N.D. fan. Ralph's efforts with the battalion stallion and announcing football and lacrosse games were cause for their success. Shans also had a great deal to do with resurrecting the eighth wing players. He chased all sorts of women especially youngsterettes from Florida. His taste in women lies between the first and thirty-sixth companies. He's been known to neck it as well as tube it with the best of 'em. Shans plans to follow dad's footsteps and go air. We all wish him clear skies.

KEVIN P. SINNETT

Kevin decided to commute to the Chesapeake Community College ever since that fateful day when he followed the advice of his dog and was quoted to have said to his father, "It's Navy Dad!" Kevin was appropriately named "Horse" because of his diligent manner in which he devoured fodder at the tables. Although Horse was kept in tight rein during the weekends by "dorable" on board the "Toad two" he still managed to screw around with the boys during the week. Besides lettering four years in basketball and ending up captain of the B-ball team, Horse was main propulsion for Evil McPecker in his daring skateboard jump and also was manager for the squids singing group. Even though Horse had trouble keeping on his feet in the mile high city he still wishes to try his luck in the clouds as P-3 jock. Best wishes to Kevin and Doreen in their future life together.

35TH COMPANY

WILEY V. UTTERBACK

BMC Wiley Utter"rack" floated in from Northern California to enjoy his plebe year thoroughly with one of the nicest squad leaders here at USNA. Instend of venting his frustrations directly on his squad leader, he chose to pursue a more indirect approach by struggling with the pad monster. Some of Utter-"racks" more famous quotes are "The three date rule" and "I won, I won the drinkout, Ralph!" Wiley was revived by the rough tongue of a mutt while star gazing prostrate on a classmate's lawn. Many of you have seen Wiley guzzling Heinz's ketchup or downing a bottle of hot peppers in the wardroom. It is quite evident that he is quite a crowd pleaser. Wiley will go wherever the coffee is the blackest and we all wish him the best of luck.

ROBERT V. WALTERS

When Walt came roaring down out of the Pennsylvania hills, the "sleepy" Baltimore-D.C. area had already lost its chance to shift gears and match his pace. Voted "The Mid most likely to spend a million dollars before graduation," R.V. was two months ahead of schedule at the end of 2/c year. Owning a 2+2 "Z", a touring motorcycle with trailer, two stereo systems (car and room), a larger wardrobe than Charo, and a well polished guitar (for blackouts), had admittedly occasioned more than one call to "Nose" (a.k.a. "Mom") for a little extra scratch. Obviously not one to do anything halfway, Walt decided to graduate in the top five of his class, be a Trident Scholar, revamp the pop concert committee, bring Evelyn Wood "sped redding" to USNA and in his spare time, run the second regiment. After graduation? on to M.I.T. for more fun and games; this time courtesy of the USMC. What will we do when we can no longer hear the "Yeah, right; check; I'm gonna buy . . .;" and "Hello, Nose?" of yesteryear? Go back to the rack, I guess. Good luck, Bob. but, do you need it?

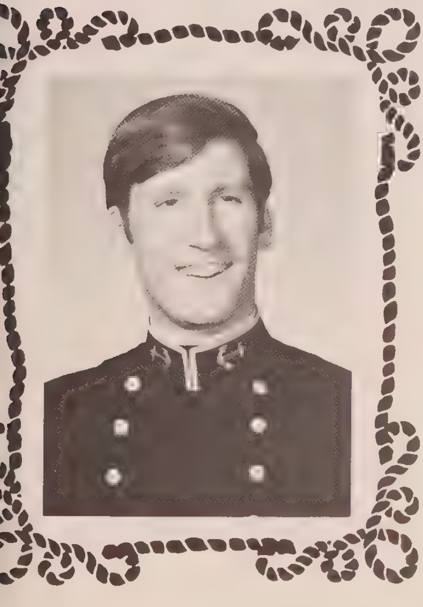
Wangs strolled in to N.A. and the L.C.W.B. from the north country, during one of those rare glacial thaws. He quickly realized it would take him longer than his initial plan of four weeks to gain control of the place and so settled in for a long seige with the academia world. With a firm grasp of economics he wisely managed his time between the deep blue of the rack, wearing down a spot in the wardroom and an occasional boxing match. Yet he was always willing to give helpful advice to those who needed it, indeed he was always the soul of tact, patience, firmness, prudence, sobriety and brevity; and he richly deserved his nickname of "Mr. Warmth." He fell off mountains with a lost platoon of marines first class summer and found it a safer occupation than driving ships, and so turned down many promising offers for work after graduation including Nuc. power and one to head the N.A.'s alcohol rehab. program for the U.S.M.C. After bidding us farewell and good riddance, he left us with those famous last words we can only hope to put on his tombstone: "And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea." Take it easy, Wangs.

MICHAEL F. WANGLER

35TH COMPANY

A true bubblehead from day one, Al has never suffered from lack of a goal while here on the friendly shores of the Severn. The silent service calls his name loudly, and he comes groveling. One of the good ole boys from N.C., and a former tar heel for a year, Al came to USNA expecting to continue his college education, but he got more than he bargained for. However, he took it in stride, and discovered some of the nicer things about being a Mid. Like owning a shiny TR6, with a blonde for the passenger seat. With a driving ambition for stripes, Al won't mind putting in a few years to get them, and he has the ability to go for the gold for however long he decides to serve our Navy.

ALAN MARK WEIGEL



JOE WELCH

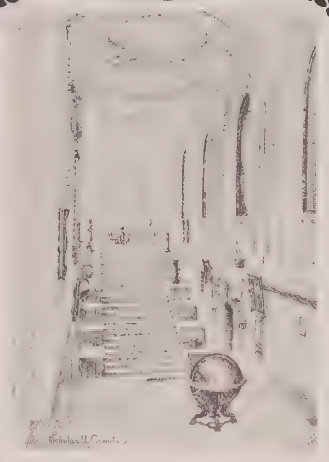
Joe also known as "Jumpin Joe" hails from nowhere in particular being an Air Force brat but likes to claim Texas as his home. He has spent a great deal of his time at USNA talking to the squirrels while looking for small white balls in the woods. Whether by luck, natural ability or lack of competition he somehow managed to letter for all four years and was named captain of USNA's hit and hunt team.

Joe realized youngster year that "poly sci" was keeping him awake during the day and giving him nightmares at night. He then hopped on the Graduation Express and was thereafter found checking the alpha code on his pillowcase. A steady customer at Disco Dahlgren, Joe was famous for finding "females?" and renting massive amounts of beer. But as Joe joins the fleet he will always be remembered with a grin on his face, a twinkle in his eye and a putter in his hand.

GUSTAV A. WIRTH

When not actively pinging down the halls of Bancroft Gustav can be found sweating over the latest form of torture from the systems department, not having been content to be solely a EE. Since afternoons and weekends were filled avoiding YP's in a dinghy, the sun often rose with the night oil still burning, the calculator still blazing away, and the moth squadron still making deadly strafing runs. His "wirthless" circuits aren't programmed for love, but we are sure he will find someone with whom to share his computer. Wherever he goes Mr. Wizard is sure to amaze those around him with his analysis of the situation, and if he can get used to going to sea in something without sails, he should make the submarine force a fine sonar.

36TH COMPANY



UPSTAIRS MAHAN HALL

EMILIO DEOLASO ABORDO

From beautiful Bermuda to Boys Town, Bancroft—Emilio, alias Hammy, alias Babalu, alias E.D., became a man of many identities. Being 5 foot 5 has never hindered his quest to become center of a basketball team. He proved that this goal was reasonable by touching the rim of a basketball hoop. A poet by nature, he coined such phrases as "G-cubed," meaning gut, glory and greatness, in addition to "battle trim 122" as mottos for his quest to become a seal. He became Jean Claude Killey and Mario Andretti rolled up in one when he decided to take his car on the slopes. Acting very modestly however, he made it appear as if he lost control. When he decided John Denver had nothing on him he took up guitar playing, which fortunately was not accompanied by his singing. Not being known for fast cars and fast women, Emilio quickly dispelled that theory by buying a Watkins Glen pace car laden with decals and pictures of women running. He is living proof that you can never sell Bermuda short.

Big Dave, or "The Drewsman," as he is affectionately called by his classmates, came down from Homes, New York with dreams of climbing into the cockpit of an F-14 someday. Infamous for his strict adherence to an "early to bed, early to rise" philosophy, Dave was also known for holding an Academy record: Nine roommates during his four years here. A hard-charging aero major, he could often be found somewhere in transit between the lab deck and the computer center of Rickover Hall. But Dave managed to find the time to excel on the basketball court as well as the lacrosse field. Always ready to lend an ear or to offer a word of encouragement, Dave was willing to help those around him. It will be one lucky pilot who gets to team up with this unbeatable officer and gentleman.

DAVID SCOTT ANDREWS

36TH COMPANY

In the summer of '75 Ken made his decision to trade the rolling hills of his Indiana farm, for the rigors of the Naval Academy's own form of self-abuse (EE). He could be heard late into the night reciting such facts of life as V=IR, or was it R=IV (Oh well!). Though he was late to bed he always turned out the light with the noble intention of getting up at 5:30 to study. Many a roommate can testify to the 5:30-alarm clock that "rang forever." Ken was different from the normal Mid in a few ways. Some guys received a few "CARE" packages to help them through the trails of Plebe year. Not K.B., he had to muster a ten man working party each week just to carry the chow to his room. Away from his studies, Ken spent a great deal of his free time ripping up carpets, painting garages and chopping wood for 36th Company's adopted parents, the Glenns. He did take time to try his skills of snow skiing his 2/c year but 4 feet down the slope and one broken ankle later he hung up his skis for better days. Ken was a true friend to all, always willing to give a helping hand or a word of advice.

KENNETH WALTER BARNES

MICHAEL JORDAN BEAUCHAMP

Bo, the nicest guy in the company, deserves special recognition after rooming with Drewsman for one year, Flea for one year, and Hobo for four years. The only word for Bo is "AMAZING." Bo has accomplished such feats as running a marathon on one day of training, Running the 100-mile relay while on excused squad and maintaining his sanity while refereeing arguments between Hobo and Flea. Bo will always be remembered for his athletic prowess, his beautiful sisters, the famous Hatch-Beauchamp loop, the Bo layup and one-handed catches. Who else but Bo would wear white shoes with Dinner Dress, trops with no shoulder boards and SDB with no tie. Rumor has it that the Post Office is considering issuing Bo his very own Zip Code. The "AMAZING" Bo has also managed to garner Stars, a 4.0 and Stripes in his four year stay while remaining the good guy we have all come to know and like. Bo is a natural Airdale because he is always floating in the clouds anyway.

RICHARD RUSSELL BOSCO

Hailing from sunny Florida, Box brought respectability to the word "MELLOW." Bosc's idea of Heaven is a pair of sun glasses and a cold can of PBR on a warm Florida beach. Plebe year Bosc survived Fitz, John, Krop, Rock, Bruce and Rick. Youngster year saw Box as a star member of the JBL's Roller Hall Team. Janz and Looch drove Bosc to long mellow sessions with Jackson. Box survived "Everybody Stops for Tea," The Florida State Blues and a $200 lamp only to face the challenge of his life; second class year and rooming with "Flea." Following Flea's special study program Bosc managed to qualify as a member of the cone squad. After being brainwashed by Jerry Jeff, Bosc lost a bundle on the "HORNS." Bosc ended up the year finishing just ahead of Flea for the coveted spot of Batt Supply. Bosc's athletic prowess brought him softballs Golden Glove, Basketball's Mr. "O" and boxing's "Mr. Aggressive." We all hope your Boxmobile will hold together long enough to ride off into the sunset.

36TH COMPANY

NEVIN PALMER CARR, JR.

Affectionately known to his classmates as "Nevin," Mid'n. Carr stumbled smoothly through a Nav Arch major. Deeply motivated by his younger days as a Navy Jr., Nevin turned down smooth sailing at a civvie school for the demanding rigors of NAPS. After dropping anchor at USNA, ol' "Salty" himself quickly aspired to the seafaring way of life; scraping hulls, and just scraping by in the classroom. A true lover of art, he could often be found decorating the bulkheads of his compartment with such diverse artistic tools as oranges, lacrosse sticks, and full jars of jelly. Nev's financial wizardry soon had the Log well in debt, but the parties were worth every penny. Luckily, Dad has dabbling in the imported car world, and returned from Britannia, Magna Cum Jaguar. Sporting a rugged .93 cum 2/c year, Nevin established himself as the founding father of the infamous "Cone Squad". 2/c year also found Nev to be an avid participant in the F&O Club, bearing an amazing resemblance to Murray the cop. "I wann be a real policemannn . . ."

A CB lover since his first sighting of the chapel dome, a gouge-hound extraordinaire, a real honey-dipper, Nevin will leave here next May knowing that knowledge may be good, but bull majors have more fun. Hm?

JAMES MICHAEL CHIMIAK

Rock came to the Academy from a Navy family totally familiarized with the salty terms that baffled us all during our first year. Easygoing and carefree, Jim had little trouble adjusting to the rigors of plebe summer. Since that relatively unchallenging initiation, however, Jim rarely left the work bench. The week's intense study was surpassed only by his weekend follies. He could be seen fleeing the Academy accompanied by a strikingly beautiful Latin escort. But when Rock did hit the town with the boys, he did it in style. Famous for confrontations with "The Stranger from the East Netherlands" and "The Bush Lady," Jim never was one for an ordinary Saturday night. Renowned for love of fried chicken, Rock was known to have eaten ten of the feathered little beasts in one sitting.

He excelled in academics as a chemistry major and can boast of amazing success in intramural sports ranging from squash to boxing.

In all seriousness, Jim will make an excellent addition to the surface line community. Look out Admiral Farragut!

Mike was the wooly mammoth of the 36 Co. He came to the Boat School from 25 min. away down Rt. 50. Since he was a local, Mike was always ready to set up a classmate with girls, "who could get all the dates they wanted." A true gnarler Woolly took on all comers defeating them with his superior wedgey skill. Woolly was also a part of the Mahan cannonball crew and the D.C. ten. Always on the search for the fairer of the mammoth species, Mike took a weekend in New York, a road trip to Ky., and nights at Richie overlook to fulfill his quest. Woolly roomed with the Wild and the Wonger the first two years and then with Kate, Ann, Diane, Tina, and Cheryl for the last two. Never one to let his schoolwork interfere with his education, Mike was a trivia maniac, founding such terms as "Mercedes-Lynn's Frazzlers" and "The Wild and the Wooley." In his last two years Mike changed his area of study from how to loose 20 lbs. a week for 150's to how to change Bumed's ideas on 1 kidney. Mike is a true friend, who will be an asset and success in whatever field he chooses . . . intelligence, supply or civilian.

MICHAEL STAED FINLEY

36TH COMPANY

Fitz tacked into Navy that fateful day in '75 with just one goal.

Awarded the dubious honor of rooming with Dusenberg plebe summer, Rich somehow survived to enter academic year with a full horsehead of steam (used to propel his famous motormouth).

(This is kinda past the deadline and we really don't wanna rite dis.)

Rich's performance militarily and academically (as a Narch) were outweighed solely by his feats on the high seas as Navy's premier sailor. His steady appearances at the North American Championships gave inspiration to us all. Additionally, his sailing travels took him far from Mother B as will his excursions beneath the briny deep he holds so dear.

Gigglin' Rich will always leave 'em laughin'. Sail on Sailor, fair winds, following seas, etcetera!

RICHARD DOUGLAS FITZPATRICK

PAUL MARTIN HATCH

The "Flea" came to USNA with bad cases of Texan and Freckle-itis, the first received from a week's vacation there and the second from a vicious and oversexed tick at Quantico. He gave a lot of serious thought to studying, during commercials and the company officer honored his amazing studying program by accompanying Paul to class for closer observation. Wardroom tenure landed him the coveted position as "secord's successor," but Paul had more to offer the Company. An avid conversationalist, he was always willing to "say again his last," much to chagrin of roommates. Choo-choo was a vaulable addition to Co. intramurals, an exciting bartender and showed himself a capable consumer on many occasions (the Herndon-Far Eastern Invitational).

Counting out a Nuc Power selection early and being counted out for NFO, Paul will be a welcome addition to any amphie wardroom in the fleet or a local healt dept. using the skills he honed during his last year here. Hook 'em goat.

MICHAEL JON HOLOUBEK

A true "Cornhusker" in every sense of the word, Mike came to USNA at the heels of his Brother Dan. He instantly became known as "Hobo" or sometimes "Disco Hobo." Hobo's favorite quote was "Never let your homework interfere with your education" — and he patterned his life around it. Hobo was not 36th's smartest best athlete or most professional, but his "happy-go-lucky" manner has made him the most likable. He is the company clown — and has brightened many a long USNA day with his Rocky and Steve Martin imitations and will be most remembered for "our own" special "Hobo Stomps." Hobo is also the self-professed "manager" of the company. his "management" feats included the disco dance marathon, and finding money to head up to Hood, fix his Porsche, buy his "Matuse Rose", and support his "Nikon-mania." Hobo's love life during the last four years can be summed up in 1 word — "MI-CHAEL"!!! Every company should have their own "Hobo" — the surface Navy will be lucky (?) to have one for their very own!

36TH COMPANY

ARTHUR JAMES JOHNSON, JR.

In the summer of '75 "the kid" stepped off a plane from Weisbaden, Germany, and USNA hasn't been the same since. Who can forget him lugging those three pieces of luggage all over the place on I-day; in '79 you'll probably see him dragging the same luggage down to flight training as an F-14 pilot. It wasn't long before AJ's incredible personality had won the friendship of many mids throughout the Brigade; strolling down a hallway, he always seemed to know everyone, and vice versa. A true athlete both on and off the field, Artie was highly skilled in chasing down ground balls and long passes, not to mention chasing women, at which he truly excelled. Scientists will be pleased to learn that he mastered the technique of "study by osmosis." On many a night one could find him "hitting the books" for that big exam the next day by lying in bed, closing his eyes, and placing a textbook on his head. Artie's big surprise came first class year when he found out he'd have to close down the homestead and migrate to 4-1 as a regimental three striper. When AJ hits the fleet, he will give new meaning to the well-known phrase, "When you care enough to send the very best." We'll miss you, my man.

WILLIAM FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Georgia-bred William Kauffman, alias Wild Bill, alias Johnny Ringo, came to USNA for one reason, to fight. Never forgetting this, Wild Bill could frequently be heard talking about being a mercenary in view of his academic record or saving his classmates by jumping on imaginary grenades. His esprit de vie spread to other areas among them fieldball, rugby, batt football, boxing and gnarling with the opposition coming out the worst for it.

Being a triple major in wine (well Chevis Regal), women and song, Bill could always be found pursuing further course material. Summer nights in Georgia, Saturday nights in Dahlgren, Graduation nights at Richie overlook and too many nights at Donetelli's were among his better performances.

Crazy encounters of the enjoyable kind is the best way to describe Bill's four years here and once he starts flying Naval aviation will acquire a dedicated, competent individual who will always keep his squadron entertained! Unless he joins the Confederate Navy first.

Ken came here from New Jersey ready to play soccer and study Oceanography. Soccer lasted a long two years and Oceanography a short four weeks. Krop went on to establish himself as the sole French major in the last class with French majors. The move into the humanities field eliminated Ken from a shot at nuclear power, a near fatal blow for him. He rebounded with a relaxed outlook on life and a devotion to Sandy, Simon and his family.

A true believer in the age-old cliche "life is too serious to be taken seriously" Krop laughed his way through the Academy and will continue enjoying life as a Navy pilot and married man after graduation.

KENNETH JAMES KROPKOWSKI

36TH COMPANY

1975-1979 . . . rememberances . . . leaving Buffalo . . . Artie and Jeff . . . my friends called me Kwi . . . parents weekend . . . seeing D.C. for the first time . . . Dad and the Army-Navy Game . . . Christmas, Mom crying, the locker room . . . the first exams . . . the park in Eastport . . . Herndon and the Dahlgren Hall day of drinking . . . St. Thomas, San Juan, Bicentennial in the Big Apple . . . the first long weekend . . . checking out Georgetown with Bosc . . . the fiasco at Christmas . . . the Belgian beauty! . . . road trips to Tammany Hall . . . Rugby and the yard of beer . . . that great second class summer . . . Ocean City, Newport, that special Sunday night at Rosie's . . . travelling . . . dances . . . Fifi . . . home for Thanksgiving . . . that special Christmas present . . . the decision to leave . . . coping . . . a new car . . . trip to Wisconsin . . . three weeks in Norfolk, 10 days across the Atlantic and three days in Spain . . . plebe detail . . . why was the plane late? . . . camping . . . the surprise party . . . that great weekend in Newport and the goodbye in Philadelphia . . . looking forward to Christmas in Europe . . . friendships . . . Duke, Greeno, Mitch, Flea, Looch . . . love . . . Alison . . . ah yes, rememberances . . . . .

THOMAS ALAN KWIATKOWSKI

JEFFREY EDWARD MCFADDEN

Jeff's life at the Academy might best be described as trying to fit a liberal peg in a conservative hole, giving new meaning to the words of Richard III: "Now is the winter of our discontent . . ." No matter how hard he tried, our resident English major and culture freak could never convince his pals that watching Baryshnikov dance was better than watching the Dallas Cowboys. Always taken aback by the rightist attitudes of his fellows, Jeff was convinced that the mids would elect Anita Bryant as the next president of the United States. Firmly believing that naval officers had some semblance of manners, he took on a Trident Project dealing with "chivalry", but eating in the wardroom soon put an end to his silly, outdated ideas about gentlemen officers. It wasn't all bad: four trips to Europe, some great friends, a nice little Fiat (hates American "macho" cars), and even a few decent English courses. An actor at heart, Jeff anxiously awaits opening night on 30 May '79. His heroes include: Billy Joel, the Yankees, Johnny Carson, and Shakespeare.

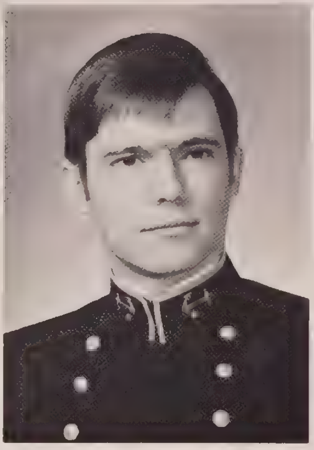
WILLIAM DOUGLAS MITCHELL

Whoop or squid? . . . Thanks Tom . . . '79 SIR! Big John, Max "Foreign Nationals" . . . Where's Joisey? . . . "We Stand So Proud and Stout . . ." Let's Rumble! Who's on Top? Lots of Happy Birthdays. Luch does it his way. Cat-a-pole then break your wrist . . . 30 days in Norfolk . . . Three semesters sub-two. Good Evening, Sirs. Thanks, Bud. Take care Wint, you too, Jeff. Hello Kwi-Daddy. Here comes Murth. Now there's two from "the ville" . . . Cone Squad tenure, Lightweights blow the big one — but what a "D" — ask the amazing beau. We're all back for one more year . . . the rock — "it's about time" . . . $elica . . . almost three from "the ville" — good choice, sis. Detail '82. Europe with Box and Flea on $10 a day? Gaeta. 23/36. Kwi, Flea, and me. Wake up, Kwi-Daddy. B-ball is tough — a bad day will do it. Lightweights tough again. No 'vators! Omnes Viri — L.C.W.B.

Tom, Ann, Susan, Sarah, Meghan, Paul — we love you all.

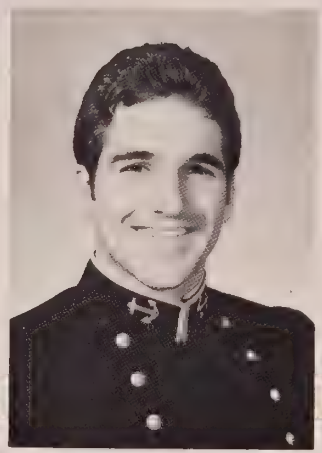
Thanks Jill — you got tough.

36TH COMPANY



JOHN CHARLES PROSS

"At the bottom of this pit lies a Big, Big Man". Newfoundland, New Jersey, rose three inches when Big John came to Crabtown, at the same time, Nimitz Library began sinking into the Severn. John could have saved his money by never going to book issue because he never needs to crack a book. His daily commuting for a secret rendevous with a certain lovely Anna Politan attested to this. After parting with his underworld roommate John decided to go straight - The Corps. John had an affinity for beautiful women, fast cars, and field ball. Finally he has found the woman that matches his dynamic traits, retires from field ball, and after several months - has recovered his vette from his ex-roomate and his shady dealings.

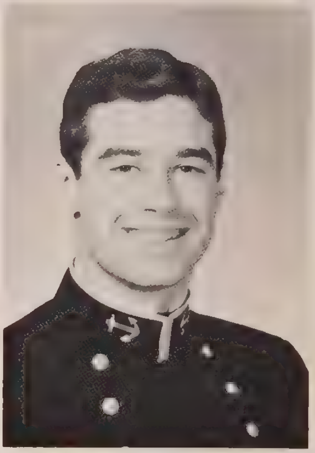


WILLIAM HENRY RESSER

We have been fortunate to meet many good people over our four years at Navy. 36th Co. and '79 are thankful that one guy in particular decided to show up and spend the time with us. Bill Resser is one of the greatest guys we've met. His knack for academics is overshadowed by his common sense approach to things, and common sense is a scarce commodity in Mids. He is a good athlete and made a name for himself on company intermural teams. We always wondered whether he understood that body contact in basketball was supposed to be minimal. Bill's forte is water polo. He was President of the Water Polo Club and self-confessed star. Bill will longest be remembered for a really good sense of humor and the unique ability to make people happy. His future wife, El, is a very lucky woman and Naval Aviation will be receiving an outstanding officer. Good luck, Will. The Boys of 36.

The only reason Sully didn't go to U.C.L.A. for girls and b-ball was fruit bars. When not devouring them by the dozen, Mart was either enjoying positron flow or having his hair surgically removed. The barbers were never at a loss for entertainment because Mart could whistle any tune in any key and too loud for anyone. One story tells of when Sully was executing one of his many suicidal leaps and on the way down whistled 34 verses of the Marine Corps Hymn, an appropriate tune. By the way, how's the Corps Mart? Maybe the reason Mart was such an expert at passing the time was that his plebe summer roommate was so bitch'n. Mart gave his all for Big Blue. After just missing the cut for B-ball freshman year, he dedicated himself to the airborne program. Well, that turned out to be cake, so he thought he might try his hand at C^2. In the end, Mark will always keep the birds out of his hair and his family close to his heart.

MARTIN JOSEPH SULLIVAN



36TH COMPANY

Eric came to navy to take full advantage of Canoe U.'s world renowned physical science program, where he was heard to utter the now famous quote "I think there should be a little science in everyone's physical education." It was long before his free-spirited wire rims were replaced by the traditional Navy goggs. As a walk-on to company intramurals, Eric surprised all, especially coach Kim Tageson, by smashing record after record (on the cement below his window). Eric's inherent leadership qualities quickly won him the coveted position of company sub, where he followed in the footsteps of such memorable greats as Tom Trudell and Mike Trueblood. Not wanting to "boof" his "hosemates," Eric could be found on many a "youngster" with a belly full of "Z burgers" cutting some heavy "zulu's" on the "nude pad monster." Eric, an avid hunter, always had a bloodhound's nose for the babers, even though back in her humble podunk, his O.A.O. impatiently awaited a diamond minature of the L.C.W.B.'s golden nugget. Seriously though, Eric will be remembered by all of us as one of the finest individuals to pass through USNA. Fair winds, following seas and beat army.

ERIC LYNN SWEIGARD

CHESTER WESLEY WONG

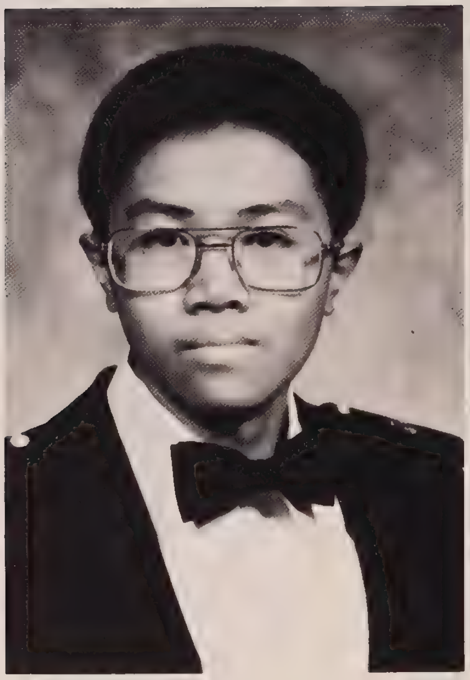
Aspiring to great things, among them, becoming a CNO (Chinese Naval Officer) and living like a haole, Chet came from sunny Hawaii. After adapting to the severe weather (colder than 55 ") and learning the way to his roomho's house, Chet began converting his classmates to the cult of Pineapple.

Chet's jokes and, even more humorous, his ukulele playing kept all in stitches while his culinary treaties were an anathema to all the stomach, of 36'ers. Quicker than one, two, free, crick, Chet has finished with his Navy B.S. and, forsaking marching, formation, and all other Navy activities which were his sustenance he began working on his M.B.O. (master in bagging out).

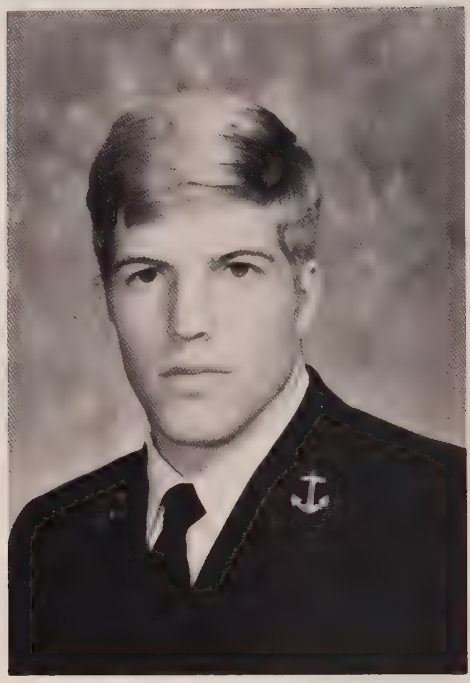
If seasickness does not overcome him, Chet's levelheadness will make him a welcomed addition to the surface Navy. Good luck and may God guide you always, Chet.

COLLONADES

In Memoriam



Richard Aranas Corpuz
6th Company
Nov 1956-Mar 1976



Jon Robert Jeffries
20th Company
Jul 1956-Aug 1976

Though their course was shortened, they served
with the same pride that we serve with now,
and by all who have gone before. As our classmates
their memory will live with us forever.

The Class of 1979

Daniel James Luce
36th Company
Mar 1956-Dec 1978

Whether it be battles with class A's, academics, boxing, women or just everyday life; Dan Luce always ended up on top. Dan's (or puss's) spicy comments always put things in a new perspective. When voicing his opinion, it became apparent Dan straddled no fences. You always knew where Dan stood even if that meant on your face.

Dan's effort in his political science courses shows a motivation toward politics following in the footsteps of his idol President Jimmy Carter. Dan also worked hard at becoming the best Naval Officer possible in order to model himself after his distant relative, Adm. Stephan B. Luce.

Dan dropped more beautiful women than most people change their dirty socks. Even duty or restriction did not keep him away from the broads.

His weekend activities included, among other things, having a drink or two (or three . . . .), challenging anyone who looked at him wrong and even terrorizing fellow midshipmen. However, underneath Dan's carefree and wild manner is a conscientious, hard-working guy. His gift as a natural leader will truly make him a welcome addition to the U.S. Marine Corps.

Those We Left Along The Way

This list was compiled from the records of the Naval Academy Registrar, and lists all members of the class who took the Oath of Office July 7, 1975, and had not graduated as of August 1, 1979. At the same time, Class of 1979½ graduates are not included.

Acosta, Roberto Enrique
Adkins, Marc Murray
Ahlvin, Eric Lawrence
Albay, Danilo Salarda
Amato, Thomas Daniel
Andrews, Philip John
Anstey, Mark Maryatt
Archambault, Mark Louis
Armstead, Ronald Edward
Attase, Shahab Abbass
Bacon, Duane Lee
Bagnoli, Alejandro
Baker, Charles Joseph
Baldwin, Jr., Charles Carroll
Bardarson, Ronald Melvin
Barry, James J.
Barstow, Jonathan Preston
Bateman, James Francis
Bauer, Eric Hans
Beasley, Keith Long
Beaver, Kenneth Warren
Bentley, Bert W.
Blaine, Thomas Woodrow
Blanchard, Douglas Michael
Bland, James Russell
Bolger, John William
Booker, II, Jimmie E.
Boswell, John Garland
Bourne, Keith William
Boothillier, Alfred Marcel
Bowen, Matthew Allan
Boyes, Earl Walter
Bracht, Gregory Phillip
Brady, James William
Brandt, Samuel John
Brasington, Steve Johnson
Breen, Thomas Augustine
Brooks, IV, Charles Vance
Brown, David William
Brown, Leonard Gregory
Brown, Theodore Ronald
Brown, III, Gerald Lewis
Brown, Jr., Robert Edward
Brownlowe, James Filmore
Bruhns, Mark John
Bruno, Ronald Arnold
Bryant, William Keith
Bryars, IV James Arthur
Buhler, Douglas Christian
Burge, Robert Charles
Burke, Richard Lyman
Burnette, John Rose
Busse, Paul William
Caffrey, Andrew A.
Calligar, Kenneth William
Campbell, Michael David
Carminati, Jeffrey James
Carter, Perry Dewayne
Carter, Raymond Andrew
Castelo, Ernesto Espejo
Ceravolo, Peter Stephen
Chevrie, Rickey Everett
Ching, Clayton Alapaka
Clark, Walter David
Clement, III, Carl Clarence
Coffee, Larry
Cooley, Scott Alfred

Corbridge, Thomas Charles
Corcoran, Frank Carl
Corpuz, Richard Aranas
Corrigan, John Timothy
Costello, Joseph Christopher
Cothern, Joseph Edward
Couch, Andrew Franklin
Craig, John Joseph
Creedow, Daniel Francis
Crevelt, Dwight Eugene
Cruise, Michael Leo
Cuccio, Peter Frank
D'Angelo, Marc Henry
Dammann, Dennis Allen
Daniels, Andrew Rowley
Dannemiller, David Paul
Dargan, William Scott
Davis, Joel Bennett
Davis, Steven Craig
Davis, Wayne Howard
Davis, III, James Hawley
DeYoung, Dirk Willson
Demke, Randall Henry
Depugh, Nathan Gale
Detrich, Robert Perry
DiGiacomo, Stephen Mark
Downs, Ronald King
Dryden, Dennis Duane
Duff, Patrick Shawn
Dufresne, David Paul
Dunn, III, Charles
Duran, Carlos Albert
Dykes, Joel Barry
Eisenberg, Steven M.
Elizondo, Edward George
Ellis, Ernest Black
Elpusan, Jr., Ruperto
Espinoza, John Andrew
Estrada, Juan Carlos Cavallini
Evanhoe, Charles Edward
Evans, John Robert
Fasnacht, Mark Steven
Fatjo, Steve James
Faville, Jr., William Alden
Fearns, Geoffrey Sterling
Ferguson, Melvin Douglas
Ferrano, Francis Joseph
Fink, Karl Lester
Fitch, Andrew M.
Fitzpatrick, Terrance Kevin
Fitzsimmons, Richard Daniel
Fontanilla, Florencio Floyd
Forsley, Alexander Eli
Frankle, Bruce Brian
Franks, III, George Francis
Franscell, Ronald Allen
Frederick, Roderick John
French, Maurice George
Frise, Mark Allen
Fry, Gregory Andrew
Frydrych, Daniel James
Furgerson, Scott Patrick
Fusco, Thomas Paul
Garner, William Michael
Gearing, Gary
Gehweiler, Daniel Frederick
Gibbs, Charles Francis

Good, Jack Clayton
Graham, Paul Vernon
Granata, Paul Joseph
Gray, Jr., David W.
Green, III, M. Edwin
Greenfield, Mark Ware
Groomes, Kerry Boyd
Guelich, Todd Bruce
Guillen, Enrique
Haeffele, Gregory Paul
Halling, Jeff Emil
Hamblet, Harold William
Hamilton, Kevin Francis
Hammond, Robert Arthur
Hampton, Kurt Alan
Hamrick, Jr., George Bowyer
Hanson, Henry Aldo
Happ, Charles Joseph
Harrison, Stephen Barry
Hautot, Jr., James Joseph
Hayden, Timothy Daniel
Hegarty, Brian Scott
Herr, William Frederic
Herrmann, III, Howard Joseph
Herzog, Lee Marc
Hetherington, Jr., Richard Gwyn
Hidalgo, Ovidio Jesus
Hines, Nelson Andre
Hinman, David John
Hoffman, Jonathan Warren
Holcombe, Kelley
Holderness, Jeffrey Kim
Hollimon, III, Frank
Holt, Gary Steven
Hughes, John Thomas
Hunter, Alan Curtis
Hunter, Stephen
Hurd, Danny Archer
Ikeda, John Thomas
Imel, II, R.M.
Inks, Allen Walcott
Jacobs, Richard Terril
Jansen, Clifford Russell
Jeffries, Jon Robert
Jerry, Dennis S.
Johns, Stephen Vincent
Johnson, James Edwin
Johnson, IV, James Clelland
Johnston, Joseph Edward
Johnstone, Robert Clark
Jones, Gregory Scott
Jones, Stryker Mack
Jones, Jr., Frank A.
Jublou, Bradley Farrell
Karstens, Greg Alan
Kelley, Kevin Franklin
Kennedy, Michael Paul
Kersey, Terry Jeff-Roy
Key, Gary Wayne
Kidd, Andre Calvin
King, Robert Emmett
Kline, Steven Wayne
Knight, Matthew Paul
Kollmann, John Joseph
Koontz, Stephan Ladd
Kowalczyk, Theodore Michael
Lane, John William

Lauricella, Roger Allen
Laverson, Steve
Lazcano, Theodore Robert
Leclerc, Frederic Arthur
Leigh, Michael Andrew
Lenhard, Mark Joseph
Lewis, Kenneth Duff
Lillo, Nunez Ricardo
Lippy, Neal Theron
Lizzo, Nicholas Salvatore
Lopez, William Perry
Los Banos, Gary Sarto
Luce, III, Daniel James
Luebbers, Lawrence Anthony
Luxhoj, James Thomas
Lynch, William Brennan
Makiya, James Denis
Malloy, James Everett
Malone, Jr., Richard Watkins
Manley, Michael Kevin
Manners, David Cree
Manzi, Robert Alexander
Marcella, Matthew Harry
Marquez, Edmundo Paul
Maughan, William
Maxwell, Donald William
McClure, Jr., James Thomas
McElroy, Dennis Ray
McGonigle, Michael Henry
McGowan, Kevin
McGruder, Tyrone Ellis
McKelvey, Steven Chandler
McNeill, James Louis
McNulty, James Philip
McRae, Arthur Steven
McWilliams, Clifton Joe
Mead, Carl Howard
Midtlyng, David Jay
Mihacevich, Stephan Mark
Miller, Carl David
Miller, Glenn John
Miller, James Mark
Miller, Jr., Peter
Moffett, Dennis Craig
Moore, III, William Thomas
Morgan, Tommy Dan
Morris, Peter T.
Morwood, David Thomas
Mount, Daniel Robert
Moye, Robert Walton
Mucci, Ronald Marcus
Murphy, Kevin Robert
Murphy, Jr., Gerald Stephen
Murray, Michael Scott
Mutch, John
Naddy, Ronald Dale
Nardella, Anthony Michael
Narimatsu, Gary T.
Neal, Paul William
Nickell, Larry Thomas
Niessink, Thomas Anthony
Norman, Jr., James Nolen
Nuessle, Nicholas William
Nugent, Timothy Bryant
O'Brien, Ronald Charles
O'Rourke, Jeffrey Clayton
O'Rourke, Peter John
O'Sullivan, Kevin Richard
Oda, Gary Takao
Ohman, James Cooper
Oxford, Richard Lee
Paar, III, John August
Padula, Joseph
Panzenbeck, Edward Gerard
Paquette, Robert Charles
Pardoe, James Michael
Parham, Michael Mckinley
Paris, Michael Cotero
Parker, Christopher Henry
Perker, Jr., John Thomas
Parsons, John Andrew
Pedings, Paul Rudolph
Perello, Christopher Steven
Peters, IV, William Ira
Pierce, John Bradley
Pierzga, Wayne Francis
Placey, Mark W.
Plass, Robert Raymond
Poe, III, Benjamin Lewis
Popp, Edward George
Porter, Marc Stephen
Posner, Robert Franklin
Powers, James Francis
Prazenica, Patrick James
Price, Douglas Edward
Price, Lawrence George
Pyle, Gerard Duane
Ragaller, Steven Joseph
Ramos, Michael A.
Randall, George Kevin
Rasmussen, Peter Leif
Reed, Harold Frank
Reid, Mark Richard
Reilly, Kevin Gerard
Resnick, Marc
Reus, Jr., John Stephen
Riddle, Winston Alan
Riggan, Jr., Norman Dale
Roberts, Kevin Scott
Roberts, Jr., Elijah Edmond
Robinette, Gary Alan
Rogers, Steve Alan
Rosa, Herbert Francis
Rose, William Arthur
Rucker, III, Claude Lee
Runolfson, Robert Burr
Rupin, Tracy Carl
Russow, Edward John
Ryan, Michael T.
Sadler, William Mark
Santiago, Bert Manangan
Scheffler, Harold Wayne
Schneider, Richard Anthony
Schupp, IV, Orion Edwin
Seaward, Michael Lynn
Selinsky, Robert John
Shelton, Harry Wilcox
Sheridan, Glenn Lewis
Shirer, Jr., Richard Henry
Silliman, Rex Bains
Smarsh, Jr., John
Smith, Alan Alford
Smith, Gerald Mark
Smith, Marlin Dale
Snyder, John Lloyd
Snyder, Timothy Roy
Soltys, Thomas Francis
Sonnenfeld, David Lee
Sorensen, Michael Dean
Speed, Nathaniel
Spillane, John P.
Spillane, Timothy Kevin
Steinhauser, Chester Carl
Stewart, Arthur Anthony
Stockhausen, Edward Jay
Story, William Stuart
Stoutamire, Mark Steven
Studt, Peter L.
Sutton, Edward Francis
Takahara, Carl Shigeo
Talbert, Tyrone Durante
Terrill, Lawrence Paul
Theurer, Harry F.
Thomas, John Gregory
Thompson, Jeffrey Lynn
Thomson, Richard Greene
Tilton, Steven Allen
Timidaiski, Daniel Mercer
Torgerson, Goffe Chester
Tortorelli, James Patrick
Trabold, Eric William
Tsai, Albert G.
Urquhart, James Edward Lewis
Valente, David Neal
Van Rompaey, Stephen Edward
Vargo, Dennis Leonard
Vautin, William Claude
Vestal, Kirk Holland
Villa, Dennis Michael
Vogler, Ronald Braun
Vranjkovic, Michael Joseph
Waldren, Thomas Marshall
Wallen, Daniel Raymond
Ward, Kevin Joseph
Wark, Thomas Kelly
Warkentin, Larry Gene
Warren, Marc Lamar
Weerts, Keith Eiler
Weidle, Brian Michael
Weigel, James John
Weinert, Michael Guy
Welch, Mark Stephen
Wendling, Kenneth Ellis
West, James Vernon
Westwater, William Joseph
White, Kenneth L.
White, Steven Angelo
Whitehurst, Stephen Lloyd
Whittaker, David Richard
Widtfeldt, John Roger
Wilson, Mark Bracken
Winton, Steven William
Wolthuis, Theodore Paul
Wrona, Philip
Wulff, Scott W.
Ziegler, John Paul
Zlokovich, Gregory Louis

CHAIN OF COMMAND

JAMES E. CARTER '47

Jimmy Carter, on his way to the Naval Academy, spent a year at Georgia Tech before entering with the Class of 1947. After graduation he trained for the Nuclear Power program and served in the submarine service. Following his retirement from the Navy he entered politics and held the office of Governor in Georgia on his way to becoming the current President of the United States.

President Carter, in an interview by letter, cited a "sensitive understanding of the international community" as one of the most valued lessons he learned at the Naval Academy. He also felt the constant pressure as a plebe and also as a student to try and "master more material than there was ever time for" was excellent training for his career as a public offical.

As Commander-in-Chief, President Carter has visited many Navy ships and has been impressed with the "dedication and professionalism" of the men he observed. He has also pledged that the United States will maintain a military that has no equal, and sees the Naval Academy as playing a key role in providing men and women to help fill its important leadership positions.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

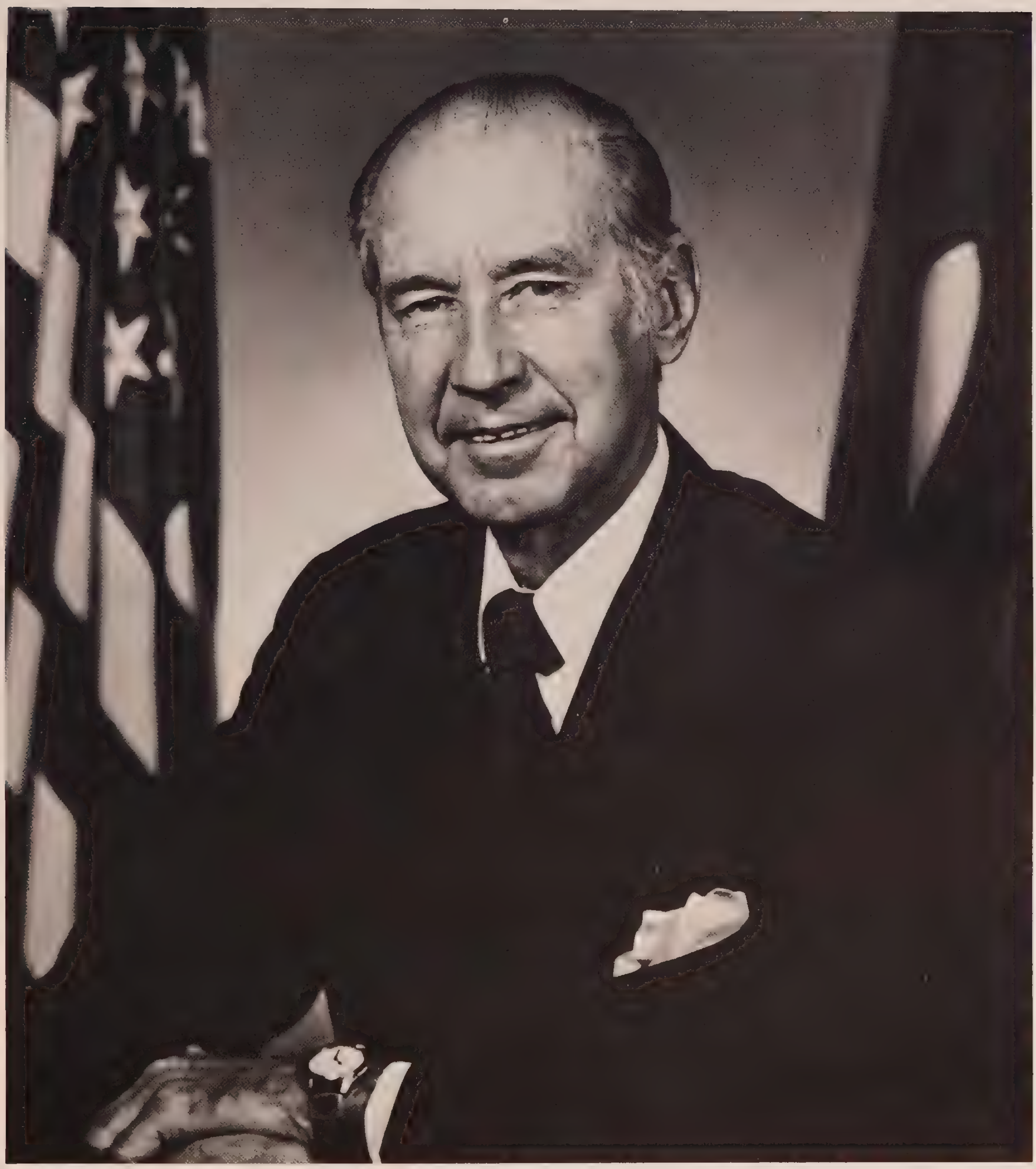
JIMMY CARTER

Jimmy Carter

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

The Honorable Harold Brown

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



The Honorable W. Graham Claytor Jr.

CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

Admiral
Thomas B. Hayward

The Joint Chiefs Of Staff

COMMANDANT, U.S. MARINE CORPS

General
Louis H. Wilson

General Wilson On His First Meeting As A Member Of JCS.

SUPERINTENDANT

Rear Admiral
William P. Lawrence

COMMANDANT

Captain
Jack N. Darby

BATTALION OFFICERS

FIRST

CDR B.J. Penn
BTCS Edwards

SECOND

CDR D.B. Branch
ETCM Leach

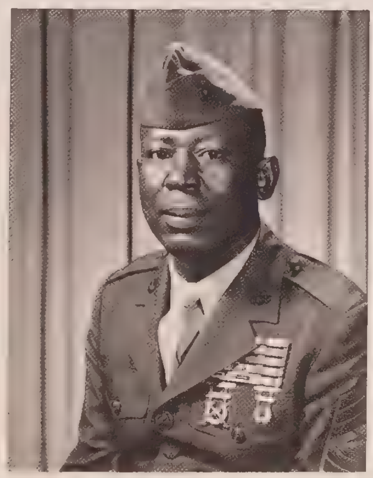
THIRD

CDR J.L. Harken
FTCS Mooney

ENLISTED INSTRUCTORS

FOURTH

CDR L.E. Barringer
YNCS Swarthout



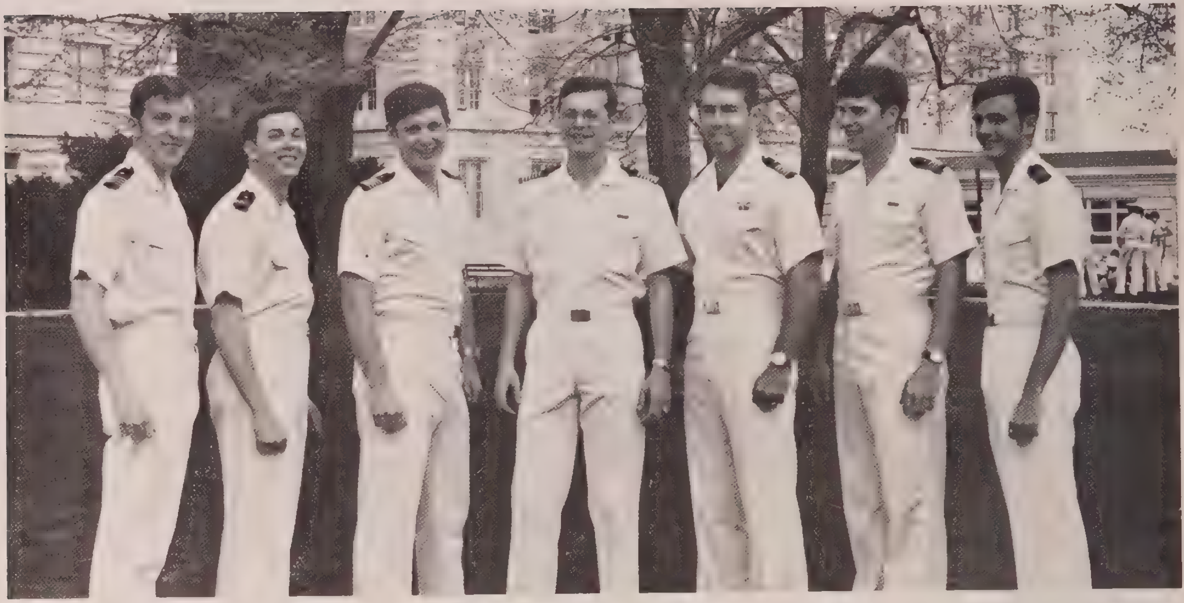
FIFTH

CDR R. Brandquist
MSGT Palmore

SIXTH

LTCOL B.J. Murphy
AMCS Sandle

BRIGADE AND



CDR- R.C. Keller; DEP CDR- M.A. Coleman; OPS- P.A. Johnstone; ADMIN- W.K. Gray; ADJ- M.F. Dancer; 1st LT- D.E. Barber; SUP- M.K. Welch. Not pictured: OPS Asst- B.R. Becker, D.L. Coles; PARADE JUDGE- C.W. Gittens; DRILL- B.P. Corkill

FIRST

CDR- E.J. Mitenius
SUB CDR- D.B. Rich
OPS- C.W. Dahmer
ADMIN- M.K. Smith
ADJ- G.O. Spencer
SUP- J.E. von Gohren

SECOND

CDR- R.V. Walters
SUB CDR- W.A. Elmer
OPS- R.G. Rahall
ADMIN- A.J. Johnson
ADJ- S.L. Cummings
SUP- J.B. Matthews

REGIMENTAL STAFFS

Second Set

CDR- S.C. Fessler; DEP CDR- J.E. McFadden; OPS- M.N. Shipley; ADMIN- S.F. Clark; ADJ- W.S. Gray; 1st LT- S.D. Clark; SUP- B.N. Decker; Not pictured: PARADE JUDGE- C.W. Gittens; DRILL- W.H. Borger; MIS- W.A. Stark.

FIRST

CDR- D.W. Prothero
SUB CDR- J.E. Jolliffe
OPS- J.V. Quigley
ADMIN- M.D. Divinnie
ADJ- B.C. Skogstad
SUP- W.P. McKinney

SECOND

CDR- S.J. Schemmel
SUB CDR- D.P. Nichols
OPS- P.H. Cullom
ADMIN- R.E. Spualding
ADJ- T.J. Facer
SUP- A.M. Weigel

Not pictured: Brigade Honor Committee: Chmn- R.O. Wray; V. Chmn- T.M. Druffel; Dep V. Chmn- M.L. Hawkins; Sec- J.L. Rogers; Coor- A.L. Urrutia.

BATTALION STAFFS

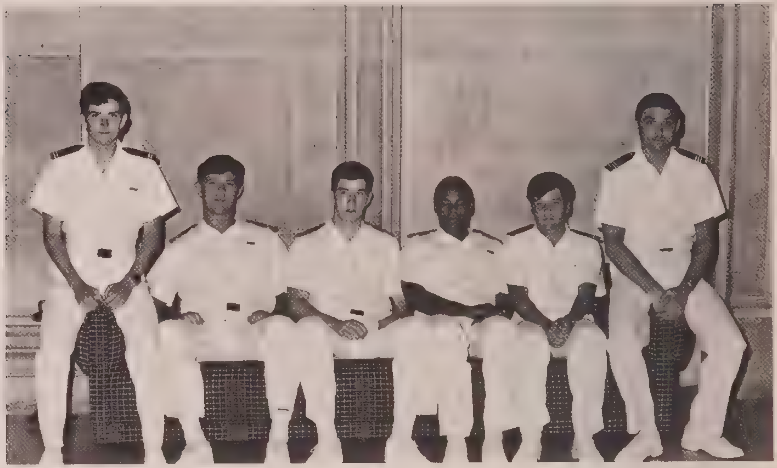
FIRST

CDR- A.J. Drake
SUB CDR- C. Woodward
OPS- J.H. Spiller
ADJ- H. Jones
SUP- L.W. Snide
ADMIN- T. McLernon

Also pictured:
Batt Officer- CDR B.J. Penn

SECOND

CDR- J.W. Miller
SUB CDR- T. Giardina
OPS- J.E. Ratte
ADJ- M.J. Kennedy
SUP- S.M. McKenzie
ADMIN- J. Daniel



THIRD

CDR- P.T. Hanrahan
SUB CDR- M.P. Susalla
OPS- F. Ruiz
ADJ- T.E. Hirt
SUP- J.M. Doswell
ADMIN- G. Mayer

FIRST SET

FOURTH

CDR- C.B. Dixon
SUB CDR- M.G. Knapp
OPS- M.S. Wilsey
ADJ- G.J. Karol
SUP- S.D. Pratton
ADMIN- B.R. Eaton

FIFTH

CDR- B.P. Shade
SUB CDR- J.E. Barnes
OPS- J.B. Dykes
ADJ- V. Chertavian
SUP- J.L. Knecht
ADMIN- J.W. Bayless

SIXTH

CDR- T.V. Flynn
SUB CDR- A. Sharp
OPS- L.P. Keller
ADJ- C. Grabowsky
SUP- R.R. Bosco
ADMIN- J.B. Eggleston

BATTALION STAFFS

FIRST

CDR- P.S. Parsons
SUB CDR- D.J. Emerling
OPS- J.D. Miller
ADJ- J.P. Brigante
SUP- J.R. Grabe
ADMIN- G.A. Monroe
YP CDR- P.E. Grubbs

SECOND

CDR- G.S. Parker
SUB CDR- B.B. Brittain
OPS- D.A. Wilson
ADJ- B.G. Deroos
SUP- T.M. McPhillips
ADMIN- G.L. Labuda

THIRD

CDR- C.R. Wright
SUB CDR- P.C. Jolly
OPS- H.M. Green
ADJ- S.A. Jones
SUP- K.E. Church
ADMIN- B.A. Rodgers

SECOND SET

FOURTH

CDR- M.D. Johnson
SUB CDR- J. Rocker
OPS- J.F. Mower
ADJ- J.A. Haglin
SUP- M.S. Roberts
ADMIN- T.W. Arenz

Also pictured:
Batt Officer: CDR L.E. Barringer
T.M. Druffel- V. Hon. Chmn.

FIFTH

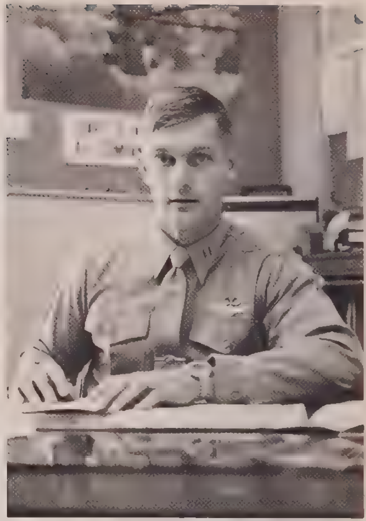
CDR- T. Wittenschlaeger
SUB CDR- J.B. Hillan
OPS- M. Eriksen
ADJ- R.D. Peck
SUP- J.B. Stetson
ADMIN- W.S. Rose

SIXTH

CDR- K.K. Womack
SUB CDR- R.L. Snell
OPS- D.L. Spain
ADJ- T. Dumbauld
SUP- S.D. Hogge
ADMIN- K.J. Kropkowski

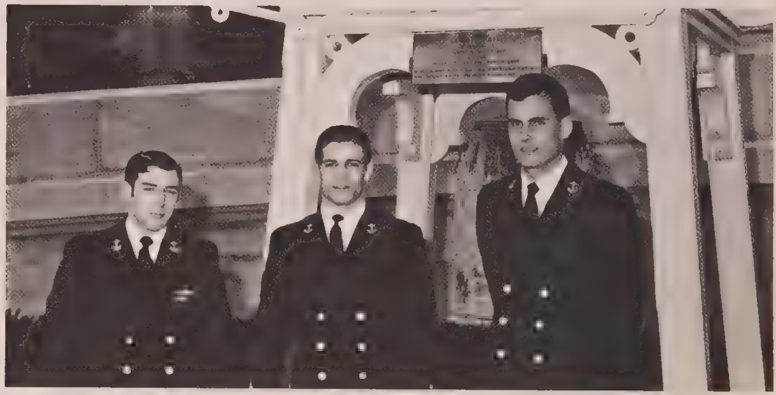
I

FIRST SET: III- M. Szostak; II- F. Klein; I- J. Pasko



CAPT G.W. POMROY, USMC

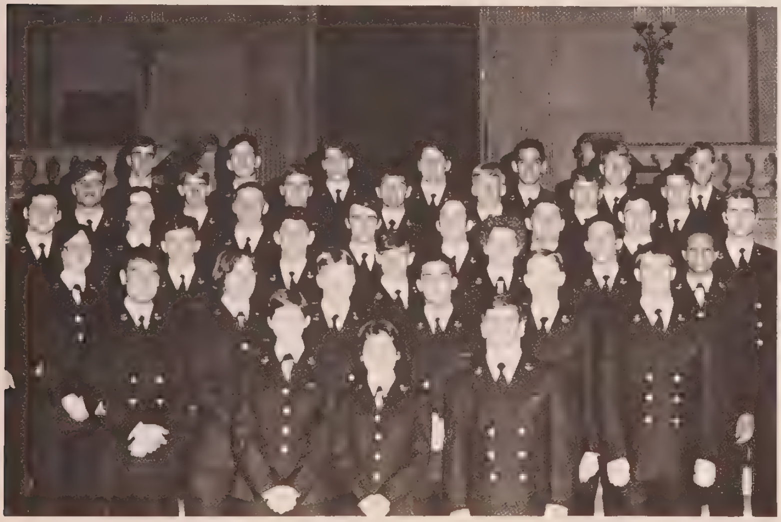
SECOND SET: III- R.R. Trombadore; II- W.L. Steinwedell; I- D.L. Rugeri



J. Padula (shoes); Second row (l to r) A. Drake, L. Knuth, R. Royston, T. McLernon, T. Conlan, R. Trombadore, W. Steinwedell, N. Green, D. Wooline, D. Rugeri, P. Parsons; Third row D. McLarney, G. Fresquez, M. Szostak, A. Mendiola, J. Ward, T. Junette, F. Klein; Fourth row B. Brandon, J. Pasko, J. Aschenbrenner, D. Krueger, M. Chanenchuk, J. Romano.

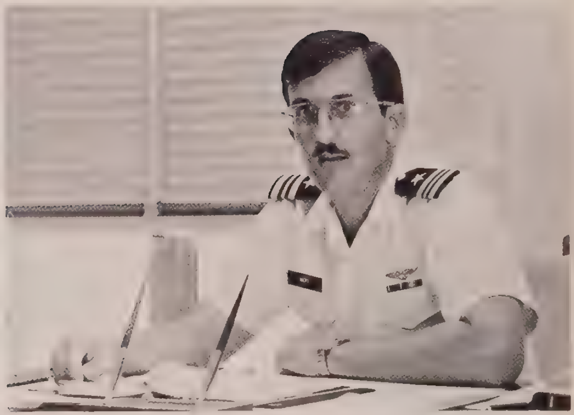
Front Row: A. Hale, J. Motter, S. Fitzpatrick, K. Doerrer, G. Smith, J. Tuset. *Second Row:* J. Hill, T. Fischer, F. DeAvila, M. Hayes, A. Mendez, A. Mosley. *Third Row:* J. McMaster, A. Funke, J. Dillingham, C. Zingler, S. White, G. Hunter. *Fourth Row:* D. Shephard, H. Rhodes, F. Schulz, K. Butterbrodt, G. Hebert, R. Levin.

Front Row: P. Sciabara, J. Vamzyl, S. Weaver, D. Quattrini, B. Womer, G. Mines, E. Hopkins. *Second Row:* D. Ciccarelli, B. Filler, B. Rearick, J. McCandlish, D. Hudson, S. Cowan, J. Lynch. *Third Row:* B. Roberts, A. Biesecker, R. Marsh, R. Methany, J. Bridge, D. Debode, V. Hartmann. *Fourth Row:* K. Ford, S. Bailey, J. Horton, T. Carter, J. Quinn, J. Paul, D. Murphy. *Fifth Row:* J. Butala, K. McCarthy, S. Gullberg, G. Davis, J. McMurtry, D. Beydler, B. Shultz.



Front Row: D. Esposito, C. Bean, N. Zendle. *Second Row:* T. Kennedy, P. Kocornik, D. Grim, J. Fierro, K. Murray, E. Chapman. *Third Row:* M. Sanders, J. Higgens, G. French, P. Urey, T. Riggs, M. Tabert, A. Gray. *Fourth Row:* M. Foster, C. Mitten, H. Hendrickson, R. Clyborne, G. Robillard, T. Benedict, L. Weber, T. Kiser. *Fifth Row:* M. Rouser, W. McCormack, T. Galpin, W. Morales, D. Ruff, T. Krese, R. Breckenridge. *Sixth Row:* C. Hardin, W. Schmidlin, D. Andrews, W. Morris, P. Krug, J. Criswell, G. Forster.

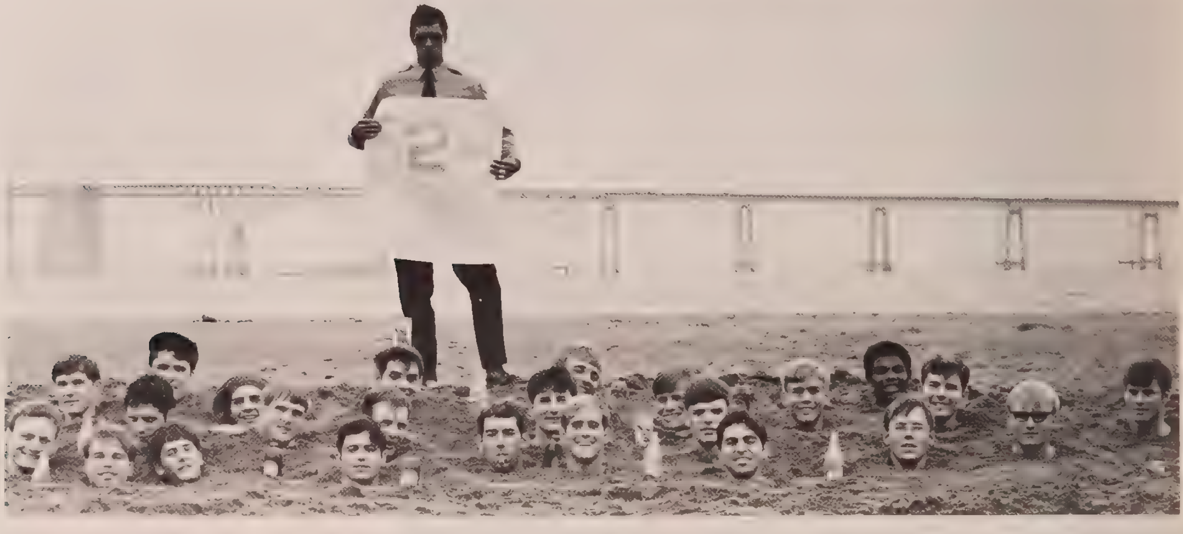
2



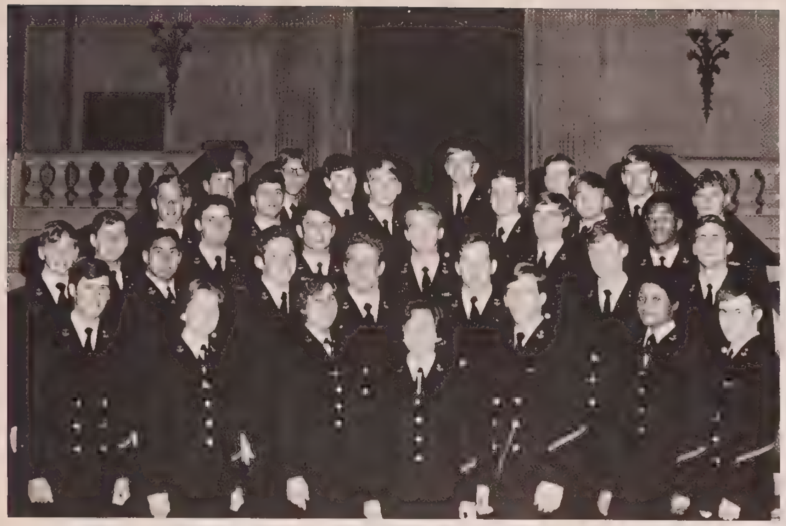
LCDR E.S. ISERT, USN

Not pictured: FIRST SET: III- T. Hicks; II- S. Miller; I- D. Marble

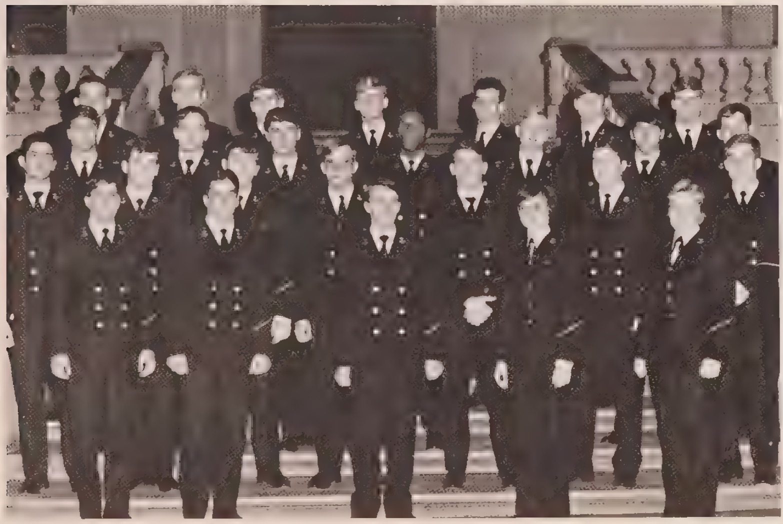
SECOND SET: III- S. Gabriele; II- T. Algire; I- S. Riggin



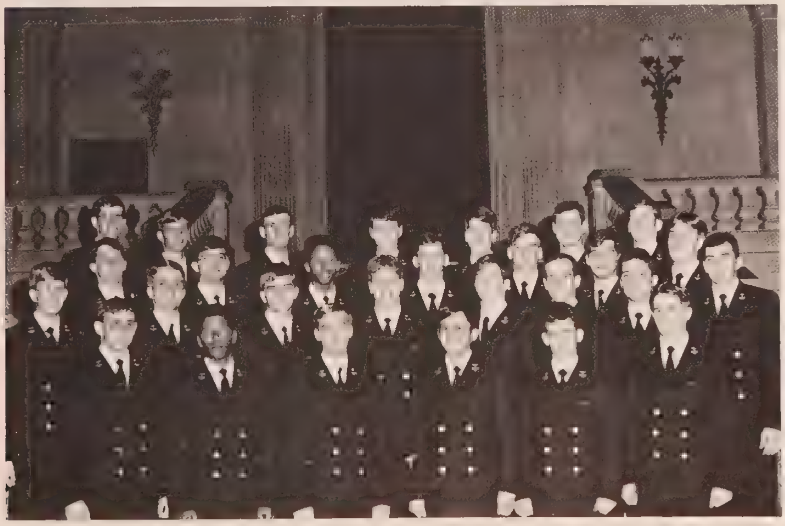
Front row (l to r) J. King, T. Lindsey, J. Messerschmidt, T. Hicks, R. Rose, R. Harward, S. Gabriele, P. Krug, D. Uthe; Middle row L. Harrison, G. Hanold, M. Gault, P. Dirito, G. Baker; Back row B. Decker, D. Marble, M. Neller, T. Algire, S. Riggin, S. Miller, K. Ritz, W. Ballard, J. Mostert, C. Dahmer.



Front Row: A. Ventura, B. Morris, T. D'Ercole, E. Sternaman, T. Donovan, J. Mines, S. Cadwell. *Second Row:* J. Giaquinto, J. Dalo, D. Priddy, J. Sorenson, J. Kiesling, W. Thomas, J. Genter. *Third Row:* D. Watson, D. Fiorino, J. Salyer, D. Lehenbauer, J. Skerry, J. Dancy. *Fourth Row:* G. Coleman, D. Meyer, W. Brodhag, J. Zimmerman, T. O'Keefe, E. Martin. *Fifth Row:* P. Remington, B. Riehm, D. O'Donoghue, P. Taylor, B. Smith, C. Roberts.



Front Row: F. Marco, M. Mahre, H. Holt, K. Jones, M. Andrews. *Second Row:* P. Mullin, J. Upchurch, B. Jolliff, T. Studwell, W. Cone, T. Griffith, T. Hare. *Third Row:* J. King, S. Bashaw, A. Martinez, S. Redden, M. McKinnon, K. Kowalsky, E. Eriksen. *Fourth Row:* P. Brady, C. Kuran, T. Fricke, M. Yandell, C. Hubbard, J. Styron, R. Martin.

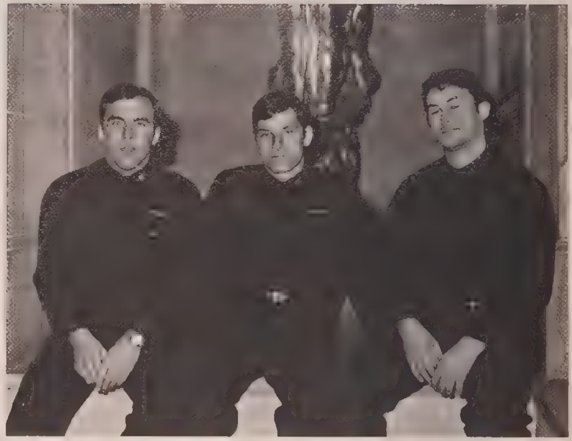


Front Row: G. Sandala, K. Valentine, D. Studt, J. Low, J. Cherra, S. Larson. *Second Row:* T. Guerrasio, D. Schmick, A. Fuller, R. Centeno, K. Perry, W. Kovach, R. Bradford, R. Adrion. *Third Row:* C. King, M. Williams, L. Brown, J. McCaffrey, G. Lahr, W. Vargo, S. Kingston. *Fourth Row:* C. Klentzman, R. Daniel, G. Wittman, J. Vance, G. Hansen, J. Lenehan, J. Fallon.

3

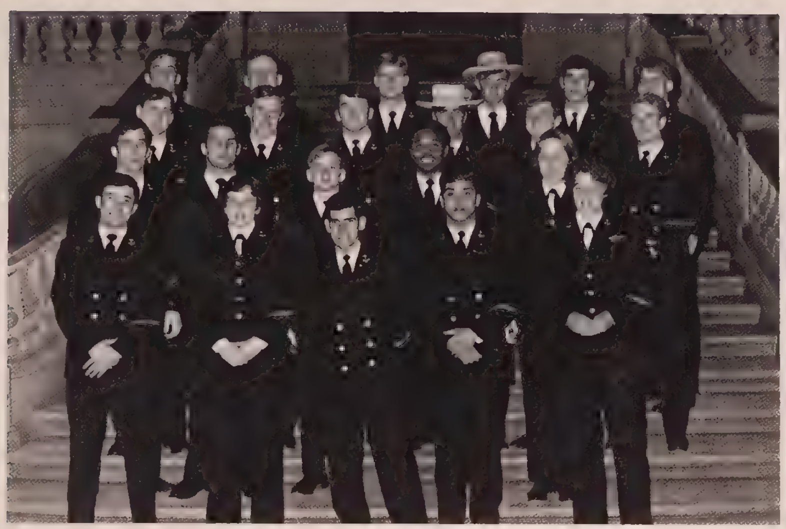
LT J.J. EDVARDSEN, USN

FIRST SET: III- J. Seldon; II- D. Retterer; I- J. Gahan

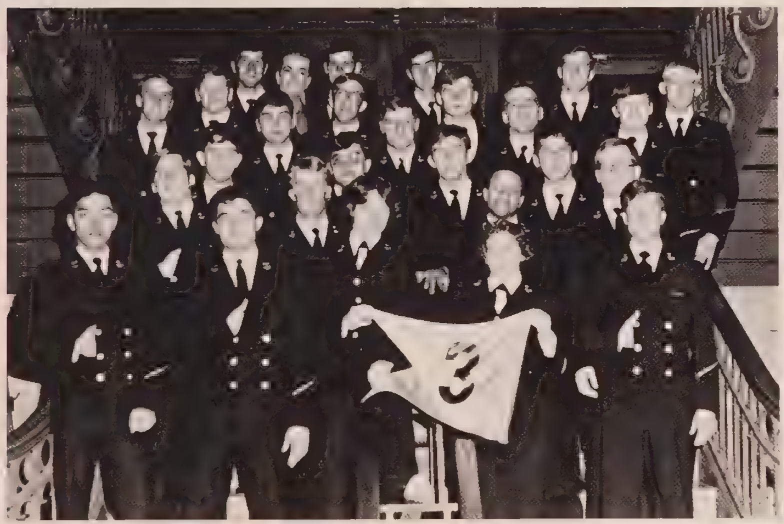


SECOND SET: III- J.W. O'Connell; II- R.L. Ellis; I- P.C. Garcia

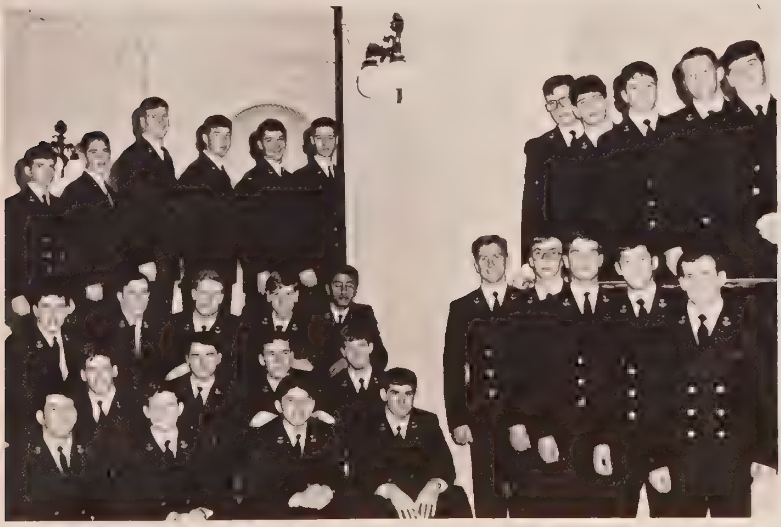
First row (l to r) Hickso, Joe Miller, Tippy, Sweet Jimmy Grabe, Un- cut Chuck Sumner, ADM. Yamamoto, Krit, Mike Coss, Westwater; Second row Gabe Retterer, Myth Jones, Mungus, Diego Garcia, Mindless Toad Aagaard, Prof. Pineapple Valente, Big 'Shick, Hermy Sherman, Smilin' Joe LeVoci, Peter "D" Lloyd; Third row Duck Gahan, Wies, Quigs, Knabber, Bonehead, Glover, Chilly Willy, Mike Van Horn, J.J. Jerome, Elvis Selden, Okes O'Connell, Mert Price, Brownie; Fourth row Sinusoid Olsen, Von G., Chuck Weikel, Maj Golden Toe Ellis.



Front Row: R. Padilla, B. Lindquist, F. Fabrega, J. Aguero, C. Lewis. *Second Row:* B. Thoreson, R. Episcopo, J. Doyle, F. Daniel, S. Presto. *Third Row:* V. Herda, K. Bergman, D. Law, C. Coughlin, H. Pickerl, H. Henry. *Fourth Row:* P. Inglis, G. Siems, M. Whittle, T. Dunlevy, B. Selby, C. Kanewske.

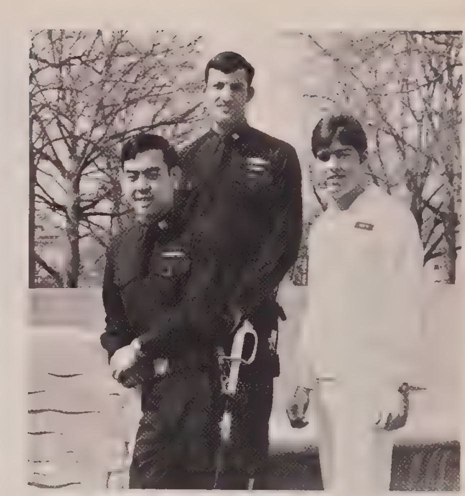


Front Row: R. Toves, D. Leeds, L. Hallahan, R. Pietruska, M. Mara. *Second Row:* B. Sullivan, T. Fulton, T. Davis, G. Wildfong. *Third Row:* R. Morgan, G. Nagy, D. Guinn, S. Damore. *Fourth Row:* D. Densford, L. Coulter, J. Parkinson, M. Krause, G. Hlubek. *Fifth Row:* R. Anston, M. Bayes, J. Gerbig. *Sixth Row:* W. Hilarides, J. Head, R. Cohn, D. Lyons, E. Carmany, J. Wetzel.



Front Row: G. Bowman, T. Cosgrove, R. Dimas, J. Wilson, J. Davitt, R. Reinke, T. Logue, D. Yamasaki, J. Knight. *Second Row:* C. Chico, S. Surko, R. Sturgell, R. Smith. *Third Row:* A. Davis, W. Purdy, D. Culbertson, P. Peyton, D. Loa. *Fourth Row:* C. Riggs, T. Remley, B. Dudly, S. Englehardt, T. Tkac, M. O'Toole, T. Sparks, J. Hatten, G. Bonsall, J. Jurceka, E. Delaney.

4



Not pictured: FIRST SET: III- J.D. Cloyd; II- M.P. Butler; I- P.M. McLarney

SECOND SET: III- D. Yoshihara; II- C.P. Dennis; I- W.E. Owen

LCDR PORTER, USN

M. Butler (front) Second row (l to r) K. Mathison, J. Pinkston, P. Koufos, I. Ikstrums, J. Brigante; Third row D. Yoshihara, J. Cloyd, C. Woodward, C. Firneno; Fourth row D. Akiyama, D. Carson, L. Linn, Fifth row J. Hoffert, K. French, C. Dennis, J. Miller, J. Crawshaw, W. Owen, R. Clyman, R. Wilkens, J. Ackley, P. Mclarney; On wall J. Staudt.

NOT OPEN TO GENERAL VISITING
Whatever needs doing do it with pride!

Front Row: F. Nieman, J. McGettigan, A. Gragg, R. Green, P. Oneil. *Second Row:* W. Stanley, F. Hoover, M. Craig, K. Rader, R. Wohlschelegel, C. Dods, S. Jasper. *Third Row:* R. Smith, M. Grabbe, R. Johnson, J. Ervin, D. Lancaster, T. Callaghan. *Fourth Row:* H. Nixon, M. McDaniel, T. Feldman, J. Paris, D. Harker, W. Collins.

Front Row: P. Giosa, E. Juba, P. Brannigan, R. Blunt. *Second Row:* P. Gallagher, L. Cicchini, P. Crandlemire. *Third Row:* D. Phillips, P. Hart, J. Zurlo, W. Tate. *Fourth Row:* D. Foster, W. Crenshaw, R. Ball, P. Ims, S. Metz, J. Craver, J. Gerding, J. Foertch, S. Howe, A. Romero. *Fifth Row:* A. Haugh, J. Kessel, F. Moreman, M. Villalobos, D. Marrin, M. Bodrog, L. Christopher, J. Eubank, P. Nolan, J. Gelsomini.

Front Row: B. Underwood, M. Stammer, M. Jordan, J. Sullivan, S. Garside, B. Fitzgerald. *Second Row:* G. McNamara, D. Clements, J. Bullock, J. Heibel, S. Wechsler, R. McKenzie, I. Debate. *Third Row:* H. Jentz, M. Olechowski, J. Lingar, R. Claypool, B. Riso, J. Vargo, J. Buglewicz. *Fourth Row:* C. Borowski, M. Yonehiro, H. Schneider, D. Dinkins, C. Delmonte, W. Browning, P. Thurman.

5

FIRST SET: III- G.T. Hutto
II- M.M. Schreiber; I- R.J. Voigt

LT S.J. WILLATS, USN

SECOND SET: III- G.B. Thornton
II- J.W. Kasiski; I- P.J. Tetreault

First row (l to r) M. Schreiber, G. Hutto, D. Emerling, G. Thornton; Second row P. Tetreault, R. Chevrie, B. Voigt, C. Butler, K. Anderson; Third row P. Grubbs, N. Camerino, E. Berko, J. Kasiski, J. Kaiser, E. Zeigler, M. Many, L. Snide; Fourth row R. Phares, D. Stehlin, J. Stokes, C. Kuzma, J. Stumborg; Fifth row R. Reynolds, T. Cummins, A. Urrutia, M. Coleman, S. Grant, D. Houseman.

Front Row: B. Janisko, E. Forni, D. Starr, B. Leadbettor, W. Stuehler. *Second Row:* W. Reif, S. Sheffield, S. Snook, S. Smith, R. Stucky, C. Marsh. *Third Row:* W. Blackwell, D. Archer, J. McGee, M. Lundgren, E. Connolly, J. Herlocker, C. Bosnic. *Fourth Row:* D. Schrader, M. Russell, P. Lorditch, D. D'Ambra, H. Raum, J. Osborne, R. Huffman.

Front Row: K. Joyce, F. Zucco, D. Ferandez, T. Markushewski, S. White, E. Jilli, A. Dickinson, C. Thomas. *Second Row:* J. Reynolds, T. Payne, R. Ware, R. Ladao, G. Scott, A. Bonwit, M. Porter. *Third Row:* S. Waddle, A. Schrivener, B. Oliver, T. Huxel, S. Hampton, K. Hauer, M. Ashley. *Fourth Row:* M. McGuire, P. Roane, J. Anderson, M. Matthes, D. Tilles, B. Barton, F. Berry.

Front Row: M. Klunder, C. Yamashita, E. Reed, A. Platt, B. Menck, P. Dour. *Second Row:* E. Reese, A. Bates, E. Harter, L. Mosier, S. DePetris, C. Kirby, S. Watson. *Third Row:* T. Watkins, D. Mitchell, S. Buss, D. Cravn, D. Tracy, T. Ferrell, G. Schellin, R. Strohmyer. *Fourth Row:* E. Hackett, B. Delvalle, S. Iborg, R. LaRue, M. Cochrane, M. Rennie, R. Sansone. *Fifth Row:* R. Moorello, T. Boggs, J. Righter, M. Russiello, D. Leader, B. Buch, C. Batchlor, J. Ferrell.

6

Seated (l to r) C. O'Neill, B. Rohrs, R. Gagne, P. Branum, G. Monroe; Standing G. Fleshman, M. Williamson, J. Gay, J. Spiller, R. Huddleston, R. Kutch, M. Doyle, D. Taggart, D. Yip, M. Ranz, K. Holly, H. Larsen, K. Kaker, J. McCormick, P. Evans, J. Godley, J. Ziolkowski, J. Botek

LT J.R. SEABERG, USN

FIRST SET: III- J.O. Gay; D. Taggart; I- M.C. Ranc

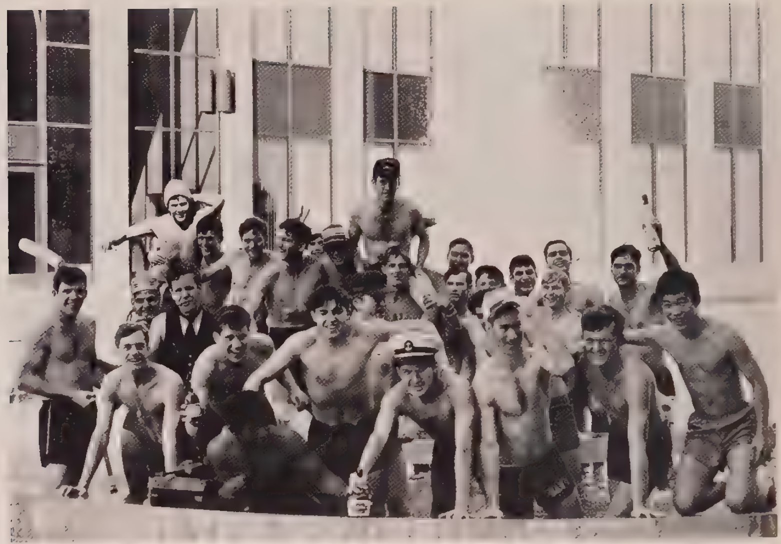
Not pictured: SECOND SET: III- M. Williamson; II- R. Huddleston; I- K.F. Kaker

Front Row: M. Boensel, L. Gordon, D. Smith, G. Camacho, A. Barton, B. Cornish, K. Bunker. *Second Row:* R. Russell, R. Berkebile, G. Larson, L. Rossetti, J. Grunewald, F. Rymza. *Third Row:* R. Jones, D. Huey, J. Denice, G. McLean, J. Brady, M. Hale. *Fourth Row:* B. Russ, E. Vandenhende, D. Tanner, J. McGlocklin, D. Quessenberry, J. Galli, S. Laukaitis.

Front Row: R. Molina, S. Schawang, C. Frank, F. Osalbo, R. Bottero, L. Ramirez. *Second Row:* T. Norton, T. Garrold, P. Skopek, K. Mahosky, D. Robertson, Q. Curtis, J. Allen, K. Cooper. *Third Row:* T. Hartline, K. Arnold, N. Vrevich, M. Patton, M. Hanson, M. O'Rourke, T. Gavin. *Fourth Row:* G. Smith, D. Waskow, M. Shields, R. Wendt, S. Nebel, D. Brong, B. Peloquin.

Front Row: E. Manzano, G. Clifton, S. Gatanis, M. Thompson, S. Martin, E. McLean, J. Wassink, J. Kelly, M. Quercia. *Second Row:* J. Judge, W. Cheney, N. Davis, H. Clopp, E. Petzrick, P. Strait, J. Viniotis, M. Cissel. *Third Row:* D. Zeise, A. Dobler, S. Steeves, F. Koye, W. Kearley, G. Anderson, P. Limbacher. *Fourth Row:* P. Friedrichs, R. Wimmer, H. Larsen, E. Larson, M. Miller, S. Hooper, P. Davidson.

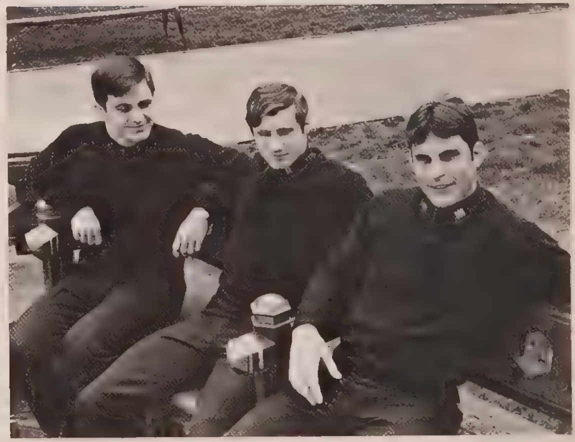
7



Front row (l to r) S. Horton, N. Mitenius, J. Fraser, P. Darring, P. McGrath, J. Gonzales, P. Long, G. Keifer, B. Pong; Back row D. Palmer, D. Wilson, R. Lee, F. Patterson, T. Wetherald, G. Palmer, C. Dowd, T. Smith, D. Stevenson, B. Brocato, S. Morrison, J. Deconto, G. Stoutenburg, T. Oliver, C. Rehling, T. Gehrki, W. Macht, A. Gonzalez, J. Galway.

LT J.C. MILANETTE, USN

FIRST SET: III- G. Kiefer;
II- G. Stoutenburg; I- W. Pong



SECOND SET: III- T.D. Gehrki;
II- G.F. Deconto; I- D.A. Palmer

Front Row: A. Cruz, C. Sutter, S. Barbour, R. Morishita, D. Foy, A. Jiles, R. Thompson. *Second Row:* S. Cox, M. Fitzgerald, K. Baden, R. Morissette, W. Borchers, L. Hall, F. Gaitan. *Third Row:* M. Borowski, L. Hahn, R. Friddle, K. Letourneau, J. Wells, D. Kish. *Fourth Row:* P. Castleman, R. Petersen, R. Powers, W. Clement, C. Conroy, E. Brooks, R. Lepper.

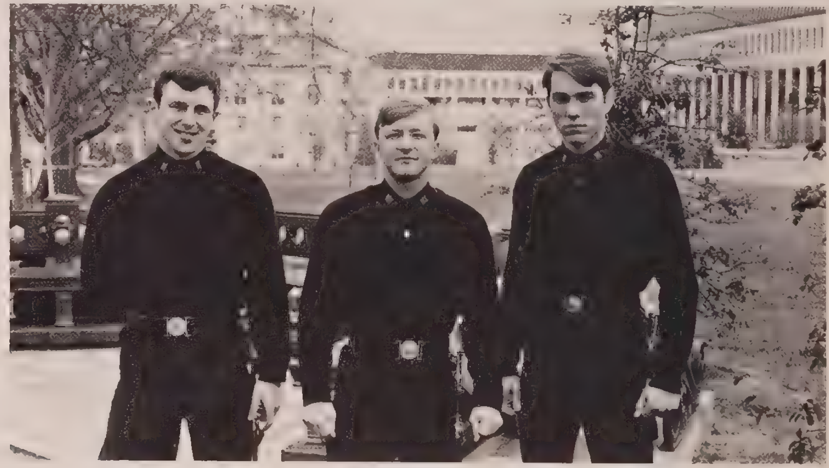
Front Row: T. Hellman, A. Gorie, R. Peabody, G. Henning, J. Welch, L. Yates. *Second Row:* M. Kelahan, B. Boska, D. Wagner, J. Wookey, E. Barrera, J. Wilson, M. Schmid. *Third Row:* G. Hitt, S. Whitfield, G. Jones, R. Harkins, D. MacDonald, D. Rogers, T. Fleischer. *Fourth Row:* P. Lewis, D. Warren, R. Trenti, T. Quintero, B. Galliadi, C. Morrison, R. Taylor.

Front Row: M. Hundley, G. Zanti, J. Treadway, A. Flynn, K. Hagmann. *Second Row:* B. Swanson, M. Staib, J. Brooks, W. Beach, R. Duncan, R. Savich. *Third Row:* D. Meyers, E. Cazares, J. Hynes, A. Schmidt, D. Waldman. *Fourth Row:* S. Semeinick, M. Rice, P. Megehee, T. Schauder, S. Robertson, P. King. *Fifth Row:* M. Bateman, T. Van Petten, R. Bonner. *Sixth Row:* J. Blackburn, R. Perkins, J. Kennedy, J. Rouse.

8

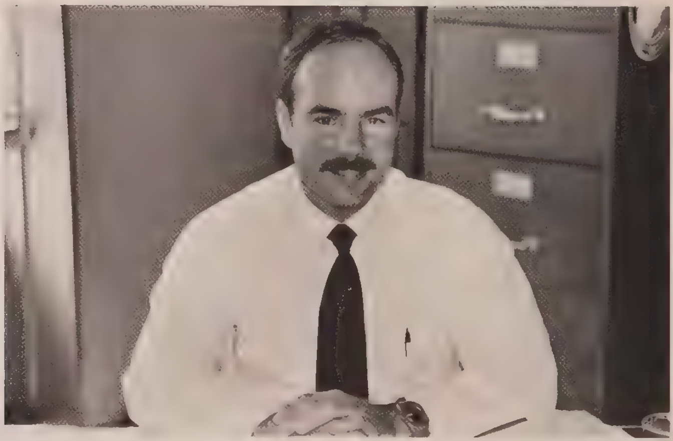
Kneeling (l to r) F. Larys, M. Leigh, AN/SQS-26-J, Boo, A. Bagnoli, M. French, T. Nugent, Flower, S. Johns, J. Makiya, G. Los-Banos, Gar, M. Murray, T2; Standing Pete, Skitzo, Skip, Ace, Frosty, Bondo, Zabuda, Lick, P.W., Harv, J.J., Rollo, Monty, Walt, Schlonger, Zork, Mikey; Not pictured Scooter, B.Z.

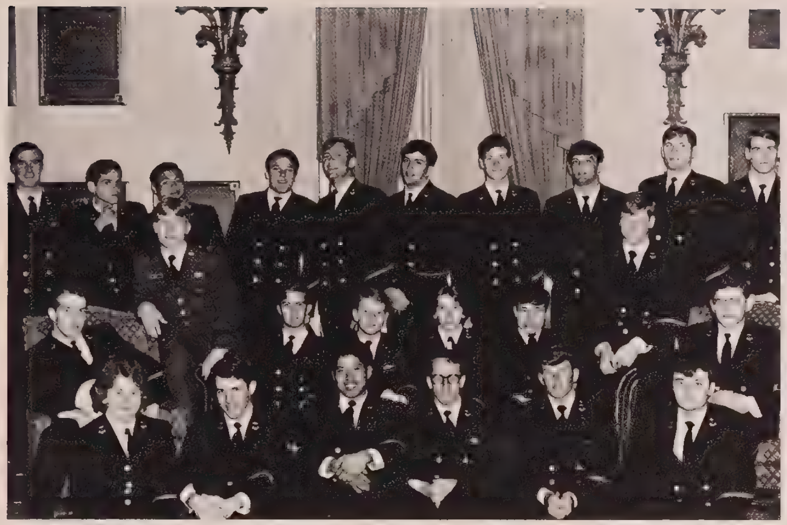
Not pictured: FIRST SET: III- S.C. Sichko; II- R.E. Leeker; I- G.L. Labuda



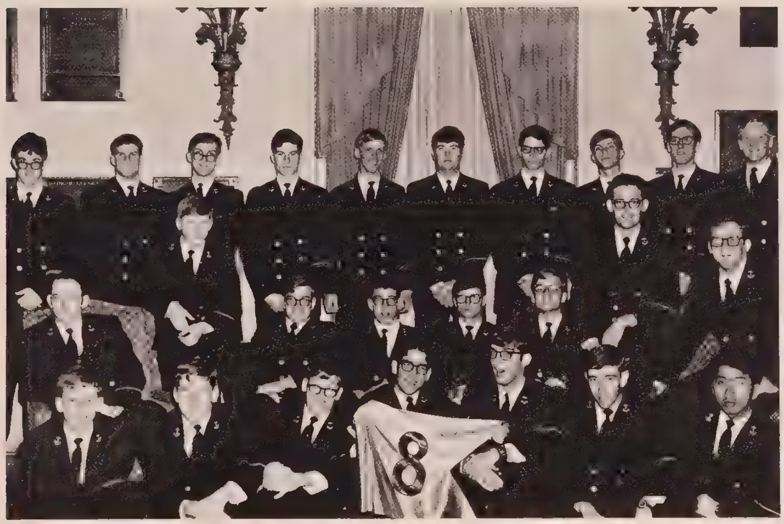
SECOND SET: III- M.D. Seaman; II- R.A. Roll; I- B. Zell

LT G.R. KNIERIEM, USN

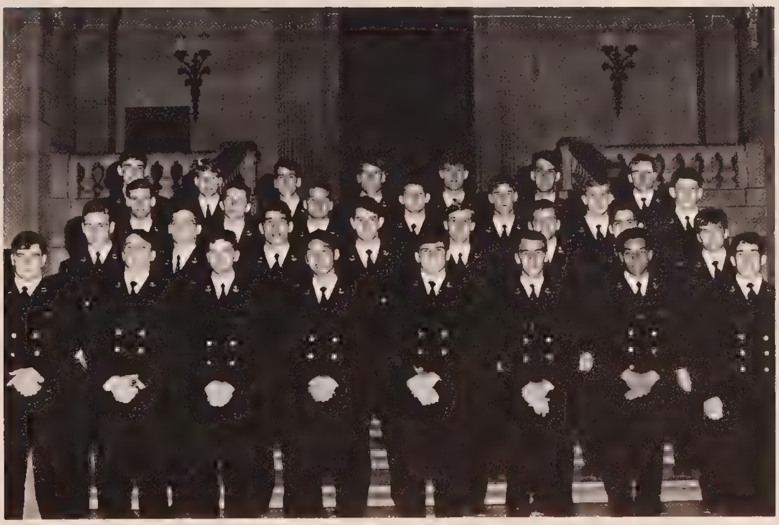




Front Row: C. Spohnholtz, J. Smith, A. Saballa, D. Anderson, J. Speer, M. Guidoboni. *Second Row:* J. Browlowe, J. Croy, J. Huck, B. Marks, S. Stapler, D. Young, E. Secor, M. Ales. *Third Row:* J. Callahan, J. McCarthy, W. Nixon, J. Garrett, A. Bartow, R. Schoeneck, R. MacInnes, D. King, J. Coleman, M. Seaward.



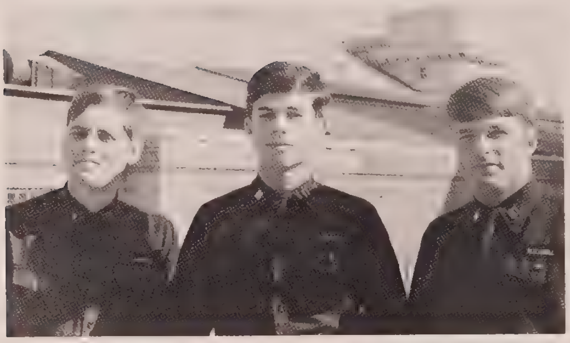
Front Row: M. McCormick, W. Higgins, J. Snevely, N. Kusumoto, M. More, H. Ferrell, J. Atangan. *Second Row:* K. Rhodes, P. Keller, T. Grimm, M. Geoghegan, D. Gillilaird, M. Davis. *Third Row:* T. Weber, M. Krock. *Fourth Row:* R. Vessels, R. Fanney, J. Caldwell, R. Beaton, A. Hensch, J. Bishop, P. Station, W. Paulson, M. Bradley, J. Foggo.



Front Row: P. Young, G. Gardner, S. Blankman, J. Akiyama, M. Colombo, C. Castanien, M. McLeod, F. Vacente. *Second Row:* C. Sano, C. Meier, A. Wynne, J. Yohe, S. Cooksey, A. Shelter, J. Suarez-Marill, D. Fillion. *Third Row:* M. Richardson, J. Korn, J. Plude, M. Morris, R. Gentry, J. Sands, A. Harper. *Fourth Row:* R. Ward, J. Mavro, B. Weiner, S. Acalin, M. Dapas, E. Kelley, M. Horton.

9

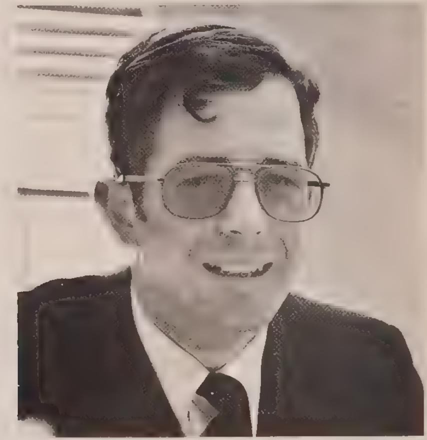
First row (l to r) K. Becker, M. Statler, M. Shell, W. Toti, T. Concannon, P. Nicolai, P. Price, M. Marciano, P. Stephenson, S. Fillipow; Second row C. Jacobs, J. Lemmons, D. Patton, G. Stahl, W. Corkill, J. Ratte, S. Pursley, M. Adan, D. Brummett, S. Stackley, J. McCloskey, L. Reese, R. Van Derwerken, G. Costello.

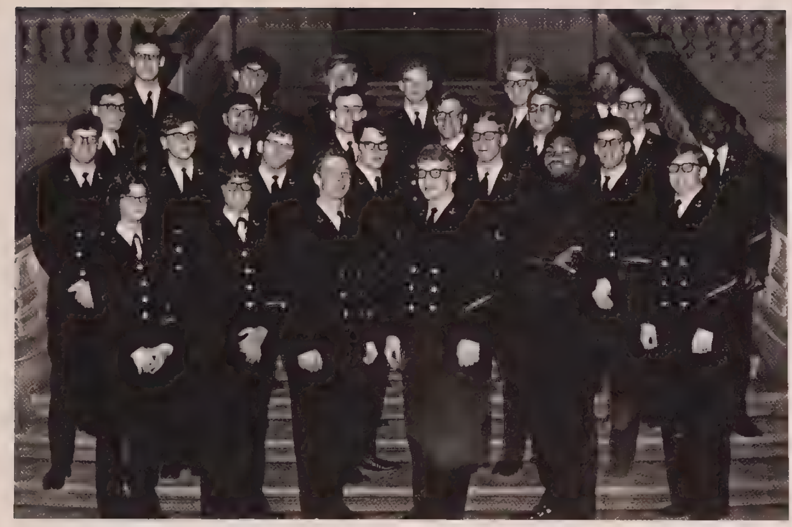


FIRST SET: III- M.D. Shell;
II- P.M. Price; I- D.A. Patton

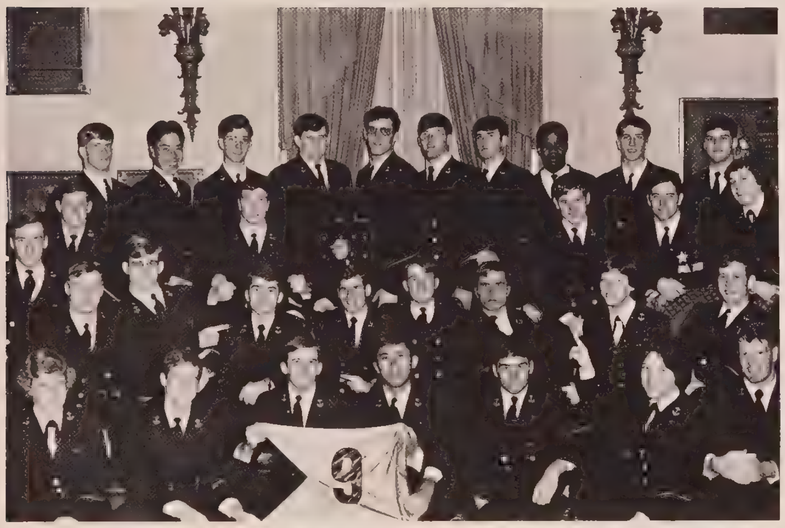
SECOND SET: III- S.J. Pursley;
II- S.J. Stackley; I- M.A. Statler

LT J.M. GARMAN, USN

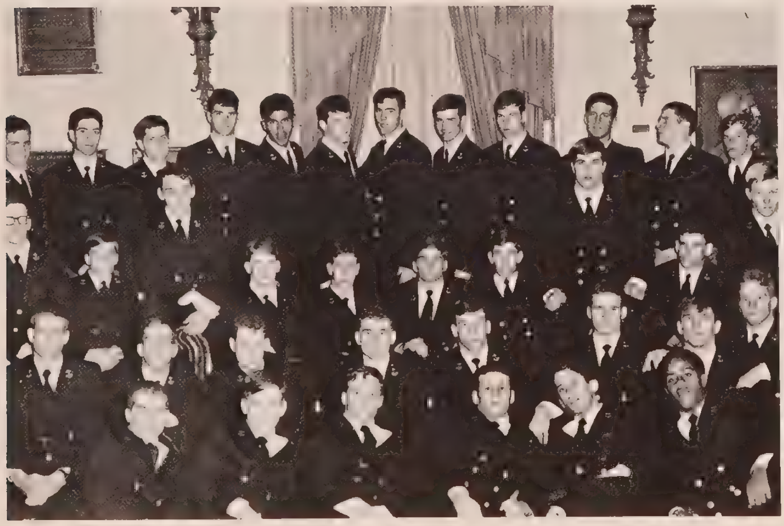




Front Row: P. Murphy, C. Grubbs, D. Streed, R. Kastner, R. Trass, S. Stanko. *Second Row:* R. Loyer, M. Chapline, J. Hill, K. Scott, M. Wetmore, M. Grisson. *Third Row:* F. Diemer, B. Incze, J. Martinson, K. Lynch, S. Johnston, R. Hennegan, E. Gay. *Fourth Row:* D. Davenport, R. Farley, E. Bayler, D. Scovil, M. Budney, J. Walker.



Front Row: J. Forsythe, M. McClary, P. Barna, E. Ameng, R. Mayer, L. Vosbury, D. McGarvey. *Second Row:* L. Humpton, J. Huss, Lost Soul, M. Vanbrockwn, J. Puttre, M. Parke, J. Joyce, M. Caldwell. *Third Row:* D. Galaska, D. Spangler, C. Snyder, E. Lindenbaum, J. Hamill, C. Gilliland. *Fourth Row:* M. Behl, S. Larioza, K. Kennedy, G. Stasco, R. Welch, B. Murtha, R. Winsor, S. Abernethy, T. Carey, M. Washington.



Front Row: T. Anderson, D. Simpson, G. Bean, T. Stank, P. Donomer, D. Flowers. *Second Row:* D. Hintze, T. Bertch, T. Metzler, E. Kugel, B. Greene, T. Dinarou, T. King, R. Fisher, *Third Row:* T. Powers, M. Muroter, K. Roberts-Morsefield, J. Refalo, K. Sweeney, P. Pfabe, W. Hubler, G. Thomas, J. Roberts, D. Grotors. *Fourth Row:* R. Luehrsen, G. Loureiro, K. Reilly, G. Montesi, R. Velez, M. Lockett, R. Smith, P. Skopowski, G. Taggart, J. Dziminowicz, D. Lema, B. Thayer.

10

Sitting (l to r) S. Whitney, R. Belles, T. McDonald, J. Edmonson, T. Brandl, D. Shepard, D. Olmstead, E. Baden, R. Sorge; Kneeling B. Brittain, S. McKenzie, E. Williamson, R. Kompier; Standing P. Van Cleve, P. Leon-Guerrero, W. Gray, C. Mark, W. McAuliffe, J. Jolliffe, S. Ahmadi, F. Scholley, A. Konecny, T. Gibson, R. O'Donnell, C. Molleson, S. Jordan, D. Rogers.

LT C.E. MANLEY, USN

FIRST SET: III- J.W. Edmonson;
II- W.R. McAuliffe; I- R.J. Belles

SECOND SET: III- A. Konecny;
II- T. McDonald; I- C. Molleson

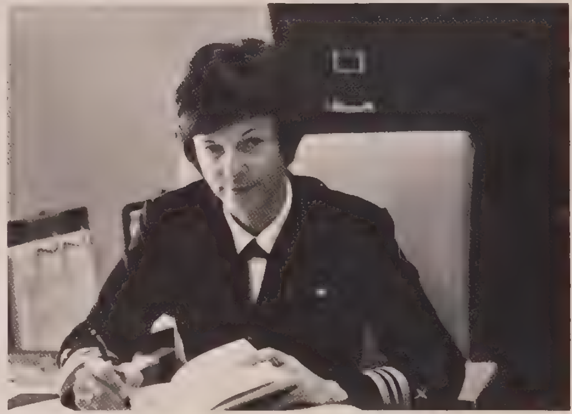
Front Row: M. Matson, J. Allen, J. Reed. *Second Row:* S. Matts, C. Kleint, B. Taylor, P. Hayase. *Third Row:* D. Senerias, D. MacEslin, J. Stenzoski, P. Kelly, D. Delonga. *Fourth Row:* W. Personias, M. Atkins, H. Duermit, M. Serafin, S. Struble, S. Southard.

Front Row: L. Myers, W. Wendel, B. Mikesell, C. Pierson, G. Barlow, K. Waidelich, L. Smith. *Second Row:* R. Saramillo, C. Odom, S. Haupt, K. Samuel, K. Wiedenkeller, C. Doak, M. McLaughlin. *Third Row:* B. Miller, S. Baker, S. Guy, G. Georgeson, J. Adan, M. Thomas, E. Hampton. *Fourth Row:* M. Kennedy, R. Deck, W. Victor, J. Dorgan, S. Giles, W. Bensinger, J. Fleming, P. Austen.

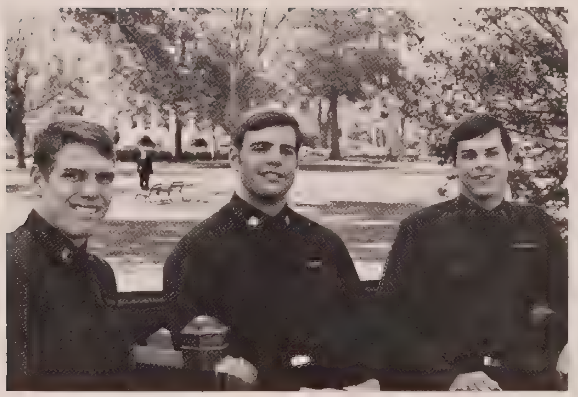
Front Row: T. Richie, R. McGrath, E. Matacotta, N. Covelli, S. Hittle, J. Curry, T. Nichols, F. Gorman. *Second Row:* R. Uligh, S. Steer, T. Wood, P. Perez, L. Reinhardt, J. Joynson, K. McGuire. *Third Row:* P. Shigley, D. Spoerl, P. Albright, T. Maddox, C. Garland, M. Brown, R. Heagy. *Fourth Row:* R. Brennan, E. Cataldo, S. Cochran, J. Direnzo, T. Bacci, J. Onate, R. Bohner.

II

On ground (l to r) B. Sparks, M. King, E. Patterson, B. Sampson, J. Boyle, P. Nettles, S. Colenda, P. Pilewski, D. Inman, D. Beeler, J. Daniel; On obstacle W. Lewis, M. Ensor, S. Gray, B. Walsh, J. Sebastian, B. Burrows, B. Skogstad, J. Byzewski, B. Post, J. Montero, D. Shikada, M. Meredith.



LCDR B.F. BEIL, USN



FIRST SET: III- D.K. Inman;
II- R.S. Walsh; I- B.C. Skogstad

SECOND SET: III- E.J. Patterson;
II- J.M. Byzewski; I- P. Pilewski

Front Row: J. Bowden, S. Welsh, J. Gosnell. *Second Row:* V. Smith, R. Clager, J. Colvin, R. Sexauer, S. Slater, W. Bastian. *Third Row:* P. Supchak, B. Geraghty, G. Glosser. *Fourth Row:* G. Gallop, S. Head, S. Lloyd, R. Bott, P. Jones, C. Knapp, H. Barker, D. Jennings.

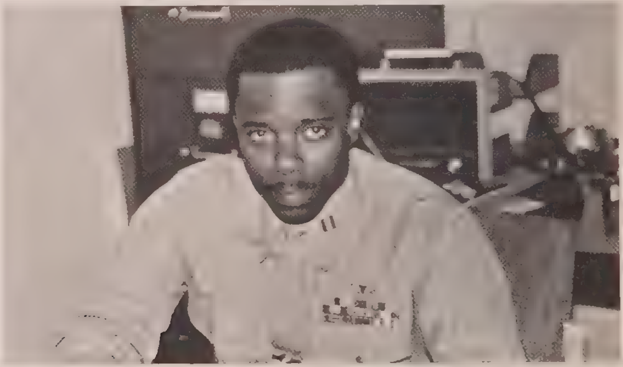
Front Row: B. Lewis, D. Snyder, R. Harris, B. Bellito, S. Huffer, G. Jones, D. Portner, M. Sherman. *Second Row:* M. Dotson, B. Montoya, R. Sexton, M. McCroary, B. Hahn, D. Tallon, T. Henry, J. Nicholson. *Third Row:* P. Bailey, L. George, S. Callahan, J. Harvey, J. Unger, D. Norris, D. Judy, R. Cavett, B. Thweatt. *Fourth Row:* D. Meyers, H. Hopkins, B. Moran, B. MacMillan, J. Daugherty, C. Gainer, R. Davis, P. Loughlin.

Front Row: J. Ratkovitch, W. Ault, C. Smith, J. Volkoff, C. Invar. *Second Row:* N. Rantz, R. Langford, F. Abell, C. Newman, J. Manganaro, R. Miles. *Third Row:* D. Price, M. Fierro, C. McGurk, M. Wetherell, W. Scanlon, M. Ekiss, T. Clemons, R. Blythe, M. Birnkammer, M. Keating. *Fourth Row:* B. Connors, G. Lewis, D. Bosnic, S. Thompson, R. Rice, R. Deluca, C. Toner, K. Thorne, E. Morgan, P. Healy, D. Parmelle, P. Ponofrio.

12

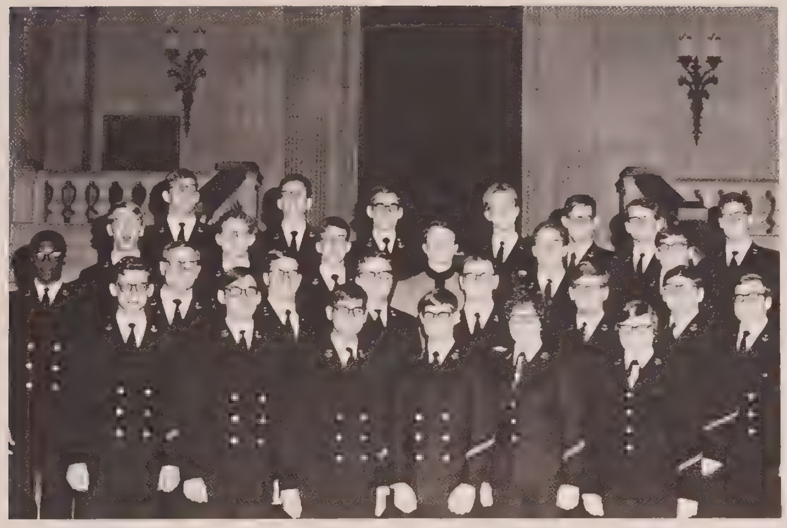
Sitting on ground (l to r) J. Rioux, J. Unger, S.Walsh; Second row R. Aguilar, J. Wilson, R. Graham, R. Luti, A. Brower, B. Philipp, A. Steel; Standing J. Klingensmith, M. Decker, L. Kihlstadius, D. Moroney, J. Ballard, M. Foreman, C. Cable, T. Teynor, T. McPhillips, F. Griffith, J. Boland, W. Granger, A. Ortega, D. Richards, M. Smith.

CAPT A.P. ARMBRISTER, USMC

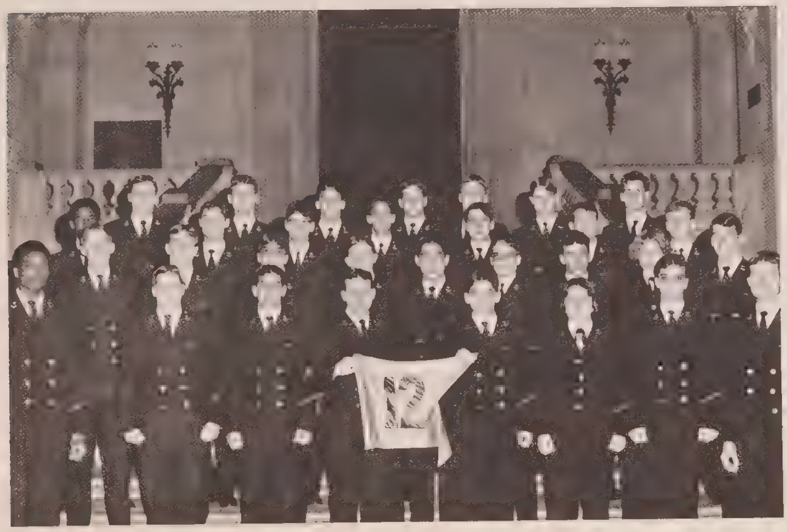


FIRST SET: III- R.G. Graham;
II- R. Aguilar; I- A.T. Brower

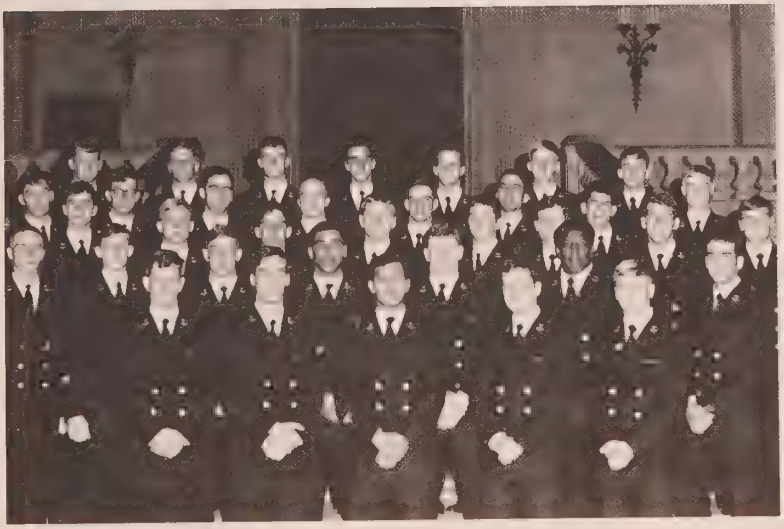
SECOND SET: III- M.W. Decker;
II- J.V. Boland; I- C.W. Cable



Front Row: G. Nies, C. Pino, J. Saldana, D. Haller, J. Buxbaum, P. Feldman. *Second Row:* I. Clark, C. Edmondson, K. Neubauer, R. McCallion, D. McVicker, J. Hults, S. Bethmann, T. Ullrich. *Third Row:* S. Roehl, R. Rogers, F. Botero, J. Shufelt, D. Frawley, E. Grubman. *Fourth Row:* H. Frerichs, N. Frostenson, L. Barkell, B. Wood, W. Pratt, S. Martin, P. Kelleher.



Front Row: K. Gross, E. Armour, S. Camacho, J. Severino, G. Billy, R. Leblanc, R. Meglio, C. Lesko. *Second Row:* S. Franklin, T. Disher, A. Perotti, P. Ryan, K. Nonaka, D. Lane, R. Putnam, K. Engleman, M. Hyman. *Third Row:* A. Thomas, E. T. Ryan, K. Voorhees, K. O'Flaherty, M. Baumgartner, E. Hacker, J. Hetrick. *Fourth Row:* R. Crowell, D. Quinn, R. Hawkins, M. Thornley, P. Jaeger, S. Finn, T. Burgess.



Front Row: W. Patterson, J. Weidman, C. Elizondo, T. Brog, S. Hemmelgarn. *Second Row:* R. Hendry, A. Carmack, P. Dreher, R. Jackson, T. Garrison, E. Meyers, S. War. *Third Row:* M. Muenzhuber, L. Brasher, C. Suarez, T. Pax, M. Walley, L. Cates, D. Nordman, T. Thompson. *Fourth Row:* R. Nicklas, P. Holden, R. Voges, D. Moss, J. Riegert, W. Butts, C. DeIzcue, L. Reese. *Fifth Row:* B. Newton, D. Belt, J. Goetz, P. Botero, T. Savidge, J. Miller, D. Pine.

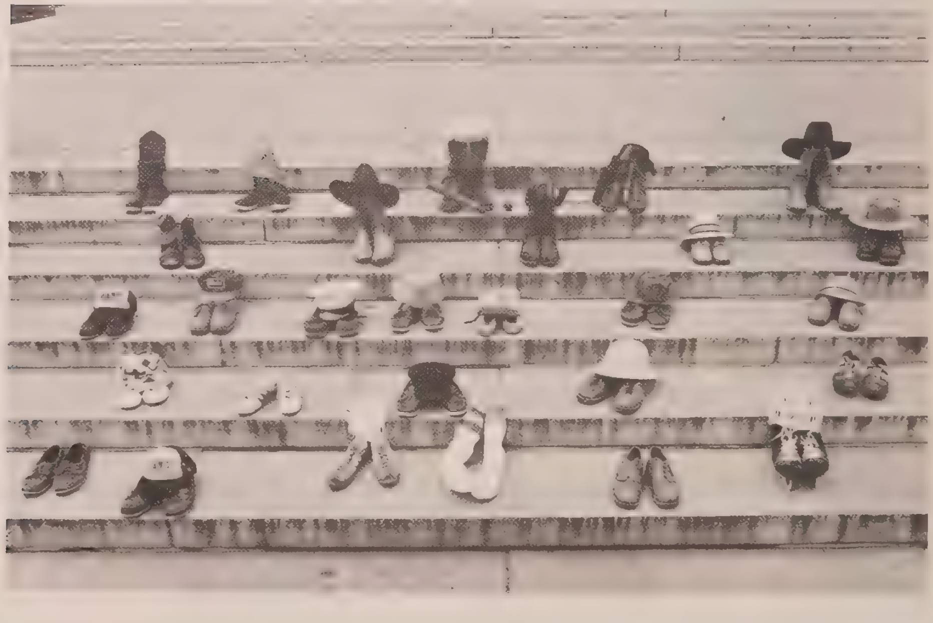
13

LT J.R. ASHMORE, USN

FIRST SET: III- R.S. Weis;
II- M.D. Davis; I- E. Doyle

SECOND SET: III- J.M. Fallone;
II- R. Marshall; I- C.J. Brehaney

IF THE SHOE FITS, WEAR IT! 13th COMPANY FIRSTIES



Front Row: J. Huegel, D. Kern, C. Miller, D. Kennedy, T. Gottslob. *Second Row:* J. Murphy, D. Ray, T. Gray, S. Perez, J. Nowak, G. Byers, I. Minor, H. Coker. *Third Row:* M. Whitfield, S. Stroup, L. DiRita, C. Miller, R. Ryan, K. McBride, J. Truck.

Front Row: P. Achor, C. Cooke, S. Heon, T. Pinto, W. Lawrence. *Second Row:* J. Bender, R. Shafer, K. Hopkins, D. Krev, L. Green. *Third Row:* M. Hamele, M. Johnson, B. Dixon, R. Taylor, T. Herrod, B. Begley. *Fourth Row:* R. Van Antwerp, L. Lauletta, M. Mykityshyn, T. McLarney, T. Meier, G. Ziegler.

Front Row: D. Samples, P. Hayes, J. Hluchyj, M. Sharpe, R. Alexander, D. Bartholme. *Second Row:* M. Lemaster, J. Hardy, T. Thomas, M. Ginda, P. Eichelberger, P. Jaszczyszyn, R. Civilikas. *Third Row:* C. Scott, J. Vasquez, W. Gluf, R. Robledo, T. Hughes, M. Cannella. *Fourth Row:* W. Hughes, B. Gawne, K. Carodine, J. Hippler, C. Vance, R. Donnahoo. *Fifth Row:* C. Tamblyn, D. McArthur, J. Rardin, J. Cleary, S. Rapp, D. Brady. *Sixth Row:* J. Mueller, J. Hansen, T. Whalen, R. Samolovitch, T. Thiiede, R. French.

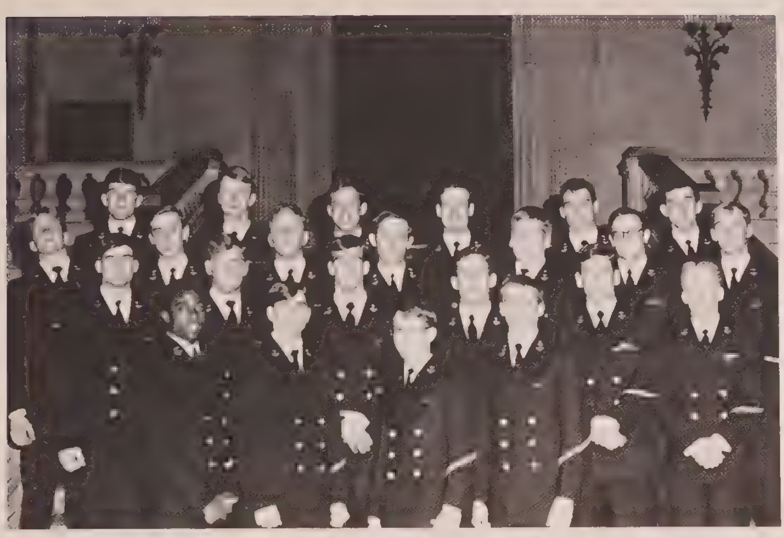
14

LT R.G. PLANK, USN

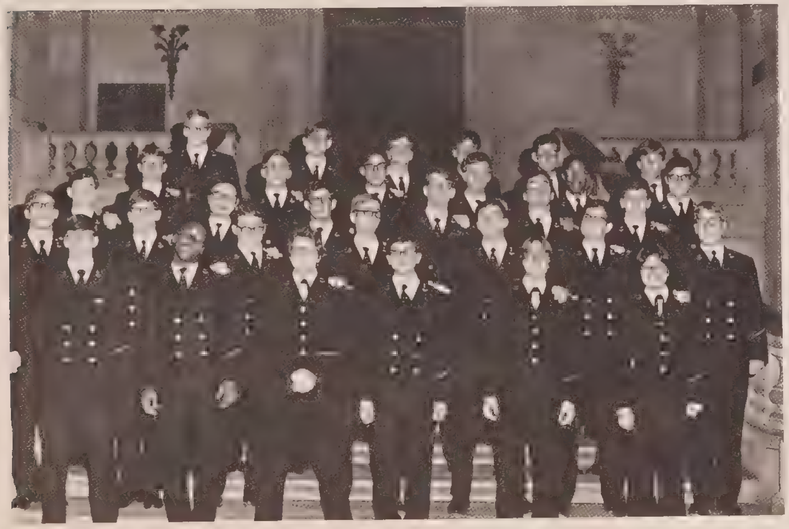
FIRST SET: III- S.D. Herning;
II- F.A. Aalbue; I- A.J. Munoz

SECOND SET: III- M. Hecker;
II- G. Reinhardt; I- J. Podoba

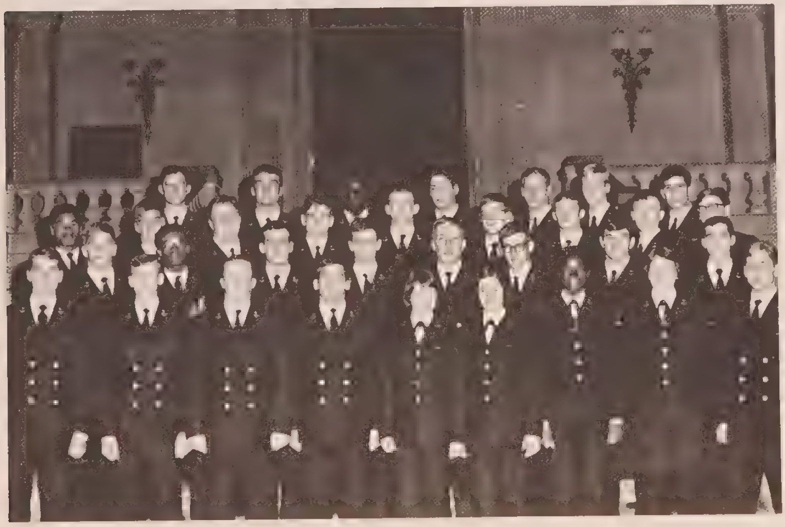
Sitting (l to r) D. Havrilla, J. Munoz, G. Reinhardt, M. Parrott, F. Coble, P. Wasilewski, W. Meader, F. Cruz; Standing D. Reilly, K. Delany, R. Fitzwater, K. Church, J. Podoba, F. Aalbue, G. Wilson, S. Herning, R. Quarles, D. Karp, B. Grider, T. Ruddy, D. Zaiss, R. Potter, L. Rice, M. Hecker.



Front Row: A. Josiah, M. Peters, K. Flack, L. Korzan. *Second Row:* R. Seiler, M. Arnold, D. Whitlock, J. Berry, J. Lowe, F. McKinney. *Third Row:* J. Brinkman, B. Lescher, J. Catoe, J. Kunkel, B. Peterson, T. Stambaugh, S. Albertson. *Fourth Row:* M. Zieser, J. Bush, A. Portillo, B. Jordan, T. D'Agostino, B. Gieri.



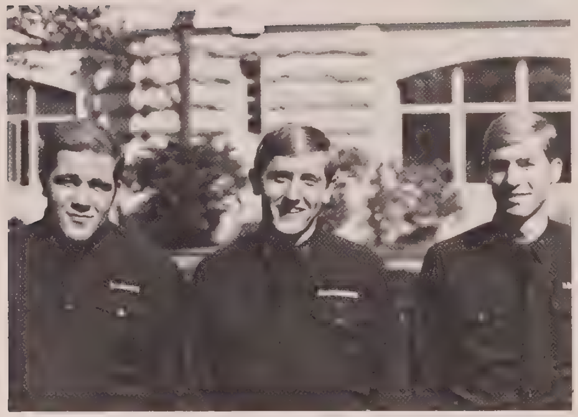
Front Row: J. Barron, T. Coker, L. Zana, C. Spataro, L. Miklos, I. Gomez. *Second Row:* E. Sedy, F. Thorp, B. Kenny, R. Adams, A. Chiffolo, K. Liss, D. Hill. *Third Row:* D. Harrington, R. Musilo, D. Traub, D. Perry, P. Loughlin, R. Sager. *Fourth Row:* M. Kendall, A. Wilson, R. Racine, G. Buczkowski, R. Weems, P. Perri. *Fifth Row:* J. Geshay, J. Haugen, K. Tayloe, C. Owens, G. Nosal, C. Boblit.



Front Row: T. Crombie, C. Khol, S. Stroud, M. Bush, L. Gandee, M. Giorgio, P. Cole, K. Dabrowski, B. Moody. *Second Row:* M. Cortese, D. Cephas, B. Sargent, R. Janicke, S. Jones, B. McKenzie, P. Havck, G. Elmendorf. *Third Row:* E. Reagans, J. Shatto, T. Fitzpatrick, R. Brennan, M. Piascik, D. Land, B. Rempe, R. Soule, T. Parry. *Fourth Row:* M. Bannister, E. Otton, K. McGill, P. Denham, R. Schumacher, D. Riggs, T. Puentes.

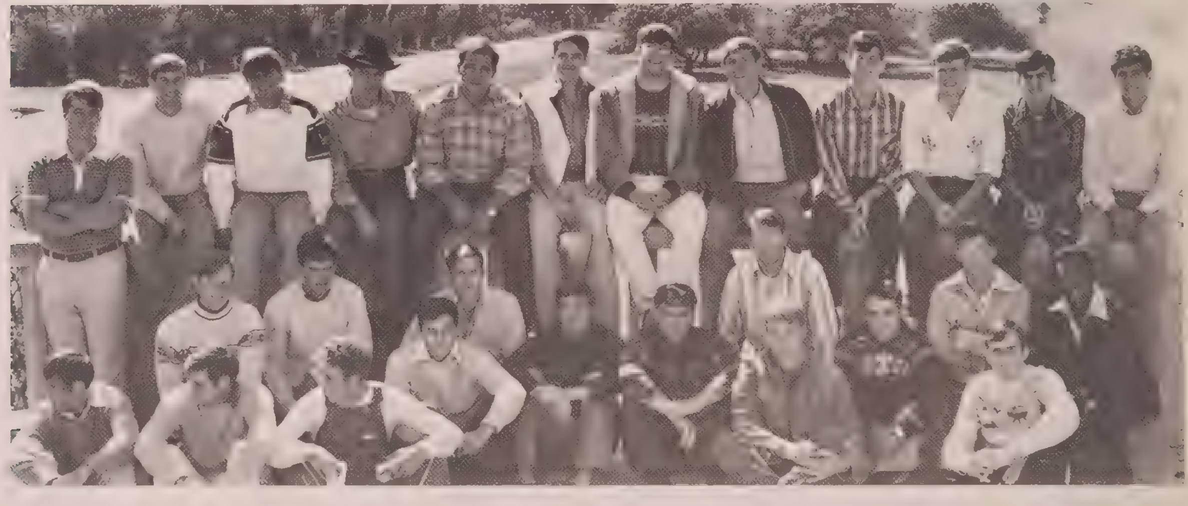
15

LT K.J. TAPLETT, USN



FIRST SET: III- D.W. Richardson;
II- K.D. Schafer; I- K. Coburn

SECOND SET: III- R.A. Solik;
II- G.A. Last; I- C.T. Miller



Sitting, first row (l to r) K. Gigliotti, K. Albright, B. Reichert, H. Bouknight, P. Renaud, C. Jones, D. Otterson, B. Solik, R. McNeely; Second row B. McKinney, J. Fothergill, B. Hoker, S. Mason, M. Susalla, S. Jones; Third row F. Burke, K. Coburn, G. Miller, B. Smith, K. Schafer, L. Rogers, G. Last, D. Richardson, T. Miller, J. Pendley, F. Hernandez, D. Soranno.

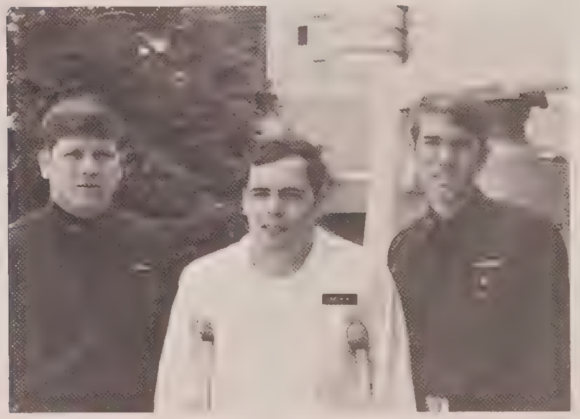
Front Row: A. Oka, L. Ingeneri, J. Haynes, P. Schmidt, N. Harmon, J. Houck, B. Cotterell. *Second Row:* C. Carlin, D. Broadbent, A. Stencil, K. Kline, M. Vaughan, M. Freix, B. Peterson, S. Palmer. *Third Row:* H. Stovall, D. Bissot, J. Jimenez, W. Paul, K. Gustafson, R. Flak, J. O'Connor, G. Ramsay, M. Browne, A. Mullen, J. Miller, B. Beard, M. Meinhardt.

Front Row: H. Parker, W. Akana, P. Mucciarone, C. Macek, N. McQuade, G. Gulliver. *Second Row:* C. Klein, A. Swoope, G. Becker, A. Karatzou, M. Manazir, M. Schwan, G. Williams. *Third Row:* D. McCurdy, K. C. O'Connor, K. Schaaff, C. Arnot, C. Dashiell, D. Pedersen, A. Farrell. *Fourth Row:* B. Amenzo, C. Kowalski, G. Givan, J. Nowak, S. Fitzgerald, P. McBride, D. Gibson.

Front Row: M. Crowley, S. Barton, M. Case, J. Colasito, W. Miller. *Second Row:* J. Madden, H. Atkins, P. Schilke, S. Somnitz, W. Rogers, D. Cunningham. *Third Row:* M. Cheniae, J. Vergelli, W. Cobb, A. Wilson, D. Dooerlund, S. Rigisich, J. Spear. *Fourth Row:* K. Wilhelm, J. Connerton, J. Degenfelder, C. Gepford, T. Moran, P. Reno, E.Murillo, W. Krumeich, E. Hord, J. Kenna, J. McDonnell, B. Ruby.

16

FIRST SET: III- J.S. Williams;
II- D.M. Morriss; I- J.D. Estrada



SECOND SET: III- D. Norton;
II- K. Morton; I- R. Glass

LT D.W. BEASLEY, USN

Sitting and standing (l to r) D. Norton, D. Prothero, J. Estrada, D. Morriss, D. Vann, K. Morton, J. Williams, B. Becker, J.S. Williams, R. Griffith, J. Fish, J. Green, T. McCulley; Climbing S. Hudson, F. Gerheiser, M. Jordan, T. Hirt, R. Brant, T. Boone, M. Slaughter, E. Francis, R. Glass, B. Rodgers.

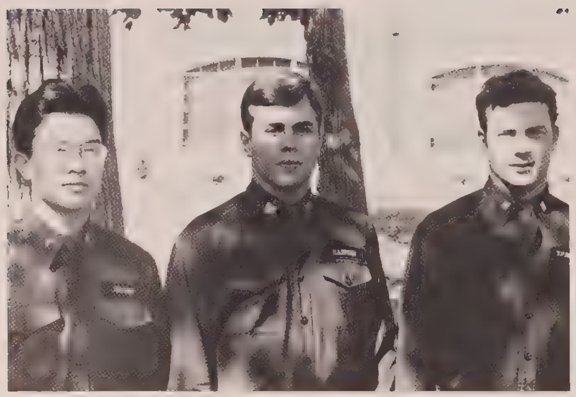
Front Row: E. Mapes, K. Sophy. *Second Row:* D. Burlingham, R. Berdine, R. Kluba, W. Lonchas, P. Good, D. Rocha. *Third Row:* J. Maynard, P. Stroop, M. White, M. Olsen, C. Beltz, B. Bates, R. Moyer, J. McKee, R. Chuday. *Fourth Row:* S. Phillpott, C. Klein, B. Porter, R. Lyman, M. Quinn, J. Pietrocini, J. Grant, W. Ruoff, R. Lantz, B. Taisey.

Front Row: J. Speirs, W. Parker, D. Miller, G. Slyman, J. Davis, M. Hewitt. *Second Row:* W. Galt, G. Brannon, S. Sutherland, J. Wall, C. Crooker, M. Blandon, K. Hire. *Third Row:* P. Canalichio, R. Loudahl, R. Vera, D. Bailey, R. Adams, T. Harrell. *Fourth Row:* E. Johnson, D. Hendrick, J. Keenan, R. Peterson, B. Hubbard, W. Collier. *Fifth Row:* D. Manning, W. Wakeley, P. Condon, A. Bragado, M. Brooks, T. Sullivan.

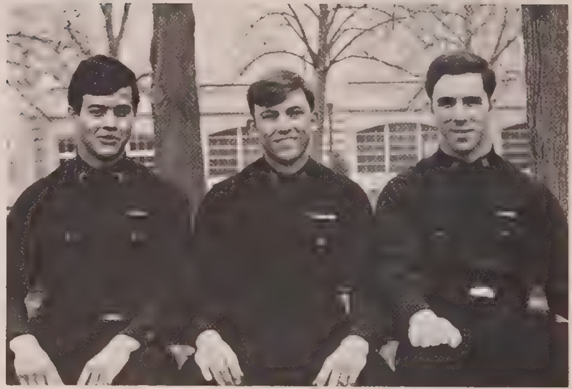
Front Row: D. Clark, C. Ellis, D. Furlan, R. Kasamoto, G. Patton, D. Henninger, J. Davidson. *Second Row:* B. Craft, T. Hipschman, B. Bartram, M. McKown, R. Hunt, B. Stackhouse, G. Edelmann, J. Cleveland. *Third Row:* A. Schroeder, L. Coe, E. Wojtan, F. Coetzee, M. Streseman, A. Grecco, B. Franklin. *Fourth Row:* S. Golay, T. Buterbaugh, S. Heid, T. Millard, L. Parkhurst, J. Bugbee, W. Johnson.

17

MAJ M.C. STILL, USMC

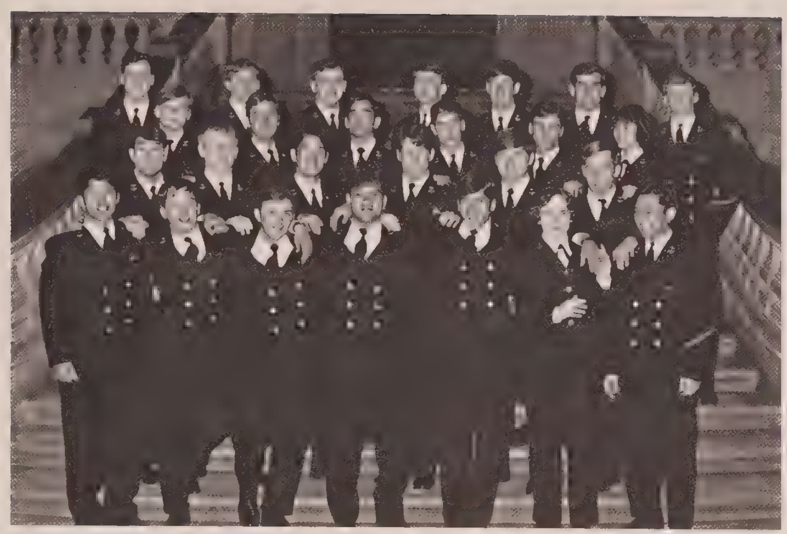


FIRST SET: III- R.A. Spicer;
II- T.P. Ebbinghouse; I- H.B. Luna

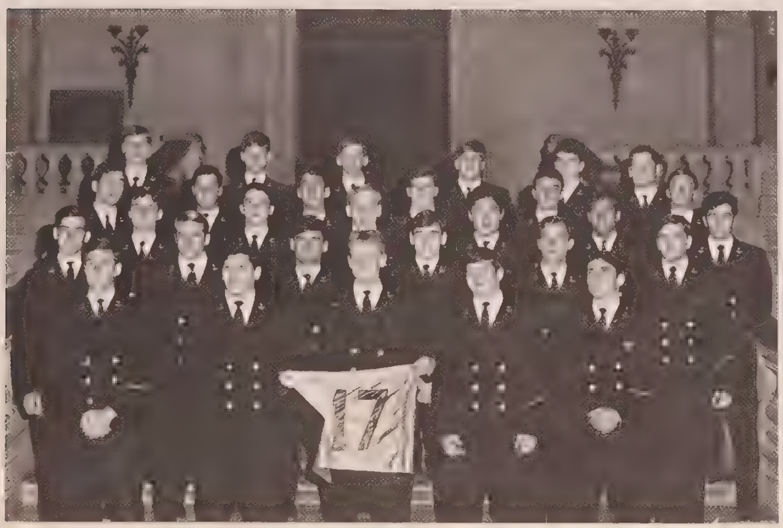


SECOND SET: III- T.J. Herrmann;
II- T.M. Joyce; I- E.M. Haas

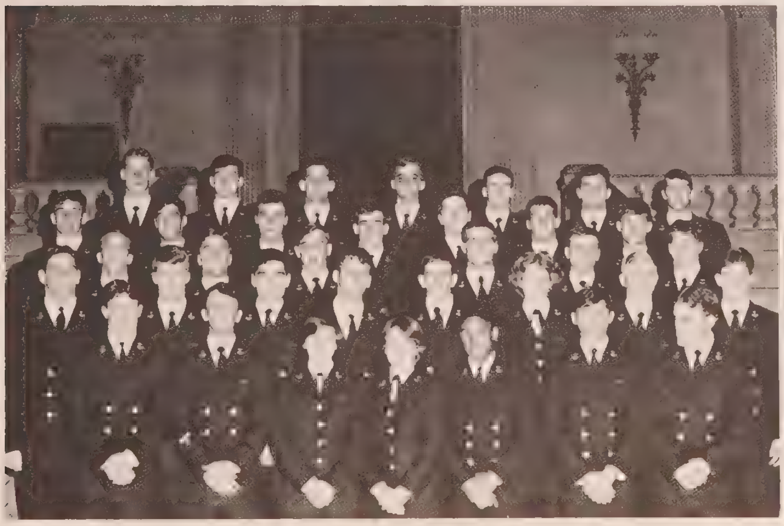
First row (l to r) M. Edwards, J. Johannes, T. Ebbinghouse, S. Cate, R. Spicer, D. McCullough, J. Counts; Second row H. Luna, M. Stevenson, F. Ruiz, R. Scanlon, G. Spencer, A. Miller, B. Aut, P. McConkey, R. West, R. Bryant, D. Frost, E. Haas, J. Wolfe, D. Pryde, T. Joyce, H. Green; Third row T. Herrmann, D. Carthey, R. Lopez, D. Jackson, E. O'Brien.



Front Row: M. Palencia, S. Raggo, R. Green, F. Kibic, S. Meade, S. Cox, R. DeJesus. *Second Row:* J. Fry, A. Nelson, G. Yoritomo, D. Fuse, P. Hayes, M. Spence. *Third Row:* C. Phillips, D. Haines, J. Adams, B. Padovani, D. Wilbert, P. Thudium. *Fourth Row:* B. Buchanan, P. Andreasen, C. Behrle, R. Pickering, J. Allmon, T. Lindblad, R. Kohlmann.



Front Row: L. Toolajian, E. Gonzales, E. Kirsch, S. Sikora, D. Kaluza. *Second Row:* J. Riedel, P. McGreevy, P. Wright, R. Kramer, G. Point, W. Burnett. *Third Row:* D. Balkin, M. Weber, B. Coval, P. Suguro, G. Hammond, J. Gross. *Fourth Row:* E. Gehrke, G. Madigan, J. Dauplaise, R. Ravener, T. Jacob, K. Wixler. *Fifth Row:* C. Herrick, J. Heffernan, D. Carlson, M. Harber, M. Korth, J. Crowell.



Front Row: J. Russell, S. Sunseri, B. Crutchfield, C. Calhoun, D. Dixon, P. Ortiz, A. Wilde. *Second Row:* D. Wehrenberg, T. Gilman, M. Tarango, R. Jennings, S. Pollard, G. Schaller, P. Tissue, G. Fisher. *Third Row:* D. Wells, T. Page, M. Ullrich, G. Parsons, C. Uffman, W. Hall. *Fourth Row:* A. McColl, D. Johnson, V. Rodriguez, B. Bushong, C. Miller, T. Jackson, G. Upright. *Fifth Row:* P. Caylor, C. Jaenichen, T. Glasow, P. Sherman, M. Smith, B. Arnone, J. Capstaff.

18

FIRST SET: III- S.R. Van Buskirk;
II- R.A. Hayes; I- D.S. Kolk

SECOND SET: III- D.S. Kolk;
II- J.L. Hyde; I- W.E. McLain

LT D.K. DRUMM, USN

AND THESE GUYS LED THE COLOR COMPANY?
18th COMPANY FIRSTIES

Front Row: G. Nivala, D. Dennis, J. Chang, P. Smith, E. Fordham, P. Taylor, B. Weisheit. *Second Row:* M. Young, M. Timmerman, T. Ehrhard, J. Crabbe, L. Futch, C. Schmidt, J. Kirby, B. Lentini. *Third Row:* T. Sundsmo, M. Lethbridge, M. Brown, B. Heidhausen, B. Padgett, R. vonLipsey, T. Belke, J. Disciorio.

Front Row: S. Killion, E. Massa, B. Ou, J. Eaton, R. Schultz, W. Silveira. *Second Row:* K. Mills, H. Elkin, A. Wenci, T. Gurney, F. Heil. *Third Row:* V. Stammetti, B. Miller, C. Davis, S. Bermudez, G. Coons, T. Carney, *Fourth Row:* K. Warnke, D. Ruehlin, R. Burke, E. Ceja. *Fifth Row:* R. Brunson, M. Bomgardner, D. Hardesty, V. Calvente, B. Perry, K. Hogan, K. Quinn. *Sixth Row:* B. Teufel, J. Kaiser, L. Olsen, D. Nairn. *Seventh Row:* B. Bingham, R. McDowell, M. Phillips, D. Kern.

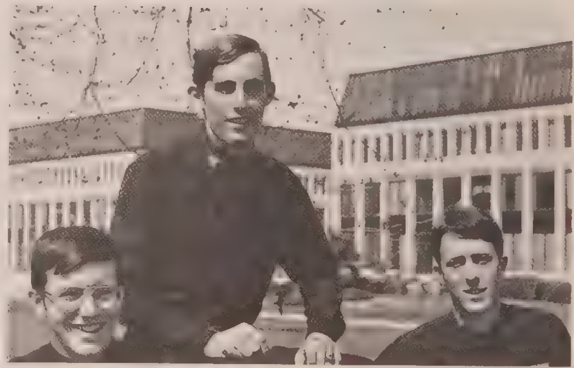
Front Row: D. Lenker, R. Delara, L. Schrider, P. Ferrell. *Second Row:* P. Conlow, K. Cusick, G. Butter. *Third Row:* R. Iral, C. Lefon, P. Valinske, M. Grimm. *Fourth Row:* M. Pucciarello, J. Hafer, S. Lowery, R. Steiw, J. Wendell. *Fifth Row:* L. Barker, R. Luscinski, D. 'Williams, J. Hogan.

19

Front row (l to r) R. Lynch, J. Holden, W. Leader, D. Kocher, K. Boyd, G. Karol; Second row R. Malone, D. Bethel, V. Bousa, K. Shaffer, F. Niner, G. Rossi, O. Anzallota; Third row K. Derbin, M. Roberts, T. Wasylkiw, C. Dixon, D. Green, L. Maguire, C. Corrales; Fourth row A. Burrell, D. Gorie, G. Enslen, W. Quintong, J. Withers, K. Trail, R. Mau, T. Griffith.

CAPT S.B. MAYER, USMC

FIRST SET: III- D.G. Green;
II- T.J. Wasylkiw; I- K.F. Trail



SECOND SET: III- F.J. Niner;
II- L.R. Maguire; I- C.B. Dixon

Front Row: E. Huether, E. Bradley, M. Lampugnano, C. Thompson, N. Screeton. *Second Row:* T. McNitt, J. Reagan, M. Rossano, T. Mikita, M. Mullikin, M. Durkin, D. Babcock, R. Medley, N. Katsiotis. *Third Row:* W. Malloy, M. Crouse, J. Hampshire, J. Holmes, G. Milo, R. Aller, R. Fish, J. Whitlock. *Fourth Row:* E. Giosa, J. Widay, W. Wittpenn, P. Cotsonas, D. Woollett, J. Heil, C. Easterling, R. Locke.

Front Row: B. VanBaush, S. Dee, M. Giorgione, W. Williams, P. Donovan, L. Rampp. *Second Row:* S. Zirkle, J. Rice, M. Carlick, J. Murphy, W. Cloughley, P. Tuey. *Third Row:* B. Sullivan, P. Bushong, C. Felker, R. Connolly, T. MacGregor. *Fourth Row:* J. Huston, R. Matheny, V. McCree, C. Grandjean. *Fifth Row:* J. Burgess, "Stu", D. Sett, F. Williams, J. Benner, R. Holley.

Front Row: B. Chew, R. Whitney, S. Blackadar, S. Wilson, M. Bittel, J. Pottey. *Second Row:* R. Bethmann, C. Perry, B. Garcia, H. Yee, B. Baxter, L. Stegman, W. Nobles. *Third Row:* B. Ryan, S. Duffy, J. Alvarez, M. Moury, M. Luciano, B. Boeh, A. York. *Fourth Row:* A. Cook, S. Blair, B. Swinton, J. Price, M. Jantzen, P. Sauve, S. Montague. *Fifth Row:* E. Goodson, D. Spencer, L. Williamson, D. Bergin, D. Dickinson, J. Woods, C. Benson.

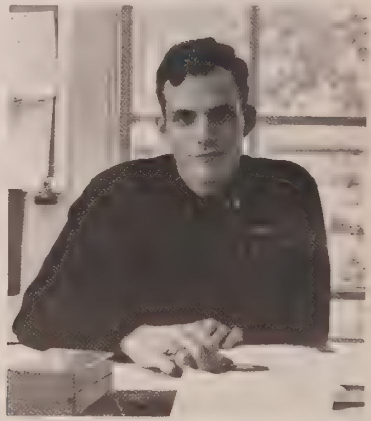
20

Kneeling (l to r) F. Hudik, S. Walton, B. Newman; Standing B. Eaton, R. Penniman, J. Bradfield, R. O'Brien, J. Byrnes, C. Doty, J. Rocker, M. Knapp, B. Hanson, T. Fischer, M. Allen, R. Spaulding, B. Yanagi, P. Husta, J. Hashberger, M. Kantaris, J. Dinsmore, E. Abel, K. Wartick, W. Massie, M. Tempestilli, G. McLoskey.

FIRST SET: III- D.J. Bradfield;
II- J.R. Hashberger; I- J. Rocker

SECOND SET: III- F.E. Hudik;
II- K.L. Wartick; I- J.B. Dinsmore

LT D.D. MERICLE, USN



Front Row: L. Mew, G. Torres, K. Snider, S. Motz, F. Dimitrew. *Second Row:* R. Cacace, F. Hughes, K. Fink, L. Smith, R. Press, M. Glynn, T. Rossi, S. Irwin, J. Garwood, D. Rascona, R. Saez-Ortiz, J. Sayre. *Third Row:* J. Prosser, K. Thompson, D. Meek, C. Nelson, S. Grundmeier, T. O'Keefe, M. Castagnero, R. Damm, J. Quigley.

Front Row: J. Scott, D. Pashkevich, J. Papageorge, D. Seybold, B. Oram, D. Darban, J. Paparella, P. Manibo. *Second Row:* B. Woodhouse, B. Burr, T. Marolt, C. Butler, T. Tocci, M. Guinn, C. Alvarado, R. Jones, M. Cummings, M. Perez, B. Gray. *Third Row:* C. Sanchez, M. Dowty, L. Buhler, B. Skillen, D. Thomas, B. Dolan, R. Naslonski.

Front Row: R. Vandagriff, J. Carpenter, J. Taschetta, D. Jones, M. Lopresto, E. Yee, J. Doherty. *Second Row:* D. Miller, D. Manwaring, S. Weaver, M. Golightly, R. Robichaud, D. Lowe, J. Cramer. *Third Row:* K. Smith, J. Welter, W. Druce, J. Clifton, D. Kemper, E. Perez-Vergero, S. Johnson. *Fourth Row:* W. Rice, C. Kineke, S. Guzik, C. Powers, W. Yadusky, R. Reifsnyder, L. Balk.

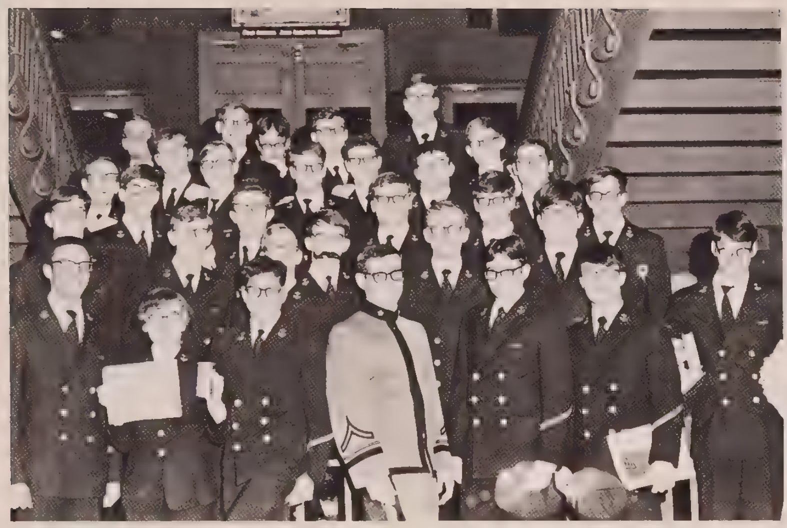
21

FIRST SET: III- W.P. Marriot; II- R.P. Needham; I- L.J. Beyer

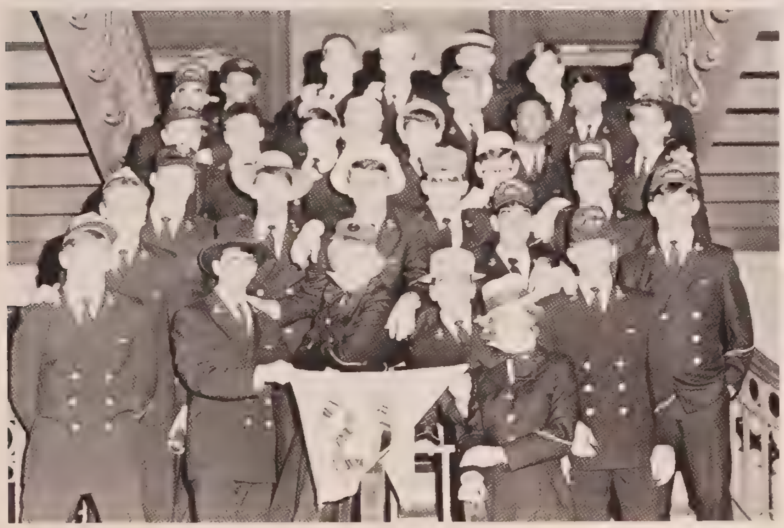
LT A.R. MILLER, USN

SECOND SET: III- J.M. Williams; II- J. Gigliotti; I- B.B. Norman

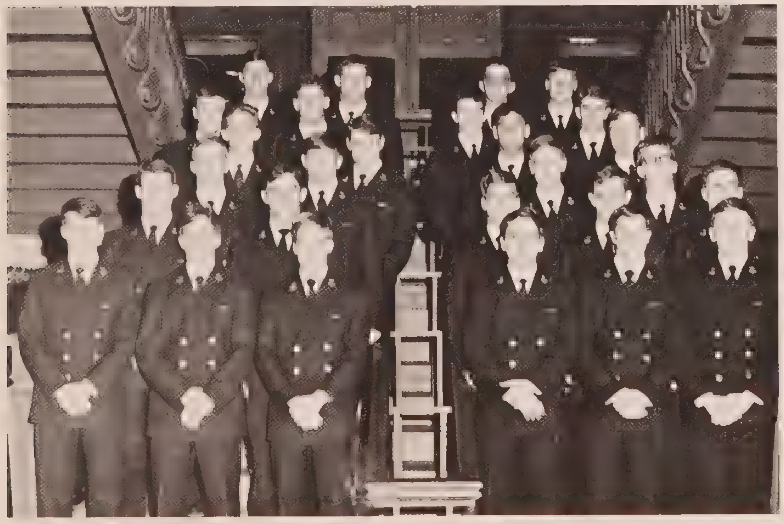
Not pictured: 21st Company First Class Informal



Front Row: C. Wilson, E. Durham, C. Davids, E. Ruggero, R. Wendland, M. Church, R. Strand. *Second Row:* M. Grieco, R. Wilson, K. Koteles, W. Knowles, D. Emerick, G. Pavlakos. *Third Row:* M. Sonnefeld, J. Thompson, J. Sensi, C. Everett, J. Elnitsky. *Fourth Row:* E. Fell, K. Eliot, D. Benzing, S. Stewart, D. Winterscheidt, J. Frost, J. Skinner, R. Lonn. *Fifth Row:* C. Trautman, M. Hodge, J. Horn, R. Lynch, M. Turner.

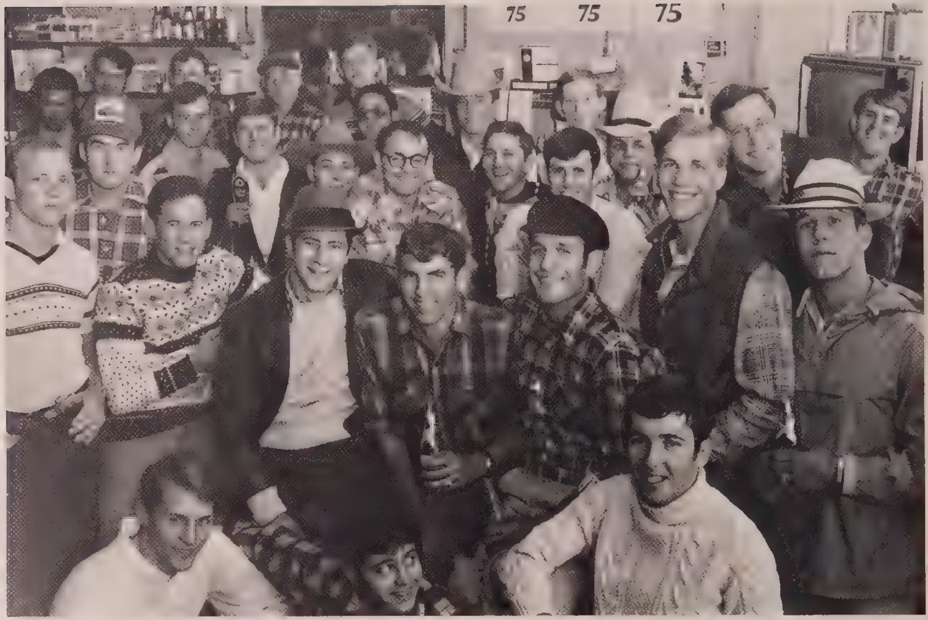


Front Row: C. French, E. Stagliano, P. Metzger, J. Petraglia, E. Jacobs, D. Kurtz. *Second Row:* S. Richter, R. Duhrkopf, W. Scott, G. Wittman, C. Chandonnet, C. Forbes, R. Horby, B. Davidson, J. Seawards. *Third Row:* M. McCloskey, T. Wirginis, T. Collins, M. Johnson, T. Moore, G. Zitterfopf, B. Curry, E. Gonzales, D. Rich. *Fourth Row:* G. Reagor, D. McElroy, J. Danial, J. Edgar, J. Tanner, C. Cramb, E. Estrada.

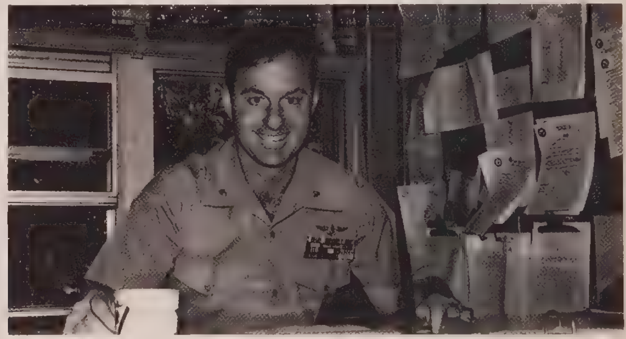


Front Row: G. Snyder, J. Sotelo, D. McElheny, S. Niskanen, R. Snyder, L. Pate. *Second Row:* J. Lang, J. Settele, J. Amick, B. Bybee, S. Billman. *Third Row:* R. Conley, M. Overby, R. Heller, J. Schillenger. *Fourth Row:* R. Fricker, L. Powell, R. Ayuso, R. Hubbard. *Fifth Row:* B. Grady, J. Kurtz, T. White, R. Rassmussen. *Sixth Row:* W. Carroll, C. Smith, R. Parson, P. Haglich.

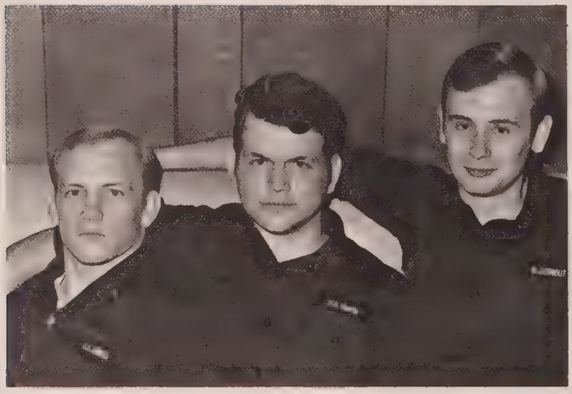
22



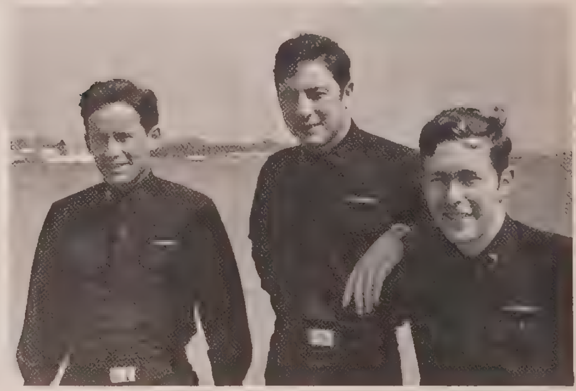
Front row (l to r) J. Hagelin, D. Bursch, C. Wenz; Second row G. Jones, T. Branch, D. Fremont, D. Fitzgerald, R. Lakis, W. Elmer, G. Herbold; Third row M. Muldoon, B. Smout, S. Krause, M. Domzalski, G. Jackson, R. Sterling, M. Young, S. Smith, M. Brower, A. Chitwood; Fourth row D. Beam, M. Sottung, J. Matthews, K. Michaelson, G. Turnquist, M. Blauduell, K. Temple, R. Nevitt.



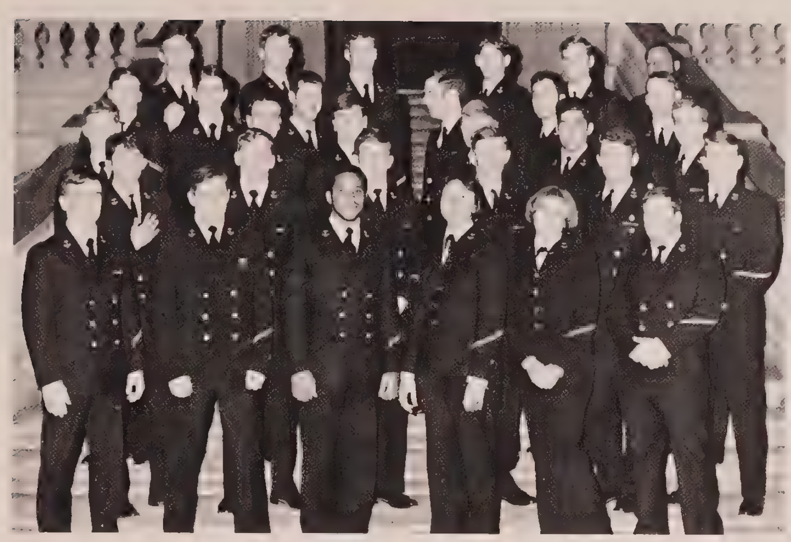
MAJ J.D. JEWELL, USMC



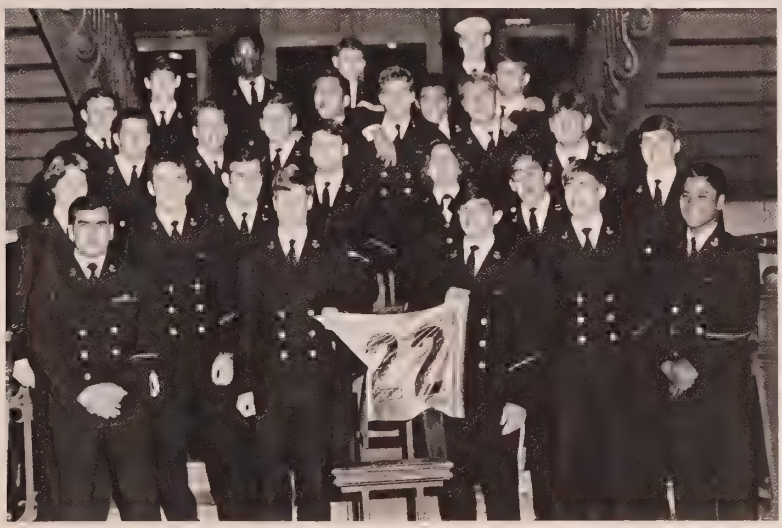
FIRST SET: III- S. Smith;
II- R.J. Smout; I- G.S. Jones



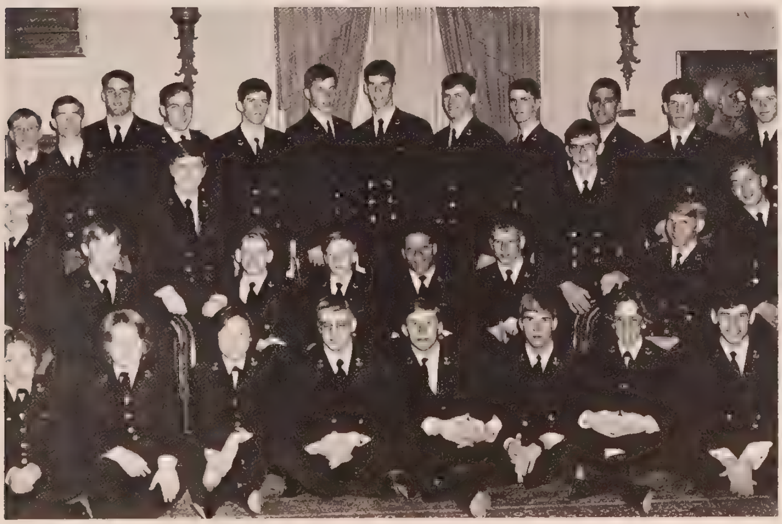
SECOND SET: III- D. Fremont;
II- T.N. Branch; I- G.W. Turnquist



Front Row: J. Donahue, C. Kott, G. Brown, C. Desmarais, J. Hawkins, J. Almanza. *Second Row:* M. Gonzalez, S. Cushanick, C. Howard, J. Young, K. Israel, C. Geving. *Third Row:* D. Chilton, R. Donofrio, J. Pierce, R. Wooldridge, E. Dimarco, T. Ruck. *Fourth Row:* H. McMillian, P. Allen, C. Currie, M. Happel, M. Sims, J. Denmark. *Fifth Row:* D. Petri, G. Buck, W. Eckles, G. Galyo, D. Tworzyanski, C. Thornton.



Front Row: I. Ortiz, M. Webb, C. Chavez, R. Perry, L. Aguila. *Second Row:* C. Jacob, R. Doran, S. Fortunato, R. Harned, M. Bartlo, M. Fagan, R. Magners. *Third Row:* J. Gulliver, E. Schneider, D. Lannetti, C. Rojas, T. O'Brien, K. Tolbert, B. Neilson, C. Rourke, D. Duquette. *Fourth Row:* D. Guthrie, M. Labranche, J. Reaves, G. Rhodes, K. Alman.



Front Row: B. Juarez, G. Dovalgo, J. Ginhlam, K. Miller, D. Halladay, B. Arnold, J. Lamison, G. Lawler. *Second Row:* C. Bielik, D. Silvius, P. Kessenich, T. Parker, E. Maszewski, A. Sigmar. *Third Row:* B. Kennington, T. Ellison, M. Brewer, R. Perrin. *Fourth Row:* J. Greiner, M. Frost, E. Jasion, T. Aruffo, D. Howe, E. Carrol, B. Bille, M. Hardy, G. Tyson, P. Shilling, B. Guest, C. Lester.

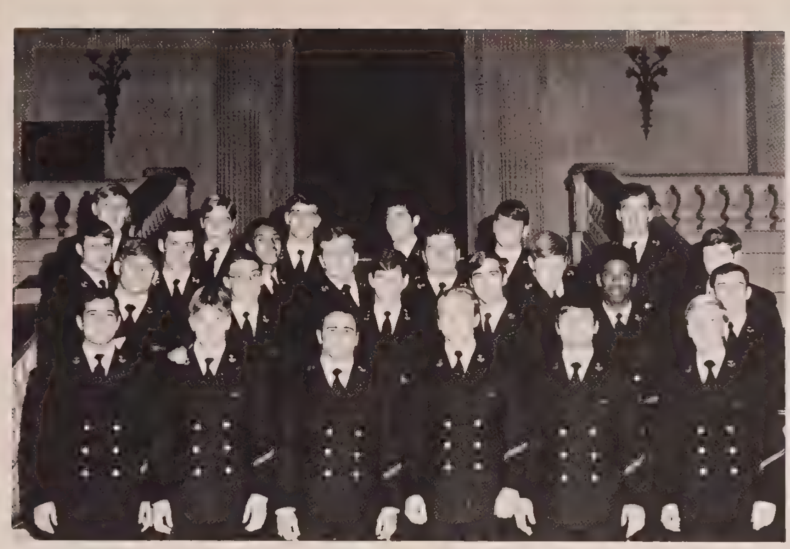
23

Front row (l to r) B. Driscoll, G. Krumel, J. Rickman, R. Chapa, M. Wilsey; Second row T. Shelly, B. Kahl, B. Prutzman, E. Taylor, G. Shear, S. Schemmel, B. Ward, J. Ericson; Third row D. Evans, B. Wawrzeniak, D. Lyons, L. Armor, R. Eadie, S. Kenyon, J. Adams, B. Kovac, E. Womble; Fourth row H. Walsh, C. Stancil, Frank Sablan, G. Roby, N. Harris, M. Johnson, T. Phelan, J. Valenti, A. McCombs.

LT D.L. SNYDER, USN

FIRST SET: III- R.W. Eadie;
II- T.P. Phelan; I- G.L. Krummel

SECOND SET: III- T.J. Shelly;
II- F. Sablan; I- B.N. Harris



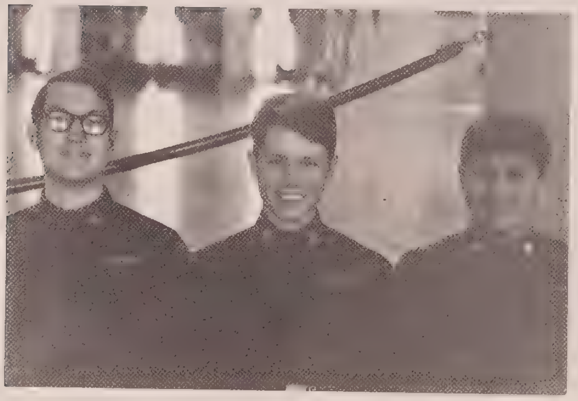
Front Row: R. Torres, G. Miller, F. Stacliano, G. Morris, J. Kubo, P. Tatro. *Second Row:* R. Atwood, R. Oxborrow, S. Sullivan, W. Turnock, M. Sneed, K. Sieczkowski. *Third Row:* G. Houck, B. Gehrke, B. Grooms, A. Wellesly, B. Ferguson, D. Lengyel, R. Robinson. *Fourth Row:* D. Anderson, S. Masalin, P. Shaner, M. DiMercurio, J. Hickey, C. Rucker.

Front Row: D. Mutzabaugh, S. Swetland, M. Garza, R. Perez, J. Giuda, S. Miller, M. Matthews. *Second Row:* M. Rounds, P. James, R. Kennington, J. Rogers, D. Sawyer, D. Glover, G. Curtiss. *Third Row:* T. Giedlin, R. Rogers, C. Roll, S. Olson, R. Lay, C. Riddle, M. Connolly. *Fourth Row:* M. Bolen, L. Siddall, J. Hudson, P. Riester, S. Ring, R. Gast, R. Roberts.

Front Row: M. Valore, L. Venturelli, C. Coulter, J. Kane, P. Hartzell, M. Mulholland, M. Howard. *Second Row:* T. Watson, D. Maconi, E. Vanhove, A. Boos, B. Jones, C. Murphy, G. Brown, M. Mooshagian. *Third Row:* C. Musso, D. Bennet, D. Lynch, D. Lee, C. Miller, D. Grassetti, J. Gudhal, J. Doughty. *Fourth Row:* T. Malkasian, T. Wood, B. Neveras, S. Mank, G. Neveras, R. Rubin, M. Malcolm. *Fifth Row:* D. O'Brien, J. Steele, M. Taylor, D. Noble, D. Trice, S. Vasina, D. Morben, S. Gilberts.

24

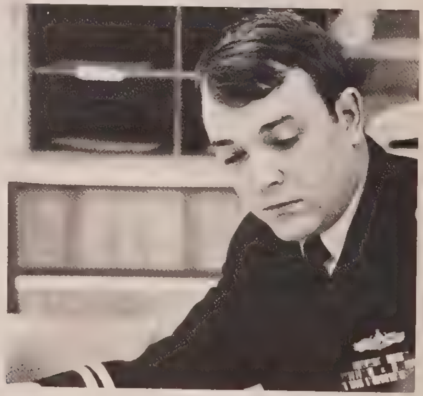
Left to right J. Kelly, D. Albright, C. Giedlin, B. Fegurgur, J. Hellner, P. Pirozzi, R. Marrs, C. Klotz, J. Hedden, P. Reese, L. Leiter, R. Tobey, M. Feidt, E. Hyer, L. Mueller, E. McGinn, M. Stephens, J. Fawcett, M. Gallant, L. Jones, J. Ciano, S. Pratton, S. Jenkins, W. Darinzo, M. Dean, S. Hicks, R. Wilder.



FIRST SET: III- J.D. Hedden;
II- M. Gallant; I- L. Leiter

SECOND SET: III- R.L. Marrs;
II- D. Albrecht; I- L.K. Mueller

LT L. HEYWORTH, USN



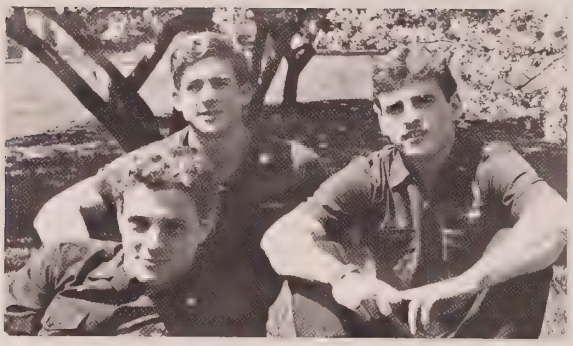
Front Row: B. Sizemore, A. Colegrove, J. Carlson, C. Vaught, C. Thompson. *Second Row:* J. Rensom, V. See, B. Cavitt, B. Henry. *Third Row:* J. Jamison, R. Thompson, R. Cline, J. Musko, M. Mooney, C. Wallington. *Fourth Row:* G. Petro, B. Neunaber, J. Trueblood, S. Benson, J. Connolly, L. McCauley, S. Honan, D. Porter. *Fifth Row:* J. Spencer, N. Petersen, M. Wedge, S. Brown, J. Adams, N. Antonoff, R. Blunt, J. Anderson, E. Griffith, L. Plunk, J. Dorsey.

Front Row: D. Perry, D. Spanbauer, P. Plott, J. Farnett, S. Fox. *Second Row:* J. Murphy, B. Burns, D. Pionter, H. Aszrlar, A. Nagao. *Third Row:* D. Degroff, S. Steckler, D. Guill, J. Mucci, J. Freeman, B. Marr, M. Dzieciolowski. *Fourth Row:* B. Knapp, N. Moe, T. Hiltz, T. Kuntz, C. Smith, T. Carlson. *Fifth Row:* B. Rex, G. Mack, J. Grafton. *Sixth Row:* B. Loveless, D. Logar, M. Hawley, J. Manchor, R. Winslow.

Front Row: S. Negus, V. Casada, A. Salindong, F. Lopez, M. Ford, M. Hunter. *Second Row:* B. Prokop, M. Quillian, K. Brown, R. Kapsio, T. Padden. *Third Row:* G. Dryhurst, R. Simons, J. Sakai, J. Pierre, M. Shields. *Fourth Row:* J. Krapty, B. Row, T. Rowden, G. Eisman. *Fifth Row:* D. Stultz, R. Jamison, F. Kelly, A. Palowitch. *Sixth Row:* G. Gonsalves, J. Mossbrucker, J. Somplasky, R. Watson. *Seventh Row:* C. Collins, R. Dye, K. White, T. Traaen, W. Wilke, J. Sherrill.

25

LT M.G. GAFFNEY, USN



FIRST SET: III- G. Romanoff; J.F. Schneider- Adj.; II- J.F. Pavoni; Not pictured I- W.B. Martin

SECOND SET: III- P.L. Carrier; II- A.A. Brugal; I- T.R. Blue

Front row (l to r) O. Hunt, T. Mulcare, B. Martin, D. Brugal, P. Carrier, J. Newmaster, B. Williams; Second row B. Rucker, L. Tilton, T. Blue, J. Hillan, G. Romanoff, B. Sanborn, T. Nagle, E. Christensen, D. Jerabek, T. Ruth; Third row J. Bayless, B. Tata, J. Pavoni, L. Taggart, M. Winsor, T. Moon, M. Kubarik, J. Schneider.

Front Row: C. Shanebrook, J. O'Hara, V. Sodd, J. Roberts. *Second Row:* T. Vanaria, J. Munson, J. Gutzler, C. Gilbert, D. Hesse, K. Sullivan. *Third Row:* R. Carlquist, R. Waddel, D. Jones, S. Watkins, B. Trod, J. Nance. *Fourth Row:* B. Burlingame, D. Goordineer, D. Miller, B. MacDonald, M. Crook, M. Bouvier.

Front Row: N. Littaua, E. Jewett, B. Coughlin. *Second Row:* J. Vess, F. Face, T. Doyle, R. Garcia, R. Elliott, D. Ricks, W. Taylor. *Third Row:* T. Yavorski, J. Greene, G. Basil, J. Nault, J. Jones, G. Imai, D. Harrison. *Fourth Row:* M. Rodgers, B. Jett, J. Hafey, W. Armstrong, J. Kelly, R. Almeter. *Fifth Row:* P. Wehr, D. Jason, F. Reitzel, R. Masters, D. Woods, G. Dougherty, K. Lewko.

Front Row: M. Overby, K. Kearnes, J. Reeves, G. Tracy, B. Kyllo, W. Samoluk. *Second Row:* M. Stuart, R. Greene, K. Bradsher, V. Hayes, P. Patch, J. Campbell. *Third Row:* D. Crothers, V. Malone, E. Dachowski, W. Dawson, J. Carson, F. Vourassa, W. Meier, F. Byers, W. Cogan, S. Jung, J. Webb. *Fourth Row:* R. Rountree, K. Kunkel, R. Ives, F. Franklin, B. Lindsey. *Fifth Row:* C. Joudon-Roche, K. Boring, B. O'Friel, M. Williams.

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CAPT G.L. PARKS, USMC

Front row (l to r) D. Shaw, A. Acevedo, T. Harris, J. Brazee, K. Vanderhorst, S. Schock; Second row B. Shade, A. Salcedo, J. Shugars, J. Albiso, T. Amirault, S. Jones, P. Kaus, D. Meeder, S. Belanger, A. Whiting, S. Hull, H. Burns, K. Russell; Third row R. Ketter, R. Klocek, K. Jackson, R. Riley, R. Macek, H. Murphy, D. Kaye, M. Eriksen, D. Frey, J. Stetson.

FIRST SET: III- P.M. Kaus;
II- D.L. Shaw; I- R.A. Klocek

SECOND SET: III- S.R. Kremer;
II- A.S. Salcedo; I- J.C. Shugars

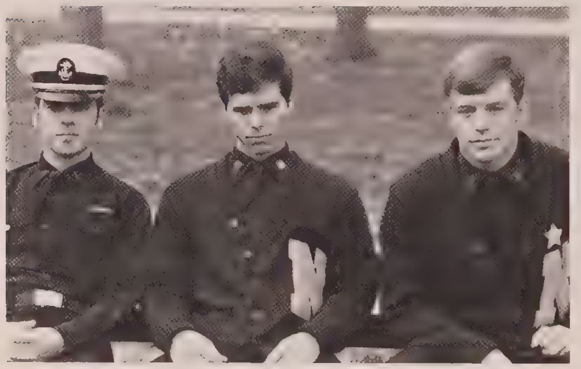
Front Row: D. Nylen, J. Cassell, C. Wood, Y. Ward, P. Jerome, T. Stoddard. *Second Row:* C. Shintaui, B. Bayack, J. Randall, D. Williams, B. Smith, R. Gaskill. *Third Row:* L. Barnhill, M. Munday, B. Konopik, S. O'Branski, R. Morris, M. Kaczmanek. *Fourth Row:* E. Dempsey, C. Tindal, F. Griggs, R. Mullarkey, M. Kane, D. Leivonen.

Front Row: D. Wessing, C. Jones, K. Harness, M. Brigden, D. Bruce, S. Brown, C. Church. *Second Row:* E. Menger, M. Mulligan, J. Clay, J. Gonzoles, G. Eide, G. Wiegle, V. Smarjesse. *Third Row:* O. Nieman, J. Burke, J. Klauss, D. Jackson, L. Goff, S. Colon, J. Brandt. *Fourth Row:* M. Schultz, M. Stankus, D. Fish, V. Maguire, R. White, S. Jaworski, R. Manski.

Front Row: D. Kowalski, G. Cebello, L. D'Avenia, R. Ungaro, S. Lazun, J. Gallo, B. Davis. *Second Row:* J. McClain, C. Schulz, S. Brown, D. Dittmer, M. Snyder, J. Cook. *Third Row:* D. Baudhuin, J. Richardson, R. Deloach, M. Jackson, S. Dahlquist, D. Slowikowski. *Fourth Row:* D. Parrot, H. Wykoff, T. McGraw, R. Armknecht, T. Allis, R. DeLong. *Fifth Row:* J. Sanders, J. Brockwell, C. Whalley, J. Bell, J. Coatney, D. Chandler.

27

LT H.S. PREVETTE, USN

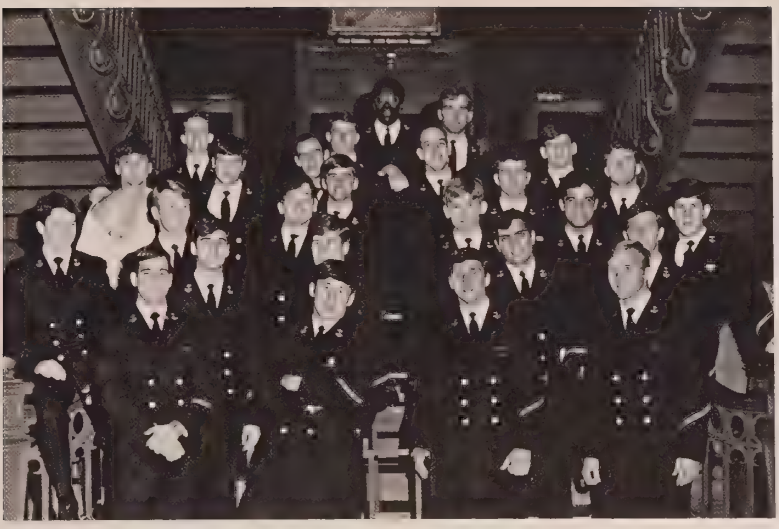


FIRST SET: III- R. Dolan;
II- M. Bradley; I- J. Rendine

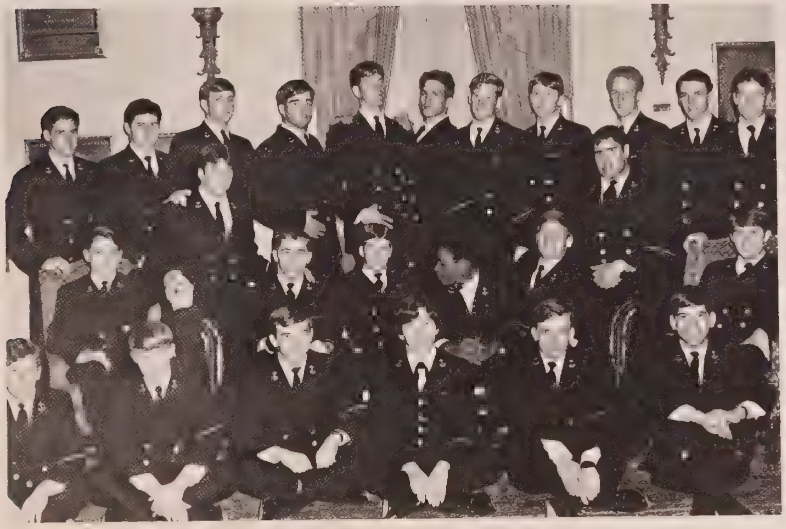
SECOND SET: III- B.L. Pooler;
II- J.B. Conyers; I- T.P. Hewitt

AUSTRAILIA or BUST.
INTERSTATE
79
DETOUR

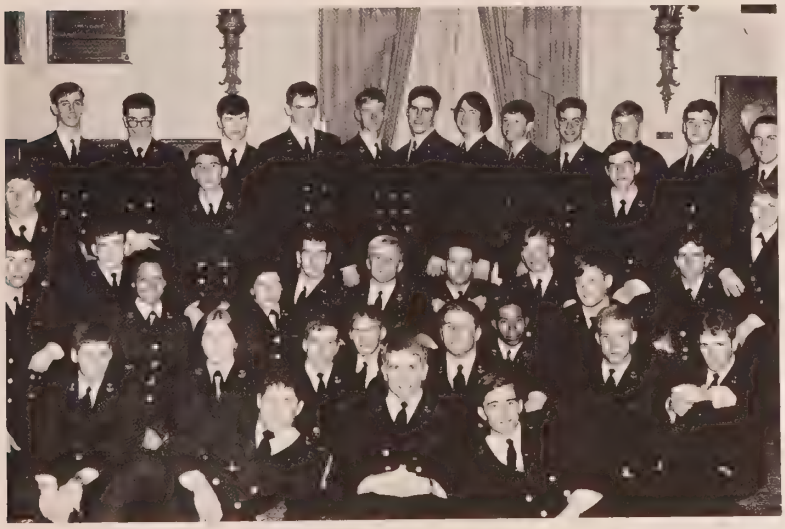
Left to right C. Harris, M. Bradley, T. Hewitt, M. Shipley, J. Conyers, W. Yalen, A. Grenci, P. Callas, M. Browning, J. Rendine, F. Leon-Guerrero, R. Dolan, W. Rose, R. Reasor, R. Ehrhardt, J. Cain, R. Rahall, M. Backstrom, G. Zitka, D. Maxwell, M. Kennedy, A. Smith, J. Dykes. Missing D. Corritore.



Front Row: J. Kern, A. Otano, G. Mislick, J. Brastauskas. *Second Row:* P. Mulloy, M. Huetteman, R. Heatherington, A. Artuso, R. Schlesinger. *Third Row:* L. Brown, L. Arkley, A. McCawley, R. Stefanovic, S. McShane. *Fourth Row:* M. Loretangeli, M. Lopez-Alegria, B. Chisolm, M. Marcinkowski, T. Casey. *Fifth Row:* K. Holwell, W. Elder, D. Riedel, S. Garrett. *Sixth Row:* S. Spehn, J. ABel, B. Carmichael.



Front Row: S. Moran, L. Johnson, T. Prince, P. Deluca, T. Hoffman, R. Sandoval. *Second Row:* S. Reese, D. Hendrickson, P. Polcari, B. Bellis, F. Lee, D. Kroupa, O. Nanyes, R. Vanguten. *Third Row:* L. Marquet, J. Macguire, K. Taylor, D. Ott, L. Burt, D. Dewispelaere, J. Barnhill, W. White, B. Byng, T. Jarmen, J. Fisher.

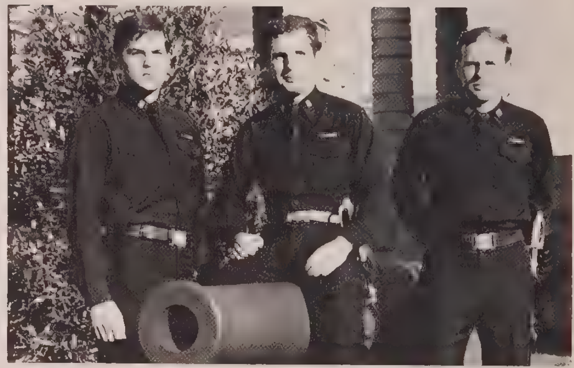


Front Row: T. Deitz, C. Vaughn, M. Criswell. *Second Row:* P. Nichols, D. Moberger, W. Pedley, S. Walker, J. Bell, M. Johnston, L. McKenney, M. Guenther. *Third Row:* F. Pursel, J. Van Houten, D. Hazzard, J. Leisch, D. Ringle, L. Moken, K. Varnum, K. Harvey, D. Larochelle, J. Shaver. *Fourth Row:* D. Fitzgerald, A. Ruiz, S. Johnson, P. Pitkin. *Fifth Row:* K. Ayres, L. Burley, M. Uenham, F. Lowery, J. Vandenberghe, C. Hogan, B. Nester, P. Gamble, J. Mahon, J. Byrd, N. Graham, G. Souser.

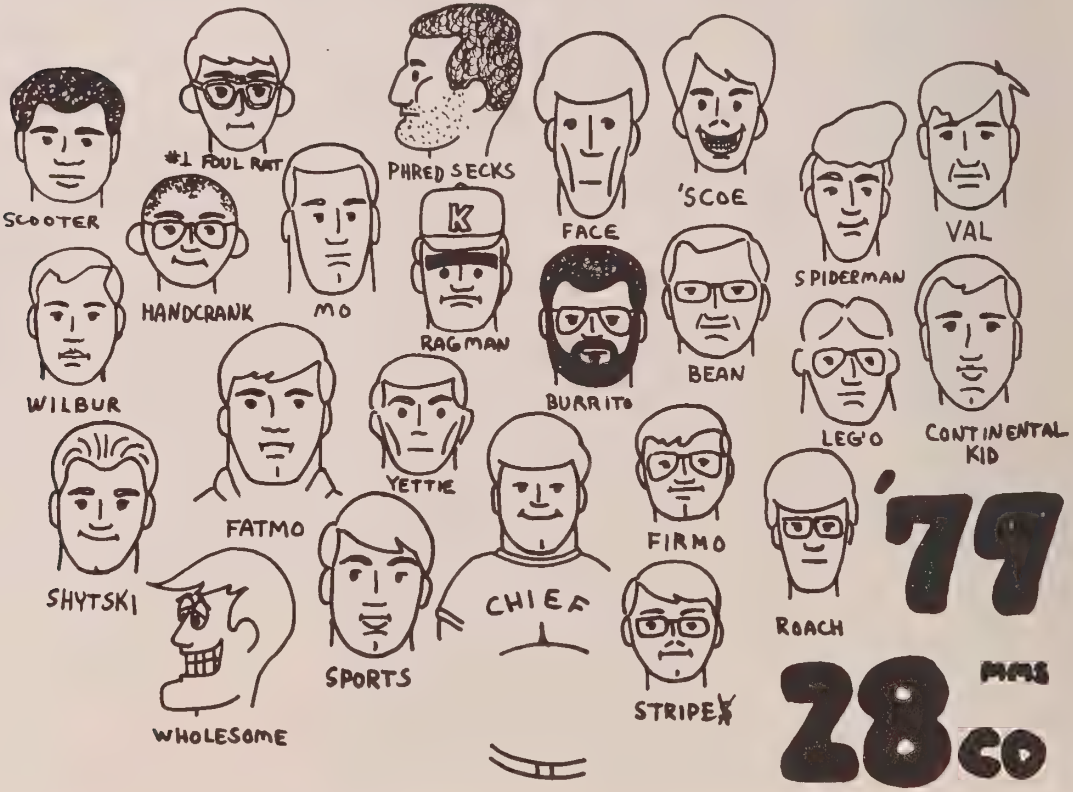
28

LT C.M. STEVENS, USN

FIRST SET: III- D. Nees;
II- G. Shuga; I- T. Hancock



SECOND SET: III- M. Willis; G.R. Adams Adj.;
II- K. Panos; Not pictured I- L. Glover


#1 FOUL RAT
PHRED SECKS
SCOOTER
FACE
'SCOE
VAL
K
SPIDERMAN
HANDCRANK
MO
RAGMAN
BEAN
WILBUR
BURRITO
LEG'O
CONTINENTAL KID
YETTIE
FATMO
FIRMO
'77
SHYTSKI
CHIEF
ROACH
SPORTS
STRIPES
WHOLESOME
28 CO

Front Row: P. Wacek, M. Foley, M. Maliniak, R. Altenburger, R. Mauldin. *Second Row:* J. Winter, D. Stahl, G. McCrary, D. Biesel, O. Edwards. *Third Row:* R. Alexander, D. Roberts, C. Preston, J. Rogers. *Fourth Row:* G. Davis, T. Loviza, R. Rivera, M. Bizzaro. *Fifth Row:* E. Manns, D. Character, J. Toves, R. Campbell. *Sixth Row:* J. Huckenpoehler, M. Riddle, J. Merrill, C. Hendershot, T. Kobosko.

Front Row: S. Plaisance, I. Pillot-Olive, M. Hanneman, R. Portocarrero, K. Holt, V. Kay, B. McGuinness. *Second Row:* M. Green, S. Komlo, T. Best, J. Brusoski, B. Drake, G. Rogers, C. Coughlin, B. Hlopak, C. Larrew. *Third Row:* B. Koerber, S. Forsyth, J. Cronauer, R. Miller, J. Driscoll, B. Perry, M. Farrington, M. Hein, D. Walkowiak. *Fourth Row:* B. Standley, D. Kruse, J. Terlizzese, D. Rickards, S. Kafka, K. Walker, L. Philpot.

Front Row: W. Derr, B. Marriner, T. King, D. O'Meara, M. Cwick, V. Drouillard, V. DeCastro, A. Logsdon. *Second Row:* G. Bensinger, R. Johnson, T. Harrington, P. Johnson, W. Blanding, B. Fell, R. Alderson, T. Williams. *Third Row:* D. Martin, D. Murray, M. Williams, K. Boreen, M. Teate, A. Pillado, C. Laird. *Fourth Row:* C. Cechak, P. Morrisette, T. Reinert, D. Gneiser, R. Gideon, S. Antonelli, K. Carkhuff. *Fifth Row:* R. Russell, P. Bingham, M. Gordon, B. Moylan, R. Kiser, M. Harper, P. Ewing, J. Daily.

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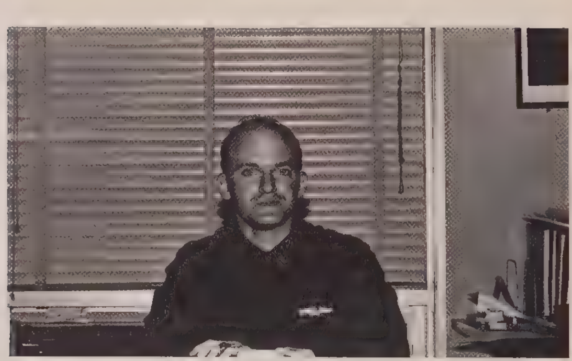
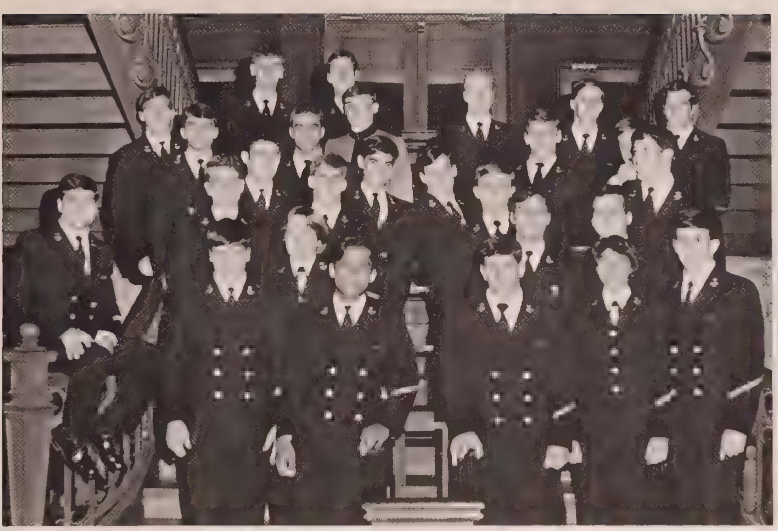


LT T.L. MENDENHALL, USN

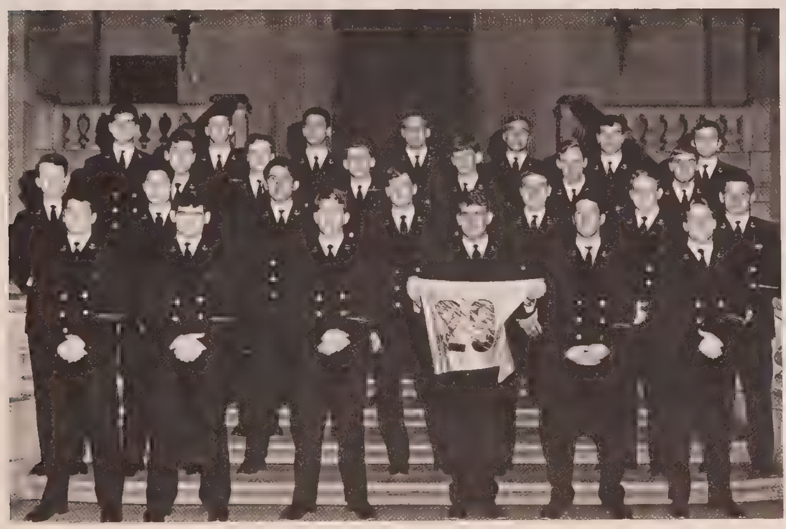
FIRST SET: III- M.E. Gallagher; L. Larrigoite Adj.;
II- R.J. Rubin; Not pictured K. Moran

SECOND SET: III- D.L. Geving; K.D. Tindall Adj.;
II- J.E. Wise; Not pictured I- R. Kim

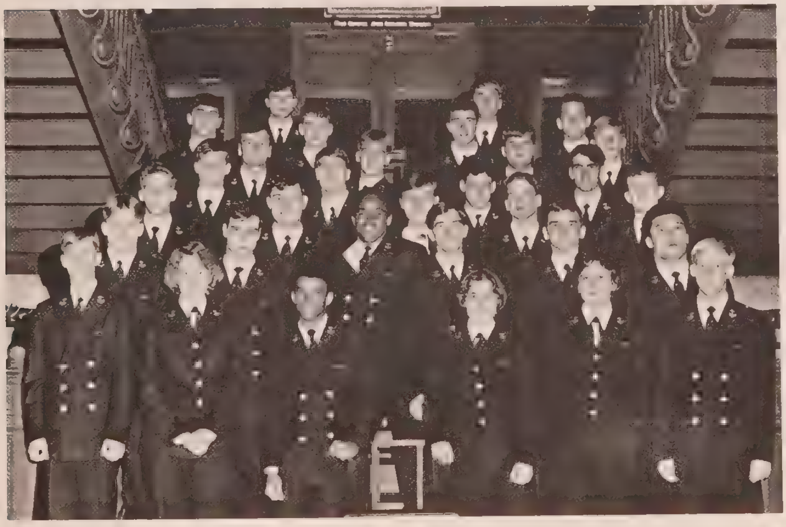
Left to right R. Lanning, D. Hammil, J. Kennedy, R. Yocum, W. Stark, W. Cochran, L. McCoy, C. Jordan, R. Compton, J. Messenger, D. Jensen, L. Silvester, L. Larragoite, K. Tindall, M. Gallagher, S. Clark, R. Peck, J. Wise, R. Engel, D. Geving, K. Moran, J. Rubin, R. Warner, R. Kim, G. McMullan, M. Fernbaugh, K. Luker, F. Dombrowski, J. Barnes. Not pictured J. Johnson.



Front Row: G. Norman, J. San Augstin, R. Pizzi, R. Olds, J. Wilson. *Second Row:* F. Cassiano, M. Morley, K. Schmidt, T. Allen. *Third Row:* J. Franklin, M. Maxwell, D. Olsen, B. Crow. *Fourth Row:* D. Flores, R. Pottberg, T. Goebel, D. Crump. *Fifth Row:* R. Etem, R. Jones, K. Healy, B. Webber, S. Kornatz. *Sixth Row:* J. Allison, M. Fedor, J. Fenton, B. Eschbach, T. Paulk.



Front Row: M. Rascona, R. Craft, C. Hardy, K. Irgens, J. Lawrence, J. Love. *Second Row:* K. Johnson, R. Hasegawa, M. Gallegos, B. Wood, J. Pierse, B. Gawboy, M. Stolzenberg. *Third Row:* N. Hogg, J. Gallagher, C. Pruden, B. Cummings, J. Beattie, K. Cotherman. *Fourth Row:* M. Schanuel, P. Kanewske, J. Asher, J. Murray, B. Grabarek, J. Arango, C. Vagts.



Front Row: J. Hornick, C. Rowe, J. Carey, M. Johnson, K. Bustle, K. Johnson. *Second Row:* T. Taylor, P. Hunter, N. Winbush, R. Baker, W. Lang, M. Dougherty. *Third Row:* G. Papaioanou, M. Cotter, S. Barta, T. Merkel, C. Seitz. *Fourth Row:* E. Kules, J. Hardison, M. Bustos, T. Holland. *Fifth Row:* D. Burnes, J. Evins, G. Suhrer, B. Hood. *Sixth Row:* M. Abrashoff, G. Chamberlain, L. Bishop, K. Baugh. *Seventh Row:* J. Myers, D. Sinnet.

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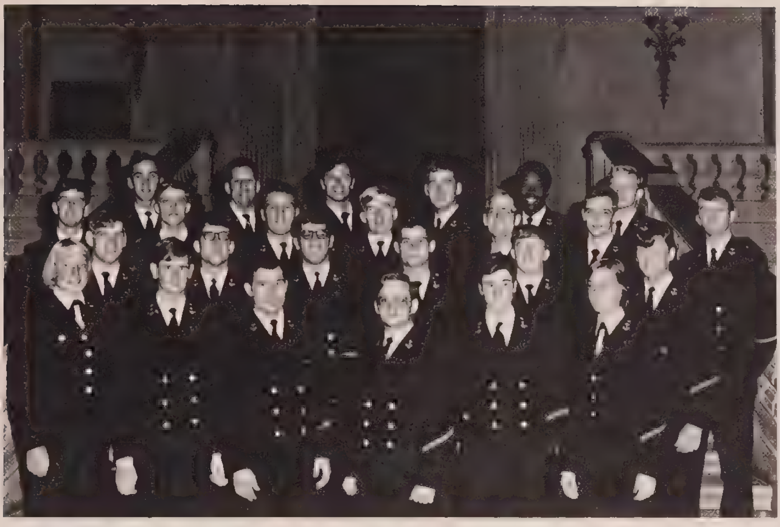
Front (l to r) J. Manor, M. Pederson, C. Bentley, D. Swenson, R. Lillo, M. Gebel, D. Chang, J. Knecht, S. Curtis, S. Squires; Top row P. Pohlmeyer, S. Ambrose, K. Painter, K. Albers, S. Brooks, T. Wittenschlager, T. Warren, C. Drake, S. Bruce, B. MacKay, S. Heida, J. Van Langen.

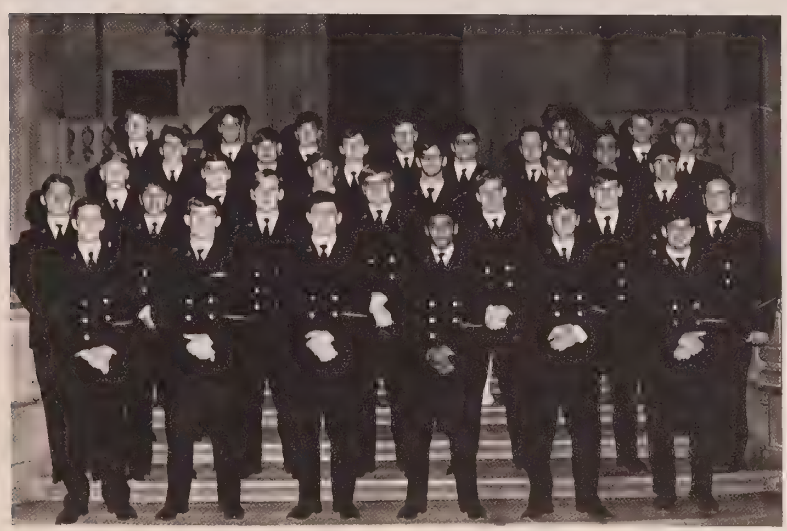
FIRST SET: III- S.G. Heida;
I- D.E. Swenson; Not pictured II- R. Lillo

SECOND SET: III- C.D. Bentley;
II- M. Pederson; I- J.S. Manor

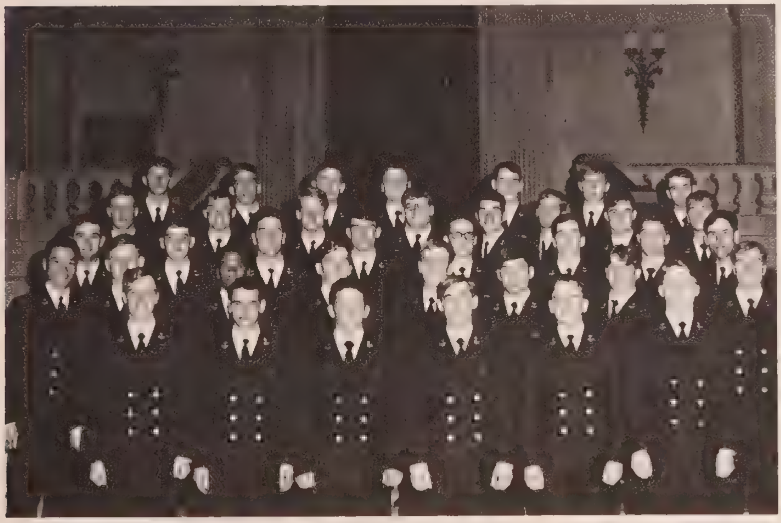
LT D.V. FULWIDER, USN



Front Row: K. Karlson, M. Rolfes, T. Yates, D. Arnold, J. Johnson, L. Belzer. *Second Row:* R. Styzynski, M. Czarzasty, V. Cinnamo, R. Granier, K. Mulloy, D. Walker. *Third Row:* D. Eisenhart, R. Schroeder, F. D. Chief, M. Marshfield, C. Smith, B. Bowen, G. Howard. *Fourth Row:* M. Wallace, G. Hightaiagn, T. Nemecek, A. Schwan, S. Cooper, J. Hogsett.



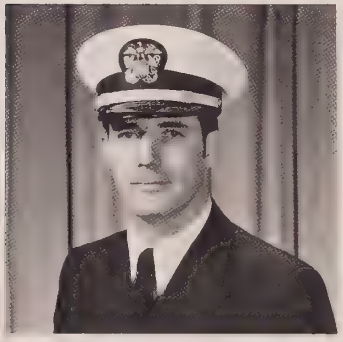
Front Row: D. Johnston, R. Turman, J. O'Hara, M. Nixon, T. Daniel, M. Giancatarino. *Second Row:* P. Hankins, P. Gumataotao, S. Thomas, M. Olmstead, P. Morgan, C. Fedyschyn, G. Snyder. *Third Row:* F. Tettelbach, R. Kopp, T. Munns, V. Vlasho, J. Dickmann, M. Adamschick. *Fourth Row:* A. Gurnee, M. Anderson, D. Burton, M. Kronzer, D. Honigs, N. Schacht, R. Vranicar. *Fifth Row:* M. Middleton, M. Paulaitis, M. Gallet, M. Carr, J. Braun, V. Cole.



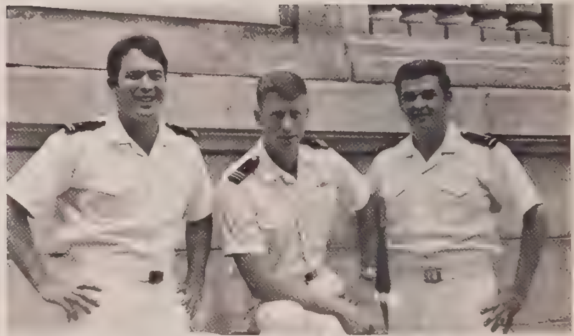
Front Row: S. Dietz, S. Epstein, G. Voigt, J. Firanzi, P. Yorio, P. Friel. *Second Row:* R. Cheong, E. Thompson, W. Terrell, R. Reimer, S. Burris, S. Gullette, R. Britt, D. DeJarnette. *Third Row:* R. Radcliffe, A. Vaca, K. Murphy, R. Cox, S. Corley, J. Ferrer, R. Zimmermann, C. Ratte. *Fourth Row:* B. Oydna, M. Wralstad, M. Fisher, P. Warker, M. Scassero, R. Stoffa, W. Hammond, T. Cohen. *Fifth Row:* J. Hughes, W. Klansek, D. Knox, D. Ryan, J. Vena, P. Schulert, S. Parks.

31

31st COMPANY FIRSTIES

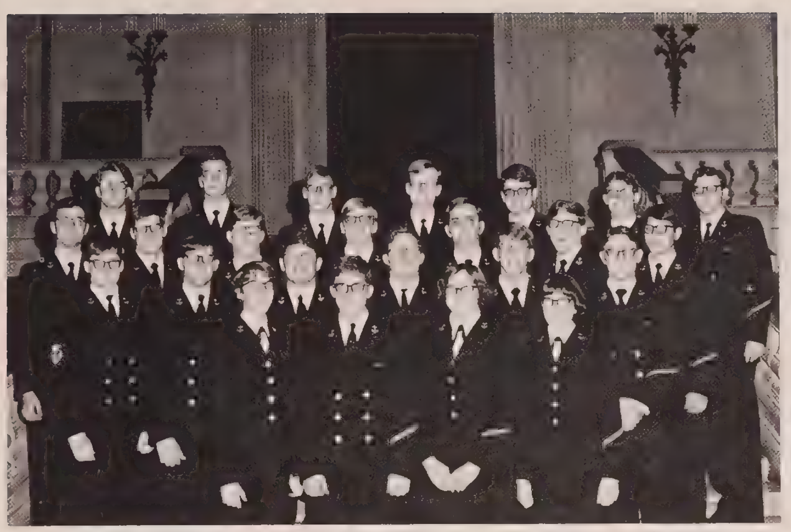


LT W.S. BONIFACE, USN

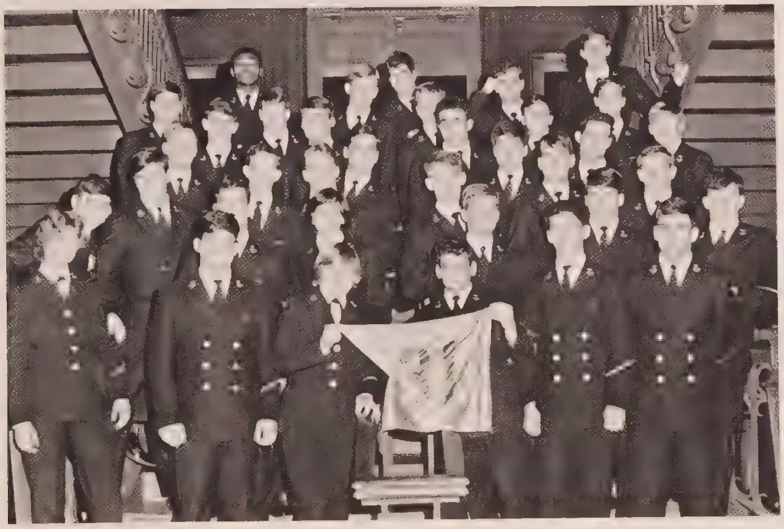


FIRST SET: III- D.B. Streich; II- C.C. Wilson; I- S.M. Ische

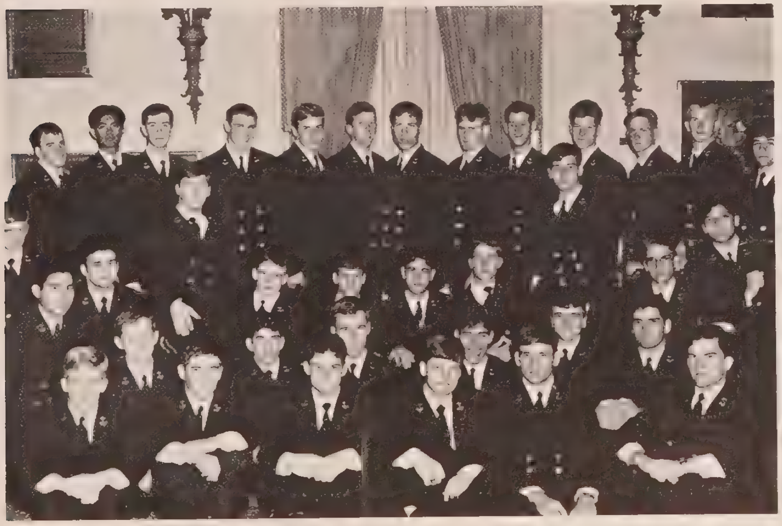
SECOND SET: III- M.M. Clemente; II- K.W. Raup; I- J.C. Pedigo



Front Row: C. Sebrechts, M. Reed, L. Banzo, S. Keller. *Second Row:* M. Peters, J. Link, R. Melenovsky, J. Johnstone, D. Clement, M. Shettle. *Third Row:* P. Thrasher, T. Sullivan, B. Chamberlain, T.F. Woop, T. Mills, D. Herrscher, D. Chen. *Fourth Row:* T. Brodmerkel, D. Clingan, S. Sharpe, J. Fischer, L. Bonnham, W. Gildner, B. Lair.



Front Row: T. Gray, D. Stewart, M. Kopper, J. Bitman, R. Franza, J. Meyers. *Second Row:* D. Carty, S. Dutton, M. Paggi, S. Hinds, D. Dick, S. Schehl, D. Gulling. *Third Row:* H. Zajic W. Burnette, G. Fine, B. Johnson, D. Soukup, B. Stafford. *Fourth Row:* R. Parish, T. Gallo, J. Dean, H. Lock, M. Howard, S. Kelety. *Fifth Row:* T. Malloy, K. Bowman, M. Jarvis, R. Hovell, D. Heimbach, P. Lorge. *Sixth Row:* D. Green, B. Peacock, D. Duffet, S. Kobiela, T. Green.



Front Row: S. Leftwich, P. Shaw, N. Boorassa, T. Stranske, R. Merck, J. Rainey. *Second Row:* T. Towler, D. Proulx, W. Walker, T. Pasternak, S. Kosm, G. Whitney-Orellana. *Third Row:* K. Voelker, J. Malapit, B. Anderson, M. Jacobsen, J. Griffith, J. Sealy, G. Stagnitta, J. Wardach, D. Brosh, D. Jahrsdoerfer, R. Sepulveda. *Fourth Row:* D. Mack, N. Villarin, B. Fazekas, R. Patterson, B. Laingen, M. Converse, J. Maloney, M. Keiley, M. Norton, D. Smellow, D. Mewbourne, S. Jones, M. Saunders.

32

Bottom (L to r) J. Hartzog, J. Bontrager, K. Southworth, T. Mairs, B. Noble, T. Jacobsen, S. Spain, H. Hollis, D. Dennis, A. Kuong, R. Gross, T. Flynn, B. Burns, D. Fleenor, S. Voetsch, S. Bazer, B. Garris; Middle C. Hayes, D. McDonald, J. Holt, B. Cottingham, G. Gearing; Top G. Baka.

MAJ M.C. McCLURE, USMC

FIRST SET: III- S. Voetsch; II- J.W. Holt; I- W.D. Noble

SECOND SET: III- J.L. Bontrager; II- H.C. Hollis, I- A.P. Kuong

Front Row: R. Edmonson, S. Nygaard, R. Rives, M. Bathrick. *Second Row:* R. Christensen, S. Dean, J. Buttram, M. McDonald, R. Ishii, R. Miller, M. Burr, J. Budnick. *Third Row:* M. Petrofes, M. Tomb, M. Shane, J. Sheairs, R. Colvin, K. Ketchmark. *Fourth Row:* M. Long, D. Hughes, W. Hoeft, R. Johnson, R. Hodge, R. Jackson, D. Poole.

Front Row: C. Wright, F. Smith, M. C. Hennessey, S. Stewart, A. Lau, L. Graham. *Second Row:* J. Heuber, J. Stewart, J. Roberts, C. Stolle, B. Cheslack, R. Fuqua. *Third Row:* F. McCallister, E. Brownlee, T. Courtney, P. Karcz, J. Stutz. *Fourth Row:* C. Voss, M. Pallin, B. Pancho, M. Carucci, R. Seidel, M. Thaller, D. Ramich, J. Berube. *Fifth Row:* E. Tucholski, T. Johnson, J. Means, M. Newman, A. Coric.

Front Row: M. Clark, H. Dupont, C. Wilson, T. Huddle, K. Gregory, R. Kurtz, M. Lamble. *Second Row:* B. Daugherty, M. Poole, G. Gunderson, J. Porter, A. Carey, B. Applegate, P. Ricciuti. *Third Row:* J. Foley, S. Kenny, K. Baragar, S. Michaelson, B. Klorig, G. Landis, T. Crook. *Fourth Row:* K. Maxwell, P. Laroque, M. Smack, B. Grimm, M. Banks, D. Dunaway, R. Matthews, E. McDaniel. *Fifth Row:* S. Myers, T. McDonnel, E. Sjoblom, E. Viering, B. Dorris, R. Smith, J. Fowles.

33

LT J.A. GOODMAN, USN

Not pictured: FIRST SET: III- J.C. Davis; II- C.R. Lane; I- J.A. Junert

SECOND SET: III- D.R. Vortherms; II- M.W. Reedy; G.E. Cerezo Adj.; Not pictured I- T.P. MacMeil

FIRST CLASS
CHECK IN
TICKETING

First row (l to r) T. MacNeil, J. Weckerly, A. Ohanian, J. Davis, Second row J. Goodwin, G. Cerezo, G. Argerake, P. Johnstone, J. Eggleston, T. Heimer, P. Rasmussen; Third row M. Hawkins, P. Cullom, C. Armitage, M. Reedy, S. Hogge, J. Kunert, K. Darin, T. Forsythe; Fourth row D. Vortherms, C. Lane, M. Duncovich, A. Womble, D. Stone.

Front Row: M. Breckenridge, K. Slevin, S. Hanley, B. Kosinski, R. Averill. *Second Row:* B. Killea, R. Springman, B. Anderson, M. Loman. *Third Row:* J. Ross, P. Kilger, A. Lewis, D. Preston, P. Lumme, J. Mokodean, C. Meyers. *Fourth Row:* J. Hayden, K. MacDonald, A. Martynenko, P. Stanford, P. Lefler, S. Veit, T. Bennett. *Fifth Row:* S. Diehl, B. Nash, R. Farmer, D. Purin.

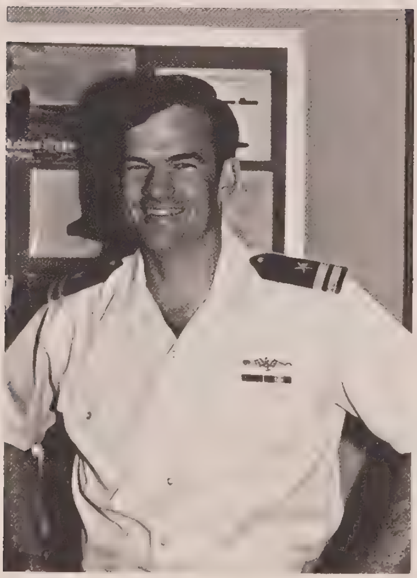
Front Row: S. Kauffman, T. Boyce, P. Smith, G. Dalhoff, K. O'Connell. *Second Row:* P. Antonino, B. Ward, C. Patterson, P. Grensemen. *Third Row:* D. Mueth, M. Newcomb, D. Galaska, N. Fuchs. *Fourth Row:* A. Cole, M. Comtois, T. Carter, B. Kissel. *Fifth Row:* M. McLaughlin, T. Dumbauld, S. Bodkin, K. Ware, G. Folley. *Sixth Row:* F. Voler, M. Dolan, K. Redfern, M. Violante.

Front Row: J. Harrison, C. Douglas, R. Bernal, G. Dinardo, T. Scuccimarra, A. Rodriguez. *Second Row:* D. Otte, P. Damiani, M. Heatherington, M. Maurer, K. Keenan. *Third Row:* M. Roskind, C. Wilson, T. Wild, A. Smythe, M. Barth, B. Hebert. *Fourth Row:* T. Mascolo, T. Jordan, L. Nordvig, J. Ohl, J. Philon, M. Ammons. *Fifth Row:* O. Spitz, B. Duncan, M. Morris, E. Werling. *Sixth Row:* M. Koziel, E. Dahl, J. Fernandez, K. Sonderman, R. Horton. *Seventh Row:* F. Gren, M. Gish, J. Smith, M. Short.

34th COMPANY FIRSTIES

FIRST SET: III- R.J. Ginsberg; II- D.W. Shockley; I- P.F. Reeves

LT J.K. WELCH, USN



SECOND SET: III- T.M. Rychlik; II- R.E. Luke; I- S.T. Pickles

Front Row: B. Jackson, W. Porr, N. Burke, P. Finegan. *Second Row:* M. Ingram, E. Zimmer, K. Hall, E. O'Callaghan, J. Johnston, G. Pieper. *Third Row:* T. McLaughlin, J. Winter, P. Keavney, J. Davis, A. Hargreaves, R. Harwood. *Fourth Row:* E. Borger, T. Sloan, T. White, D. Ray, G. Redenius.

Front Row: J. Hart, E. Lum, A. Inouye, T. Fitzpatrick, D. Dwyer, C. Pirrong. *Second Row:* A. Foerster, J. Ahlgrimm, B. Workman, R. Hagen, J. Arnett, B. Page, E. Hilshcer, R. Niewoehner. *Third Row:* B. Jackson, T. Hickman, S. Woodmaska, T. Burke, G. Stromer. *Fourth Row:* C. Cravaack, B. Nesselt, S. Murdock, S. Billington, S. Hooper, C. Green. *Fifth Row:* M. McGinty, J. Bonner, M. Landers, B. McDowell, B. Cantrell.

Front Row: J. Misch, C. Carbott, J. McEnerney, C. Cassidy, Y. Duwell, K. May. *Second Row:* S. Schulte, B. Palomo, M. Hoppe, M. Rodriguez, M. Shumpert, K. Silvers. *Third Row:* J. Ross, C. Segura, T. Morgan, L. Gilpin, J. Armas. *Fourth Row:* E. Nielson, T. Wilkins, A. Odom, S. Russ, V. Pescatore, J. Rasmussen. *Fifth Row:* T. Brewer, P. Monger, K. Collins, K. Defeo, J. Oldham. *Sixth Row:* D. Cline, M. Chlarson, P. Gates, L. Tilghman. *Seventh Row:* A. Wolfe, R. Forbes, G. Sears, F. Jaggears, C. Borcik. *Eighth Row:* K. Proctor, G. Papajohn, M. Wright, R. Hine.

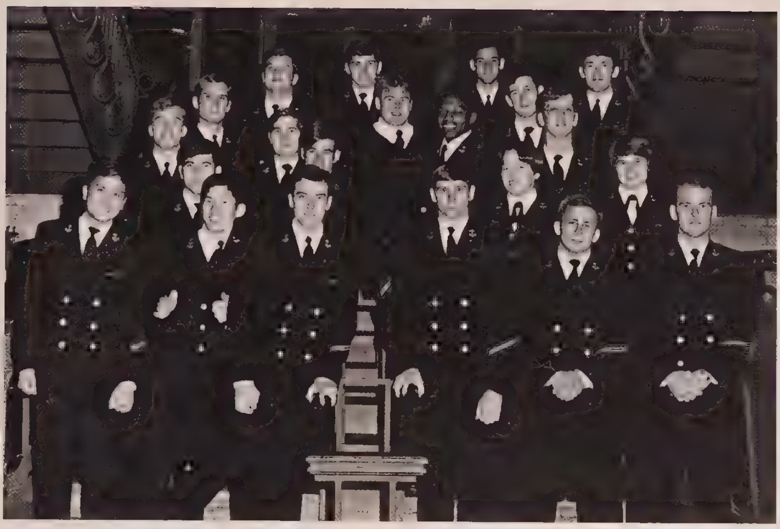
35

35th COMPANY FIRSTIES

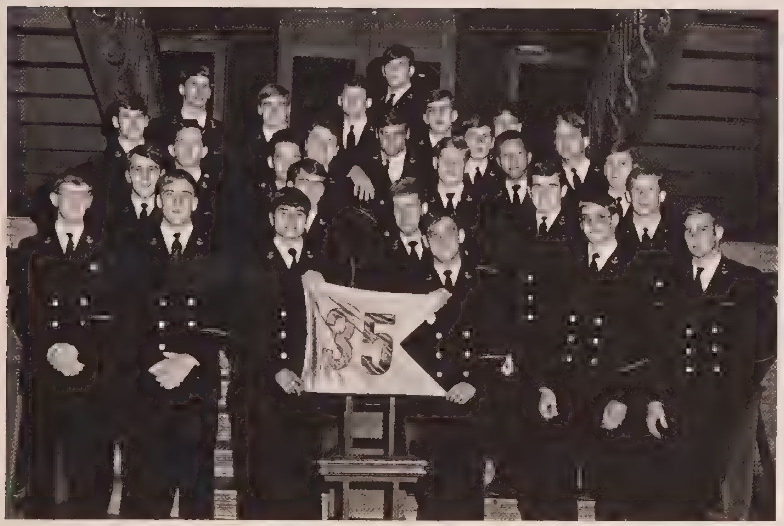
Not pictured: FIRST SET: III- H.B. Gregorie; II- A.K. Brewer; I- D.W. Keiler

LT F.B. GRUBB, USN

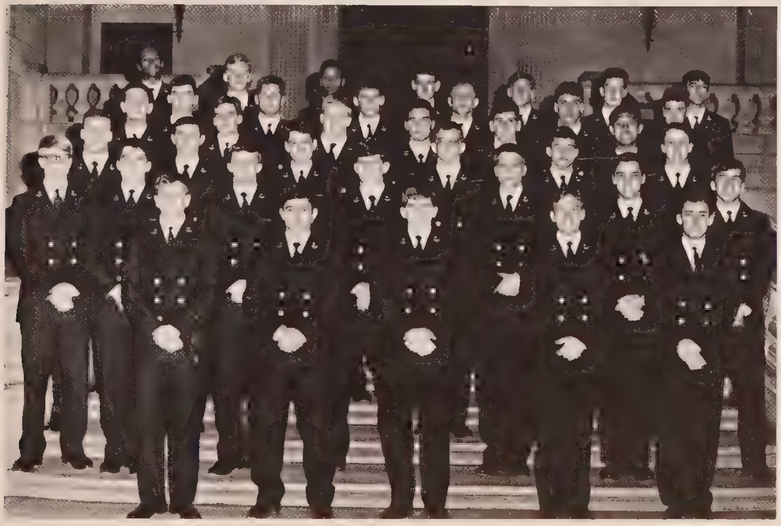
SECOND SET: III- D.S. Foreman; II- K. Shanaghan; I- M.P. Doyle



Front Row: A. Guzman, D. Nagao, R. Thompson, R. Smirich, E. Settle, J. Dunn. *Second Row:* G. Martinez, Jr., M. Buzzell, K. Henderson, R. Druce. *Third Row:* T. Fish, J. Miller, T. Mack, M. Poussard, *Fourth Row:* J. Gernand, M. Ciepiela, J. Samuels. *Fifth Row:* J. Karonis, T. Lake, S. Streightiff, J. Briggs.



Front Row: R. Phillips, D. Johnson, M. Falcon, J. Rodrock, E. Randall, R. Fisher. *Second Row:* R. Peyreigne, T. Kraft, S. Eastburg, K. Fairbanks, B. Jackson. *Third Row:* D. Weatherford, B. Berg, P. Lien, A. Barnes, L. Grigg. *Fourth Row:* J. Castleton, D. McDonald, R. Schrader, A. Kurta, J. Kuzmick. *Fifth Row:* R. Moss, W. Laughlin, C. Willy, M. Kula, P. Cahela. *Sixth Row:* T. Dillon.

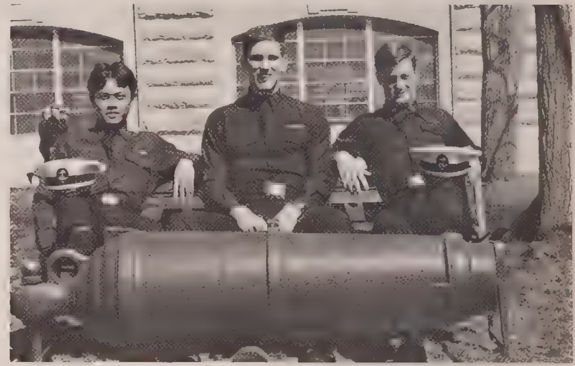


Front Row: J. Krebes, P. Salinas, M. Mahoney, G. Latta, E. Ritter. *Second Row:* M. Johnson, T. Allen, B. Evans, M. Lusk, N. Johnson, W. Jeffries, S. Barr, *Third Row:* G. Blume, T. Campbell, G. May, R. Lundquist, M. McNellis, M. Shoemaker. *Fourth Row:* E. Dille, C. Wanstall, M. Aylward, S. Taracevicz, K. Welty, D. Hee. *Fifth Row:* T. Brannen, R. Hauke, P. Grosklags, L. Lucas, D. Galiyas, J. Donovan. *Sixth Row:* M. Simons, M. McCloskey, B. Baptiste, J. McHale, S. Fehr, M. Swartz, P. Hoffman.

36

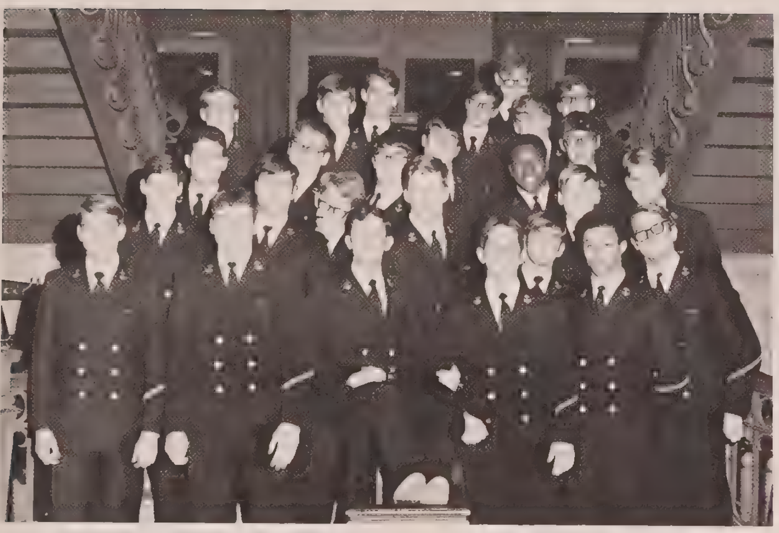
LT S.E. OGDEN, USN

FIRST SET: III- M.J. Sullivan;
II- E.L. Sweigard; I- M.S. Finley

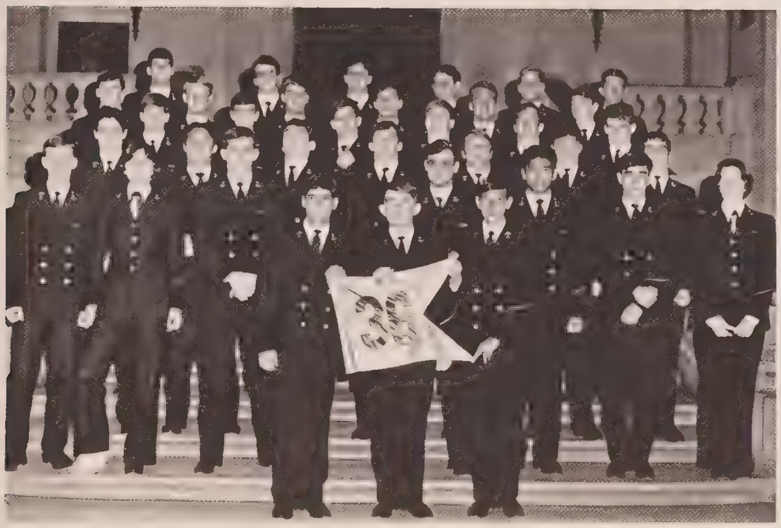


SECOND SET: III- D.S. Andrews;
II- P.M. Hatch; I- E.D. Abordo

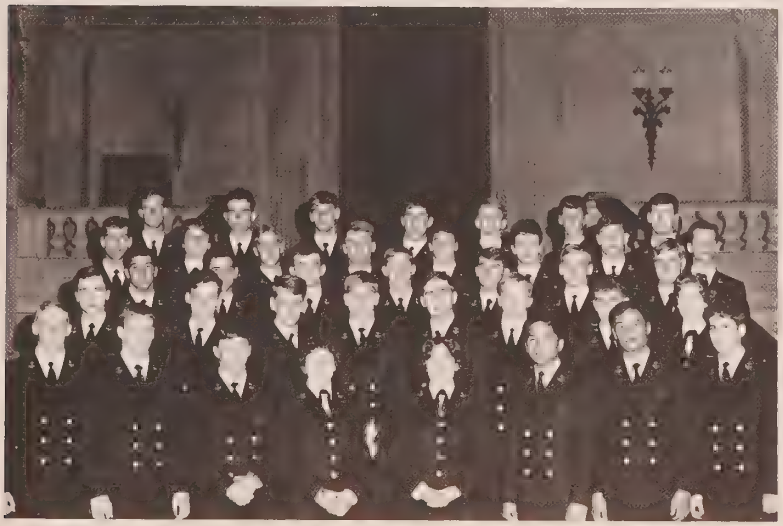
Laying M. Hobo; First row (l to r) J. Rock, C. Kwong, M. Smully, P. Doughboy, M. Bo, P. Flea, S. Mack; Second row R. Swaggs, R. Boxhead, R. Son, K. Krop, R. Fitz, R. Carrski, W. Mammoth, K. Caffeine, J. Ringo; Standing B. Bingo, B. John, K. Daddy, D. Mon, E. Hammy, A. Jay.



Front Row: J. Edwards, T. Ryan, P. Prager, M. Madden, V. Shorts. *Second Row:* T. Deppe, R. Shockley, J. Corbett, D. Kilian, D. Hinz. *Third Row:* D. Cottle, G. Hubbard, J. Zerbe, C. Nichols. *Fourth Row:* M. Wenzel, T. Veroucci, M. Rose, R. Figgins. *Fifth Row:* W. Elento, M. Whiting, M. Wykoff. *Sixth Row:* B. Metzger, T. Peck, M. Mason, B. Catalano, P. Fyles.



Front Row: T. Sanchez, J. Wachter, B. Freer. *Second Row:* A. Scott, T. Sanders, D. Lane, D. Smith, J. Calle, J. Sorce, M. Tuohey. *Third Row:* B. Fox, S. Kim, J. Bianchi, E. Turner, J. Vazquez, G. Bell, K. Kenny. *Fourth Row:* K. Alt, M. Mayer, F. Knight, F. Ross, M. McLaughlin, M. Morris. *Fifth Row:* M. Stretton, C. Gallagher, G. Romig, D. Dent, J. Christenson, D. Branzell. *Sixth Row:* J. Gananie, B. Harden, J. Shannon, J. Schartung, B. Hagaman, P. Pepper.



Front Row: B. Barnes, J. Carroll, S. Harris, D. Zink, C. Cortez, T. Anongos, A. Camaisa, J. Fritsche. *Second Row:* T. Ray, T. Roddy, D. Baptist, A. Wright, R. Jackson, C. Sprinkle, D. Fuson, S. Wischow. *Third Row:* T. Scuteri, M. Petters, R. Merg, W. Smith, T. Ryan, IV, K. Harms, K. Ehlers. *Fourth Row:* B. Stewart, U. Skeehan, M. Sims, C. Leonard, T. Brown, J. Richardson, F. Lancia, T. Varner. *Fifth Row:* C. Atmore, M. Ruland, R. Mayer, K. Olsen, M. Enright, S. Lauzon, K. McCarthy.

SPORTS

ROGER T. STAUBACH '65

Roger Staubach is remembered most for his accomplishments as a midshipman, rather than his exploits following graduation. For after gaining the starting quarterback spot as a youngster, he led Navy football through a most exciting three years, from 1962 through the conclusion of the 1964-65 season. The 63-64 season proved to be the most successful for Second Classman Staubach as Navy ran up a 9-2 record, beat Army 21-15, and finished the season second in the nation. Navy went on to the Cotton Bowl, only to lose to Texas 28-6. That was to be Navy's last post season appearance until the 1978-79 season. Also in that year, Staubach received the Heisman Trophy, which caused his jersey to be retired along with the jersey of Navy's other Heisman winner, Joe Bellino. During his first class year, Roger Staubach captained Navy's Baseball team and was the Sixth Company commander for a set.

On graduation day, Staubach was commissioned into the Supply Corps and during his naval service spent several years in Vietnam. Currently he is still playing football, but now for the Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League and has been very successful.

Though the path he chose may not have been the same as the other distinguished graduates mentioned on these pages, his desire to compete and win is symbolic of the spirit of all Naval Academy graduates.

28
15
7
93

FALL

RECORDS

CROSS COUNTRY (5-0)

Navy 15, Mt. St. Mary's 50
Navy 18, Columbia 45
Navy 21, Univ. of Richmond 38
Lehigh Invitational, Navy 3rd
Navy 23, Maryland 37
Navy 15, Syracuse 48
USTAFF Championships, Navy 7th
Heptagonal Championships, Navy 2nd
NCAA District 2 Regional, Navy 7th

FOOTBALL (9-3)

Navy 32, Virginia 0
Navy 30, Connecticut 0
Navy 19, Boston College 8
Navy 37, Air Force 8
Navy 31, Duke 8
Navy 9, William & Mary 0
Navy 21, Pittsburgh 11
Navy 7, Notre Dame 27
Navy 17, Syracuse 20
Navy 6, Florida State 38
Navy 28, Army 0

HOLIDAY BOWL

Navy 23, Brigham Young 16

150-lb FOOTBALL (4-1)

Navy 37, Rutgers 0
Navy 14, Cornell 20
Navy 17, Penn 3
Navy 8, Army 7
Navy 45, Princeton 12

SOCCER (5-4-3)

Navy 1, Howard 1 (OT)
Navy 4, Swarthmore 0
Navy 4, VMI 0
Navy 1, William & Mary 0
Navy 1, Maryland 1 (OT)
Navy 1, George Washington 1 (OT)
Navy 3, Connecticut Univ. 2
Navy 1, Univ. of Pennsylvania 2
Navy 1, Washington College 0
Navy 1, Duke 2
Navy 0, Madison 2
Navy 0, Army 1

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL (34-13-1)

Navy 2, Morgan State 0
Navy 2, College of Notre Dame 0
George Washington Tourn., Navy 3rd
Navy 2, Salisburg State 0
Navy 2, York College 0
Navy 2, UMBC 0
Temple Invitational, Navy tied 5th
Navy 2, Maryland 3
Navy 3, Howard 0
Navy 2, Catholic Univ. 0
Navy 0, Western Maryland 2
Navy 2, Mt. St. Mary's 0
Navy 2, Mary Washington 0
Delaware Invitational, Navy 5th
Navy 2, Gallaudet 0
Navy 2, Towson St. 0
Maryland Invitational, Navy did not place
Navy 2, Washington College 0
Navy 2, Westchester 0
Navy 2, American Univ. 1
Navy 2, George Mason 0
Navy 3, Loyola 0
Navy 2, George Washington 1
Navy 0, Georgetown 2
Navy 2, Delaware 0
MAIAW State Tournament, Navy 1st
EAIAW, Navy tied 5th

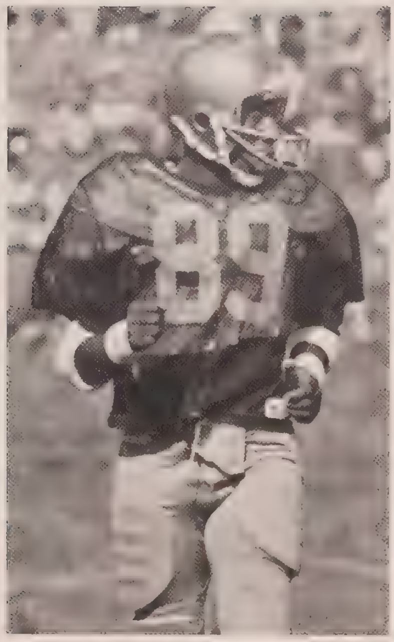
FOOTBALL

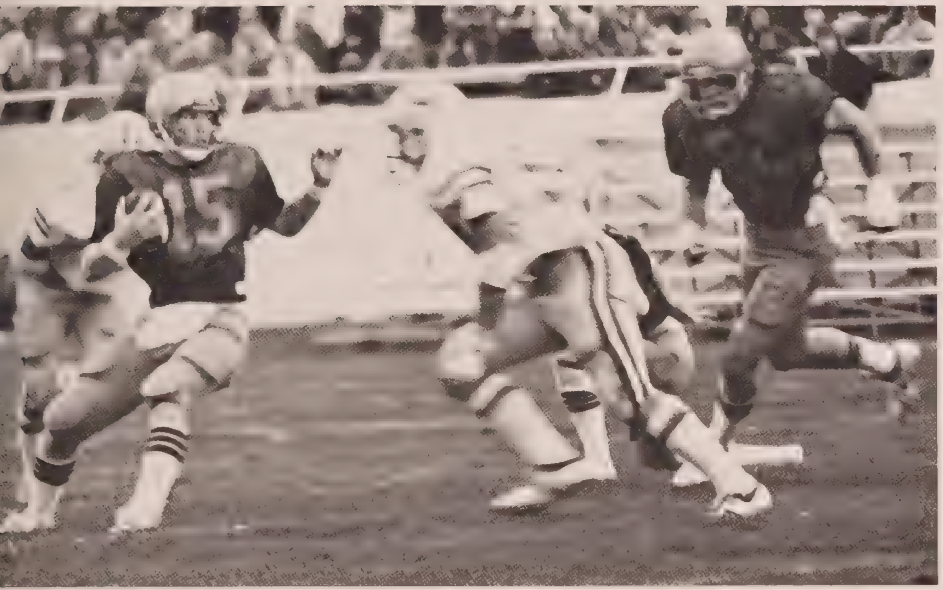
BOUGAINVILLE
RABAUL
CAPE GLOUCESTER

Much has been said about the 1978-79 Navy football season, but the record of 9-3, with a Holiday Bowl victory says it all. The team showed poise and composure under the leadership of Phil McConkey and Nick Mygas, and Head Coach George Welsh.

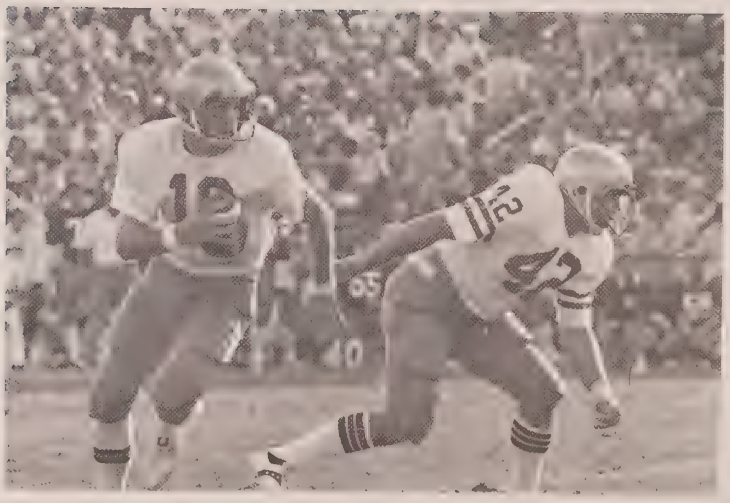
The support of the Brigade was evident throughout the first seven victories, and especially through the three tough losses which followed. In Philadelphia, the Cadets may have had the spirit of the twelth man, but even that extra man could have stopped the 28-0 rout of the men in gray.

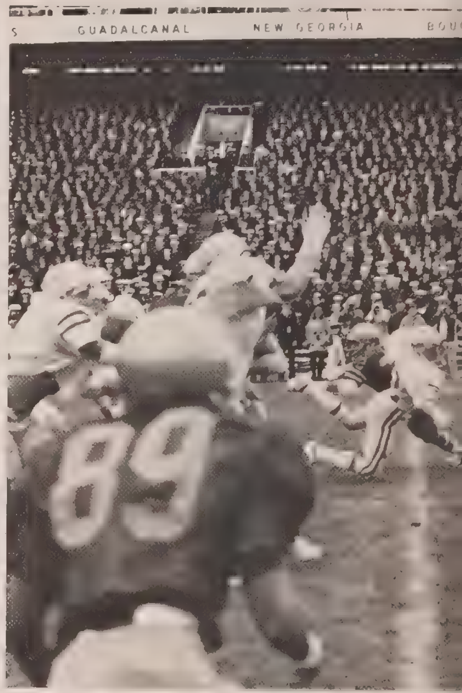
Always ready to do it one better, Navy went west for its first bowl game since the days of Roger Staubach and proved they could come from behind by defeating Brigham Young 23-16, before a partisan crowd in San Diego. Clearly it was a season to be proud of and one to be remembered by us all.

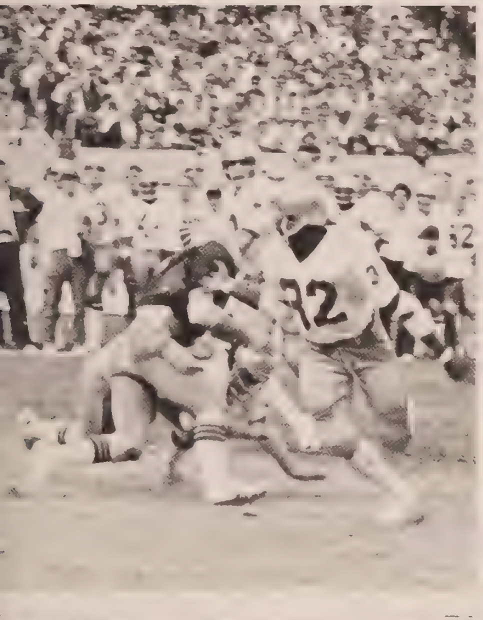




AVY
QTR DOWN YDS




GUADALCANAL
NEW GEORGIA


32

37

75

NAVY

64
64
14
49
76
36
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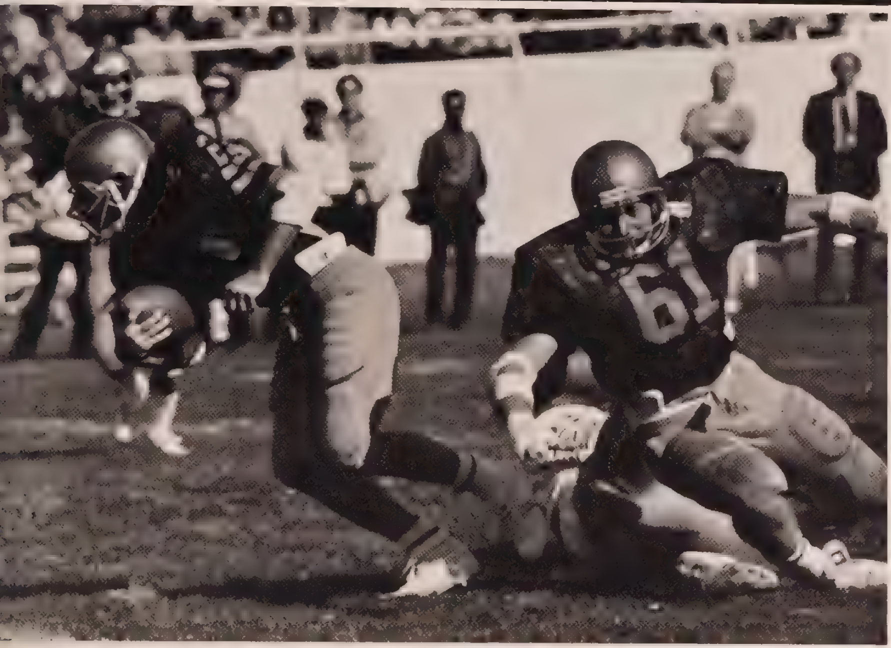

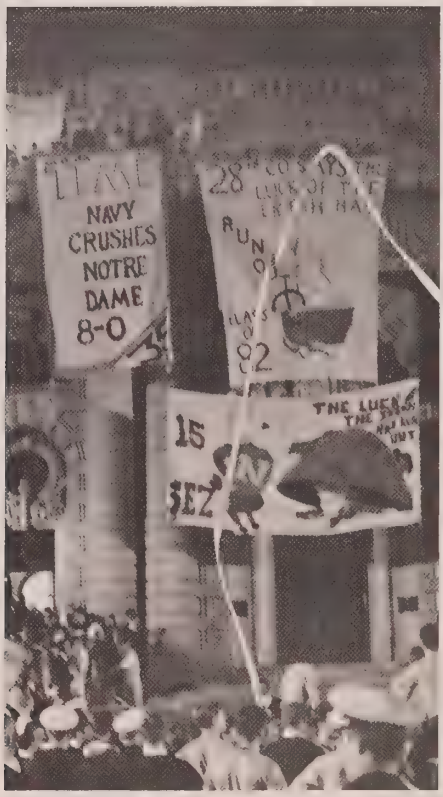
NAVY
CRUSHES
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CLASS
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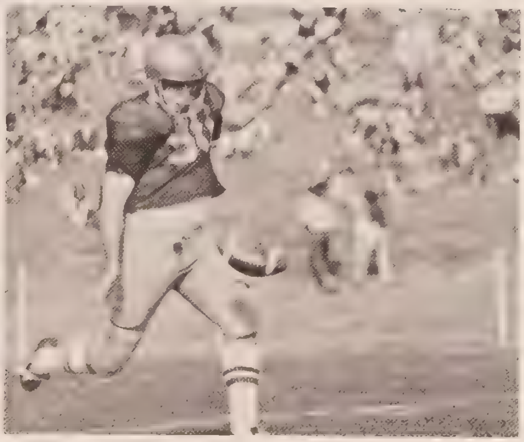

TEAR RIG
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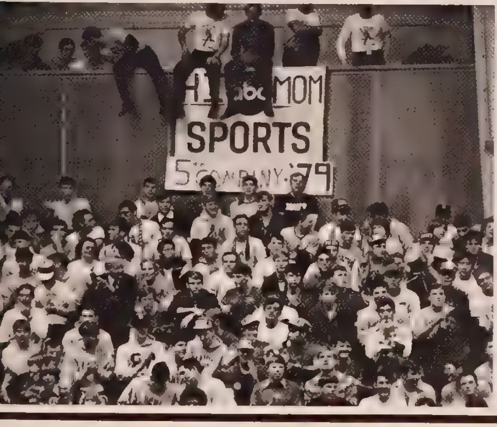
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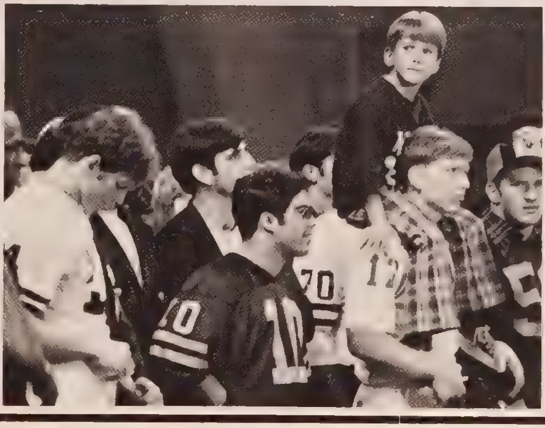
SPORTS
5th COMPANY '79


10
70
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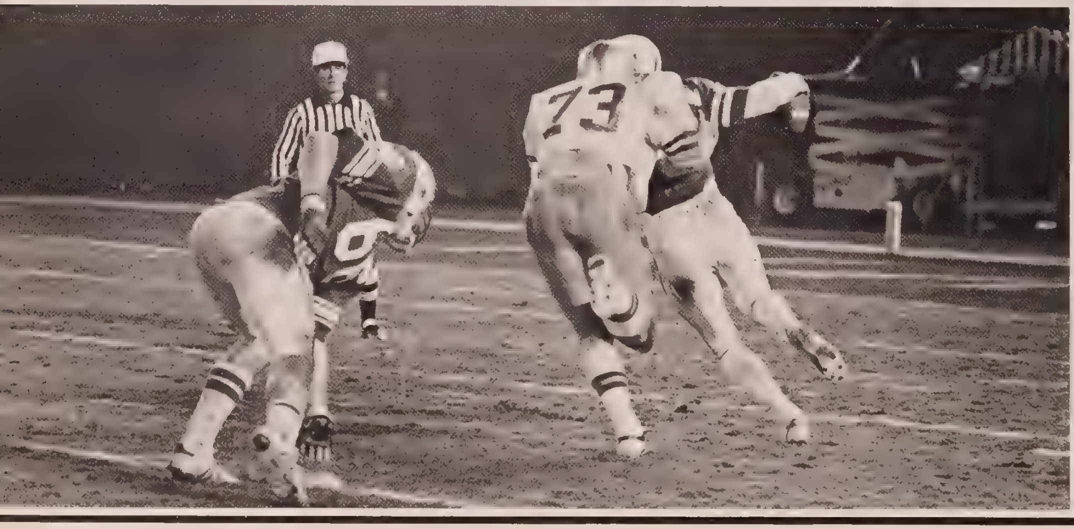
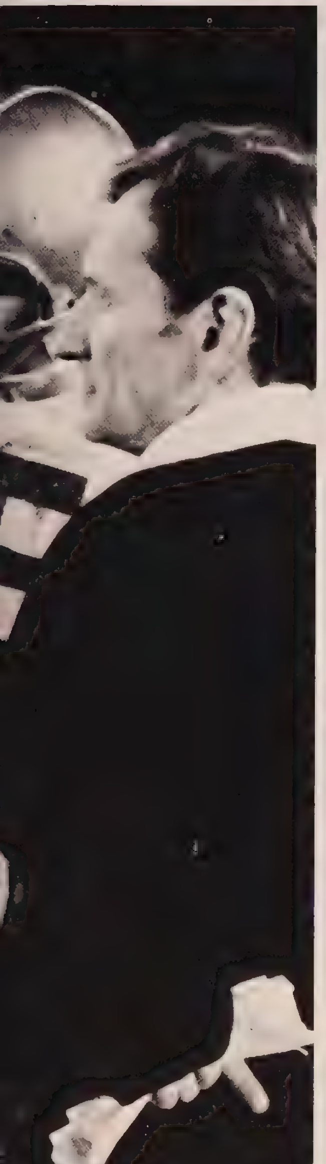
NAVY 28 - ARMY 0

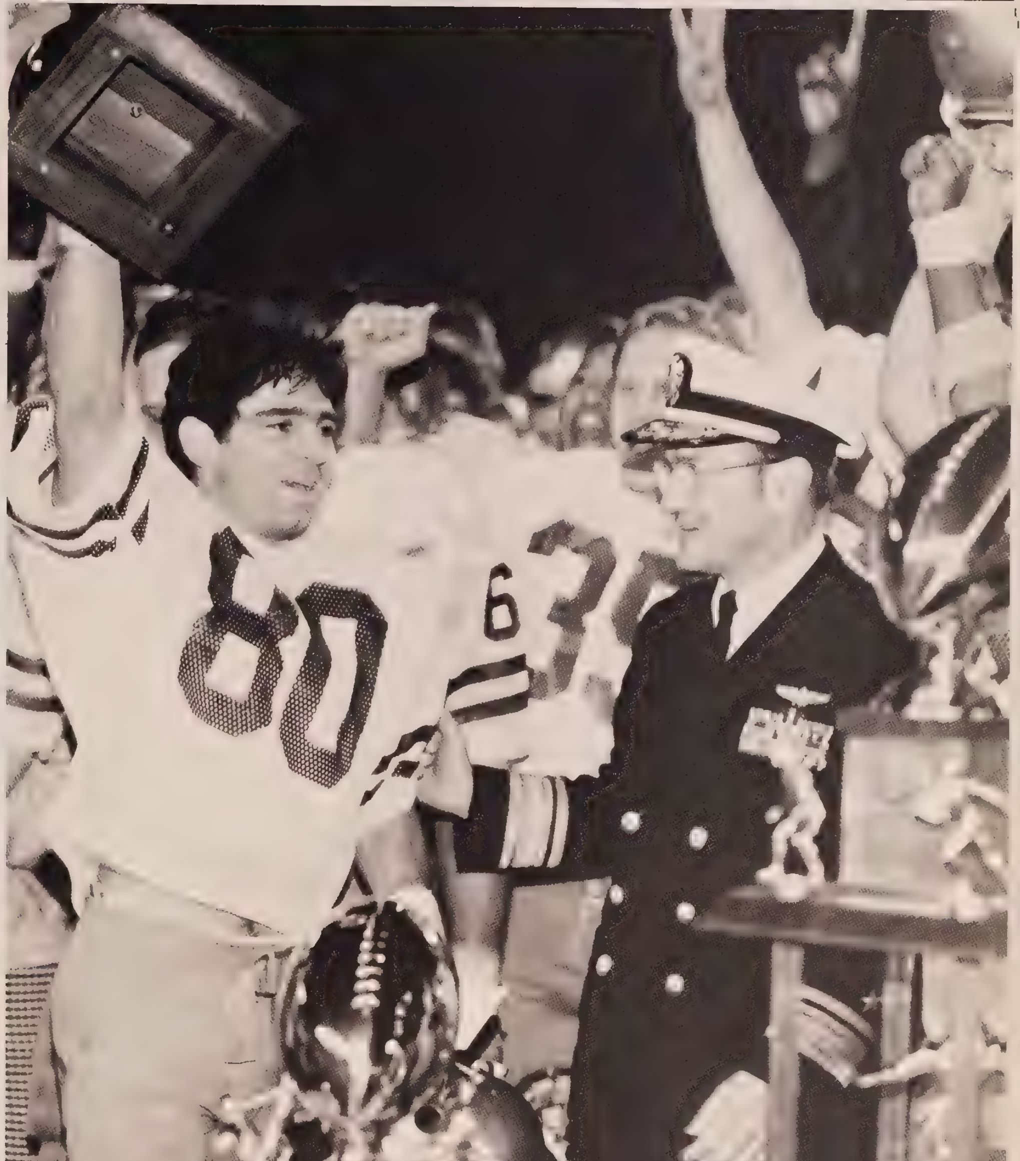
NAVY 23

76
26
REN
4
91



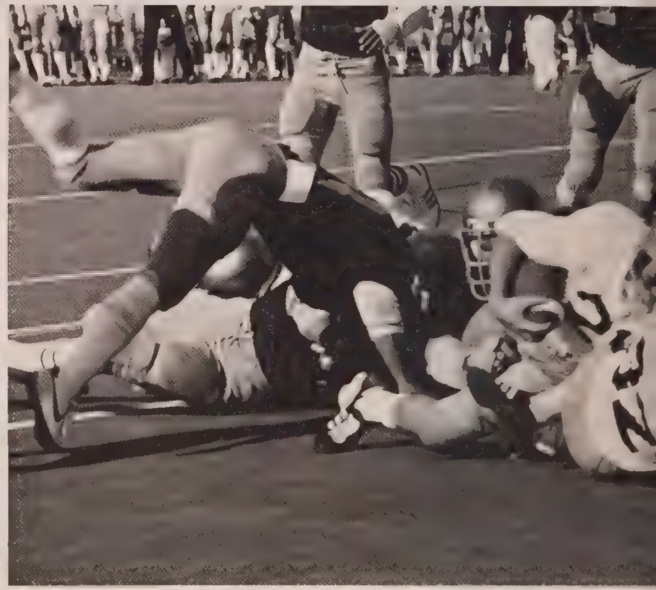
BRIGHAM YOUNG 16





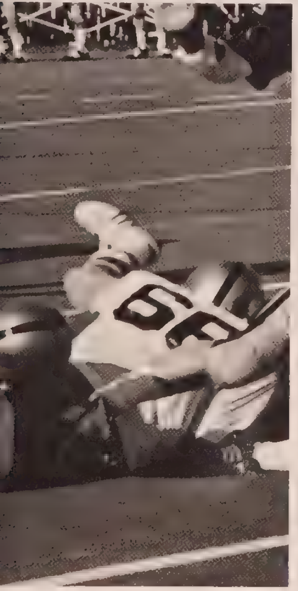
150 LB. FOOTBALL

NAVY 8 VISITOR 7
DOWN TO GO 4 QTR



14
79
84

33
NAVY


66

82
82

SOCCER

6

20

23

CROSS COUNTRY

Right from the start we decided that our main goal this year was to run in the NCAA Championships. It was a lofty goal and words like sacrifice, guts, mental toughness, confidence, and winning attitude would echo over and over again in the months to come. Seemingly, it was well within our grasp. Led by team captain Tim MacNeil, the teams strength lay in runners like Mark Stevenson, Tim Cummins, Pete Tatro, Mike Loman, Mark Donahue, Mike Porter, Cris Paul, and Bill Kovach.

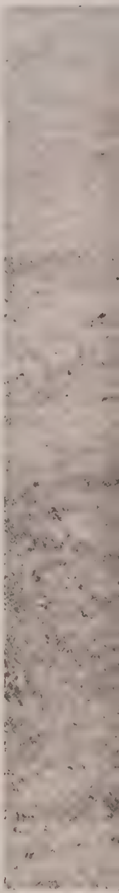
This year's team went 5-0 in dual meet competition, a feat never before equaled under Coach Al Cantello's tutelage. Senior Tim Cummins toured the 5 mile home course this year in 24:02 as we trounced Maryland. It is the fastest American time for the course, bested only by Kenyan Hillary Tuwei's 23:56.

On the invitational circuit Navy placed third at Lehigh, losing to powerhouse Villanova and Maryland. At the USTFF Nationals Navy placed a hard fought seventh against teams like Wisconsin, Tennesse, Kentucky and Minnesota.

283
270
26
279
NAVY

Cummins won the individual honors at the Heptagonal Championships and spurred his teammates on to a second place showing, falling short of the team title to Princeton by only four points.

The outcome of the NCAA Qualifier could be expressed in a word . . . disappointment. Cummins placed sixth and thereby earned the right to represent Navy individually, but when the smoke cleared and the last sweat-soaked, exhausted runner crossed the finish line the Navy team fell short of a trip to Madison Wisconsin by eight points. Not a man who followed Navy Cross-Country through the season would have thought that these men who worked so hard would fall short of their final goal. The dream was shattered, but for those who gave it their all, those who laid it on the line, those who ate, slept, dreamt, and ran Navy Cross-Country there were no regrets.



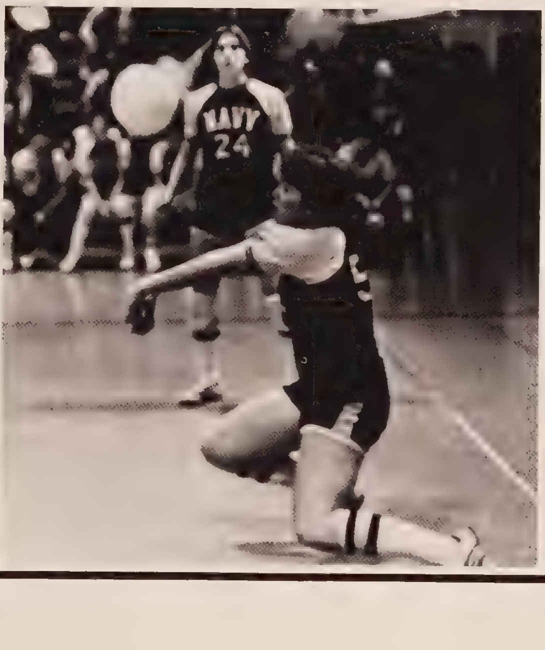
COLUMBI
765
NAVY
756
765

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

This year's volleyball season was a challenging and long one. Our final record was 34-13-1 for the year 1978. The many tournaments kept us on the road a lot. At the Delaware tournament, we placed 5th out of 16 teams. USNA was the only small college to place in the top 8 at that very competitive tournament behind Ohio State, Pittsburgh, Maryland, and Temple.

We defended our title in the Maryland State Tournament placing two members of the volleyball team on the All-Tournament team. The Regional Tournament saw us advance out of our pool only to be beaten by the Regional Tournament winners — George Washington University and tying for 5th place in the region.

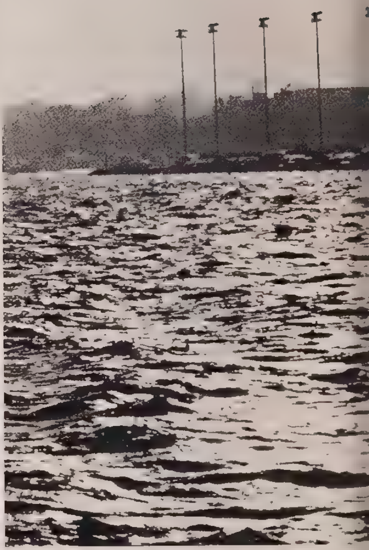
32
14

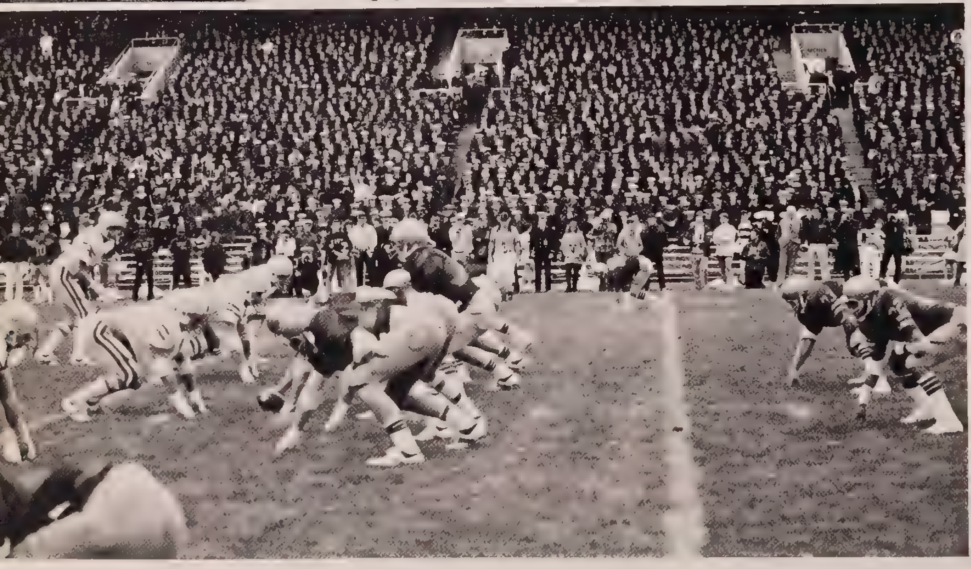


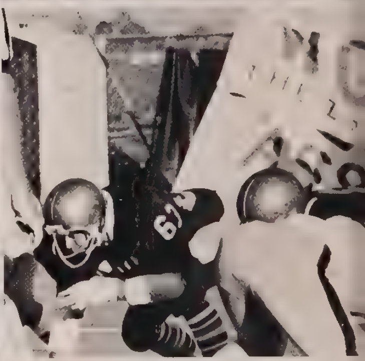
NAVY
24

SAILING

54
NAVY







WINTER

RECORDS

BASKETBALL ([illegible])

Navy 80, Haverford 46
Navy 89, American 71
Navy 80, Pennsylvania 82
Navy 81, Lebanon Valley 60
Navy 99, Lycoming 70
Navy 87, Temple 73
Navy 66, South Florida 56
Navy 87, Kansas 93
Navy 72, Central Michigan 79
Navy 77, Arkansas State 78 (OT)
Navy 55, St. Francis, PA 53
Navy 76, UMBC 58
Navy 71, New Hampshire 72 (OT)
Navy 73, Yale 71
Navy 82, Virginia Commonwealth 87 (OT)
Navy 67, Maryland 87
Navy 62, Old Dominion 83
Navy 76, Catholic Univ. 51
Navy 71, William & Mary 66
Navy 83, George Washington 70
Navy 88, Penn State 84
Navy 70, [illegible] Univ. 59
Navy 64, Manhattan 63
Navy 87, Army 66
Navy 78, Randolph-Macon 65

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL ([illegible])

Navy 84, Notre Dame 31
Navy 74, George Mason 58
Navy 75, Bloomsburg State 69
Navy 81, Delaware State 52
Navy 70, Mt. St. Mary's 69
Navy 58, Lock Haven 61
Navy 63, Western Maryland 73
Navy 73, Shippensburg State 76
Navy 82, George Washington 71
Navy 85, Loyola 83 (OT)
Navy 58, Catholic 67
Navy 71, Yale 58
Navy 76, Frostburg State 61
Navy 83, Towson State 77
Navy 58, Franklin & Marshall 71
Navy 59, Mt. St. Mary's 61
Navy 79, Georgetown 67
Navy 82, UMBC 52
Navy 82, Morgan State 66
Navy 76, Towson State 62*
Navy 63, Morgan State 65*
Navy 78, Mt. St. Mary's 51*
Navy 67, Loyola 71**
Navy 80, Mt. St. Mary's 49**

*Maryland AIAW Tournament
**EAIAW Mid-Atlantic Quarterfinal

FENCING ([illegible])

Navy 11, Princeton 16
Navy 9, New York Univ. 18
Navy 17, Clemson 10
Navy 17, William & Mary 5
Navy 15, Maryland 12
Navy 17, Penn 10
Navy 12, Columbia 15
Navy 17, Penn State 10
Navy 13, Army 14
IFA Eastern Team [illegible]

WOMEN'S FENCING ([illegible])

Navy 9 Clemson 7
Navy [illegible] William & Mary [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Pennsylvania 11
Navy [illegible] Barnard [illegible]
Navy 15 George Mason 1
Navy 16 UMBC 0
Navy [illegible] Johns Hopkins [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Fairleigh Dickinson [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible]
Navy 12 [illegible]
NIWFA [illegible]

SWIMMING ([illegible])

Navy [illegible] Syracuse [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Rutgers [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible] State [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Towson [illegible]
Navy [illegible] West Chester State [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Temple [illegible]
Navy [illegible] William & Mary [illegible]
Navy [illegible] West Virginia [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Massachusetts [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Princeton [illegible]
Navy [illegible] Army [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible]

RIFLE ([illegible])

Navy [illegible] Coast Guard [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible]
Navy [illegible] [illegible]
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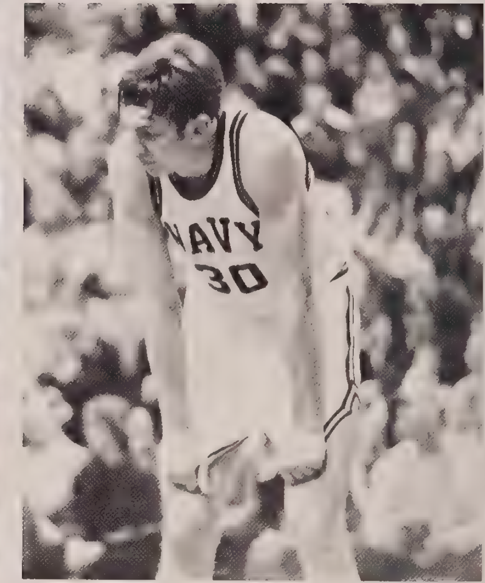
BASKETBALL



BAYFRONT CENTER
5-4
NAVY
50
NAVY
42
35

The 1978-79 Navy Basketball team was marked by intensity, dedication and team-work. Throughout the season, the team battled head-to-head with some of the top schools in the Northeast, bringing much excitement and many victories to the fans in Halsey Field House.

The 78-79 season was one marked by contrasts. The team got off to a roaring start, winning four of its first five games, including an eleven point win over rival American University. The middle of the season was marked by a multitude of extremely close, nearly heart-stopping games, such as Navy's win over Arkansas State 77-75 in overtime in the Big Sun tournament in St. Petersburg Florida. The middle of the season also included a two point victory over UMBC and a 75-73 win over Yale on a last second jump shot by guard Vic Smith. Navy stormed back at the end of the season to win their last four games to finish at 13-12. This was Navy's third consecutive winning basketball season.

Included in those last four victories was an exciting 47-45 triumph in Halsey Field House over the Black Knights on the Hudson. This was Navy's first victory over Army in five years, and it proved to be a real high point in the season. After trailing 25-18 at halftime, Navy battled back on the second half shooting of Jack Stumborg, Chuck Greene, and Kevin Sinnett to clinch the victory.

The season also culminated the career of the Naval Academy's most outstanding basketball player of recent time, Kevin Sinnett. A native of Annapolis, he finished his four years of play holding five Navy career records; All-time scoring leader with 1,687 points; All-time leading rebounder with 797; All-time leader in field goals with 623; All-time leader in free throws with 441; and the most games played with 98. His career field goal percentage of .526 is the second best in Navy Basketball history.

All in all, at 13-12, the Navy Basketball season was indeed a success."

GUEST
36
36
NAVY
42

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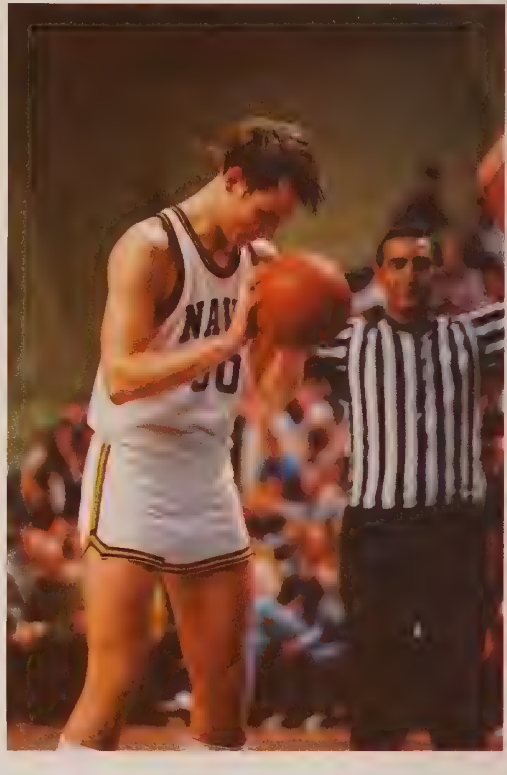
NAVY

NAVY

NAVY
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NAVY
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SOUTH
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FLORI
NAVY
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NAVY
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20

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

In its second year of varsity level competition, the women's basketball team closed the season with a 17-7 record. This included a first place in an invitational tournament, third in the state, and led to an invitation to play in the regionals.

Kathy Walsh and team captain Cathy Rayhill are the only players remaining from the team's initial year. Cathy led the team in rebounding this year. Bernie Boska led the team at the free throw line with an accuracy of 74%. In addition she had the second highest point tally and an 8.1 rebound average. Shiela Fox aided the team with her ball control and assists.

Two newcomers, Lynne Coe and Colleen "Butch" Cassidy, gave Navy a well rounded team. Lynne held a 52% shooting average, as well as being the second leading rebounder of the team. Colleen is truly an amazing player. Her speed, together with her excellent shooting enabled her to lead the team in assists and total points scored. She finished the year with 17.3 points per game average, including a record 34 points in one game.

Coach Dave Smalley's team played several outstanding games in achieving third in the state and placed Colleen, Bernie, and Cathy in the All-Tournament team. In addition, each was named to the All-Metropolitan team, Colleen in the first team, Bernie on the second, and Cathy on to the third. The team is looking forward to stiffer challenges in the future.

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YALE
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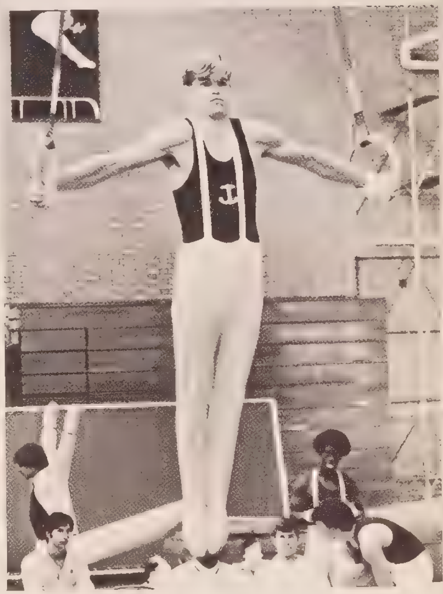
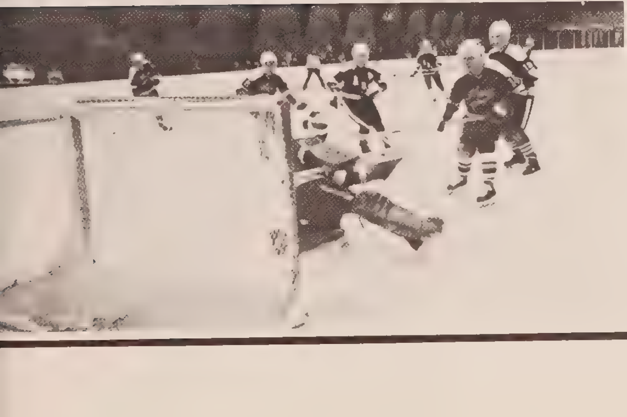
YALE

GYMNASTICS



300

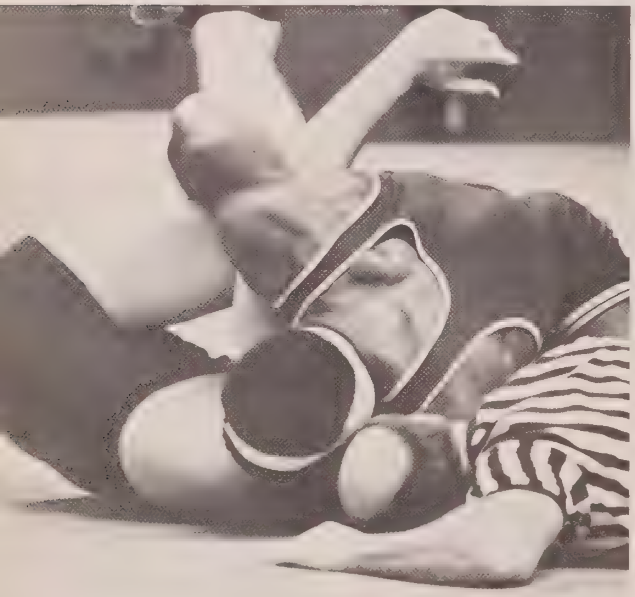
HOCKEY



A N Γ

NORTHLAND

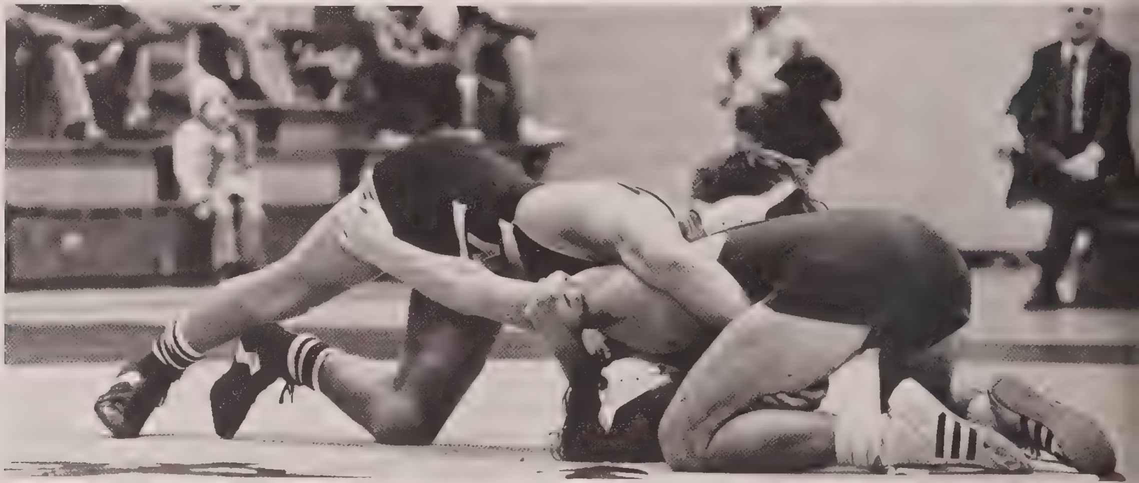
WRESTLING



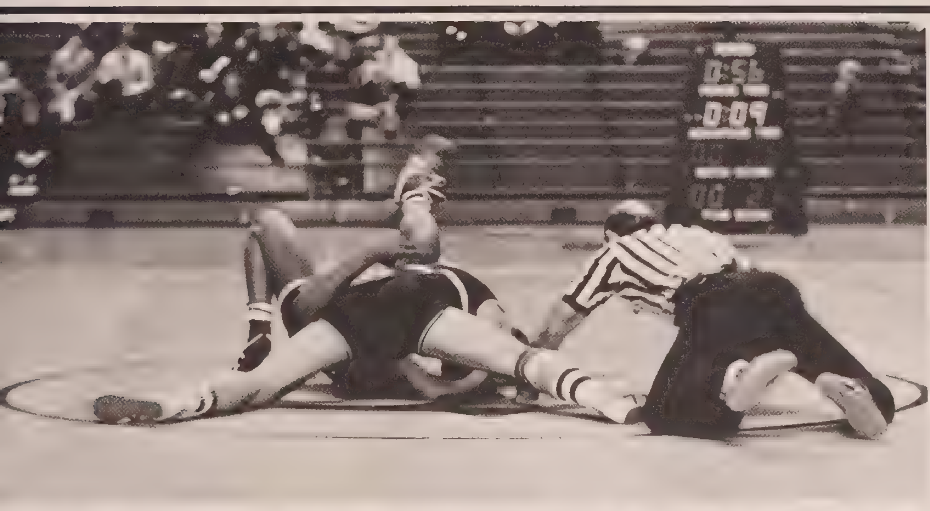
Navy Wrestlers posted a mark of 13-6 this year on their way to a very successful season. Competition was keen, and again Navy was able to rise to the task of defeating many tough opponents. For example, five teams, to include Penn St. and Army dropped their only contest of the year to the Naval Academy.

Depth played a big part in Navy doing well, and as a result 32 different wrestlers competed at various times during the season. There were many standouts on the team, and leading all wrestlers was Larry Kihlstadius who was the EIWA 150 lb. champion and earned All-American honors. As well, Brian Rodgers was one of many Navy wrestlers finishing third in EIWA competition with a 13-4 record for the season.

Navy will not lose many wrestlers to graduation, and with so much experience Coach Ed Peery should have an excellent nucleus for next year.



PENN
VY



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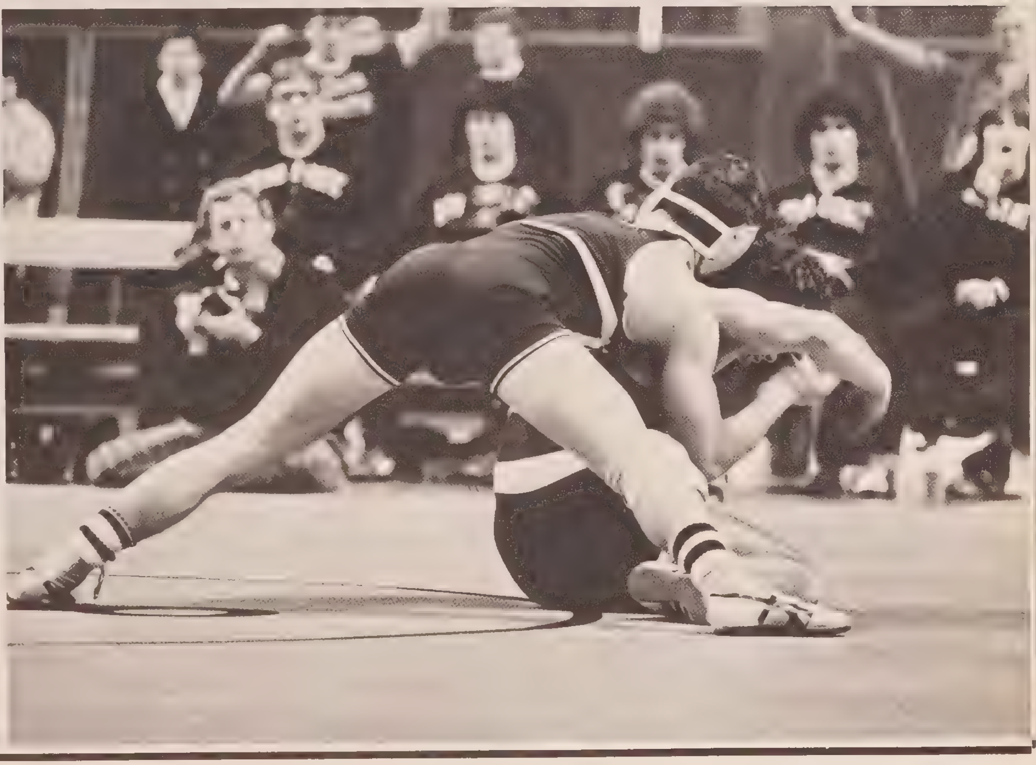

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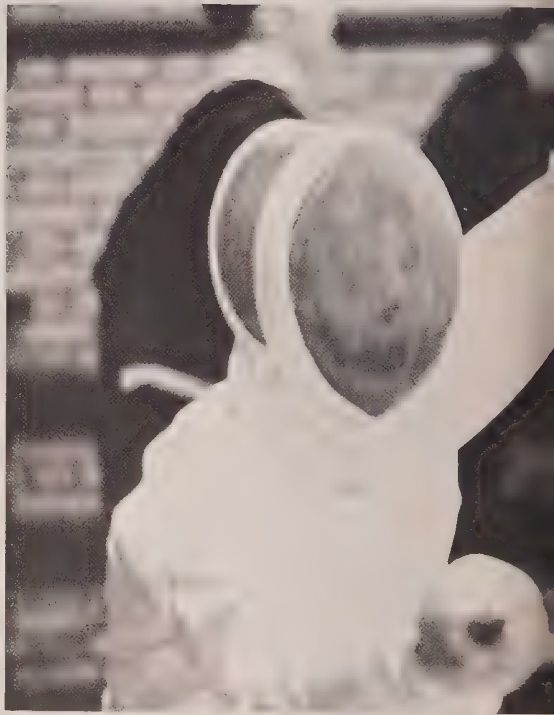
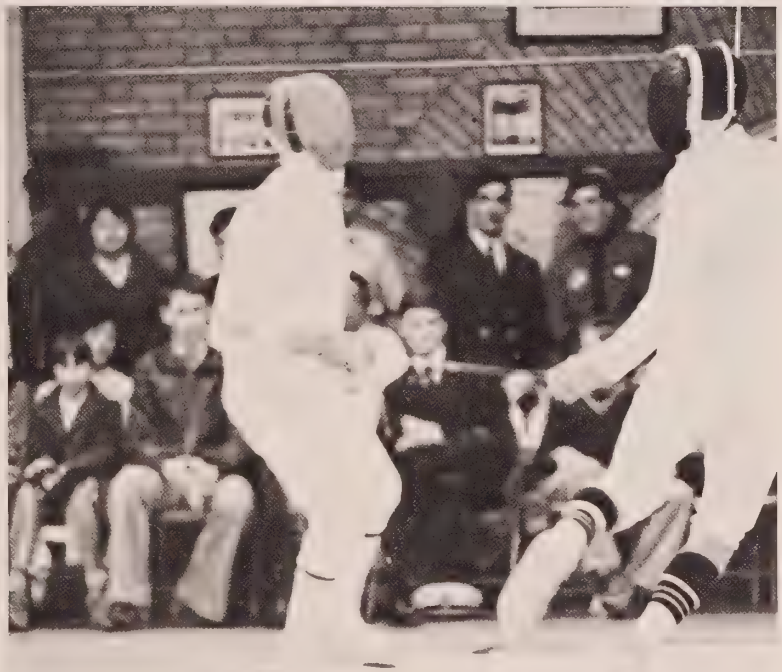
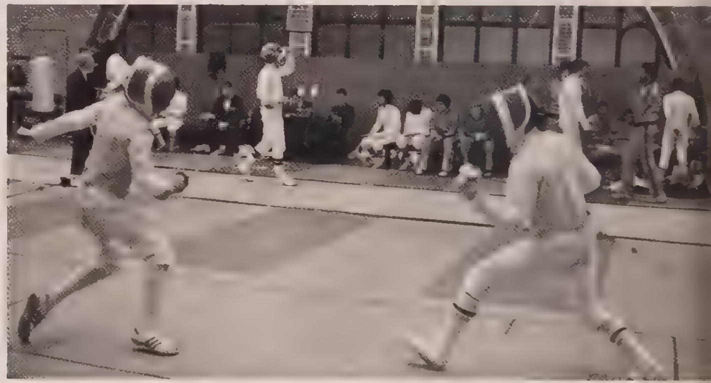






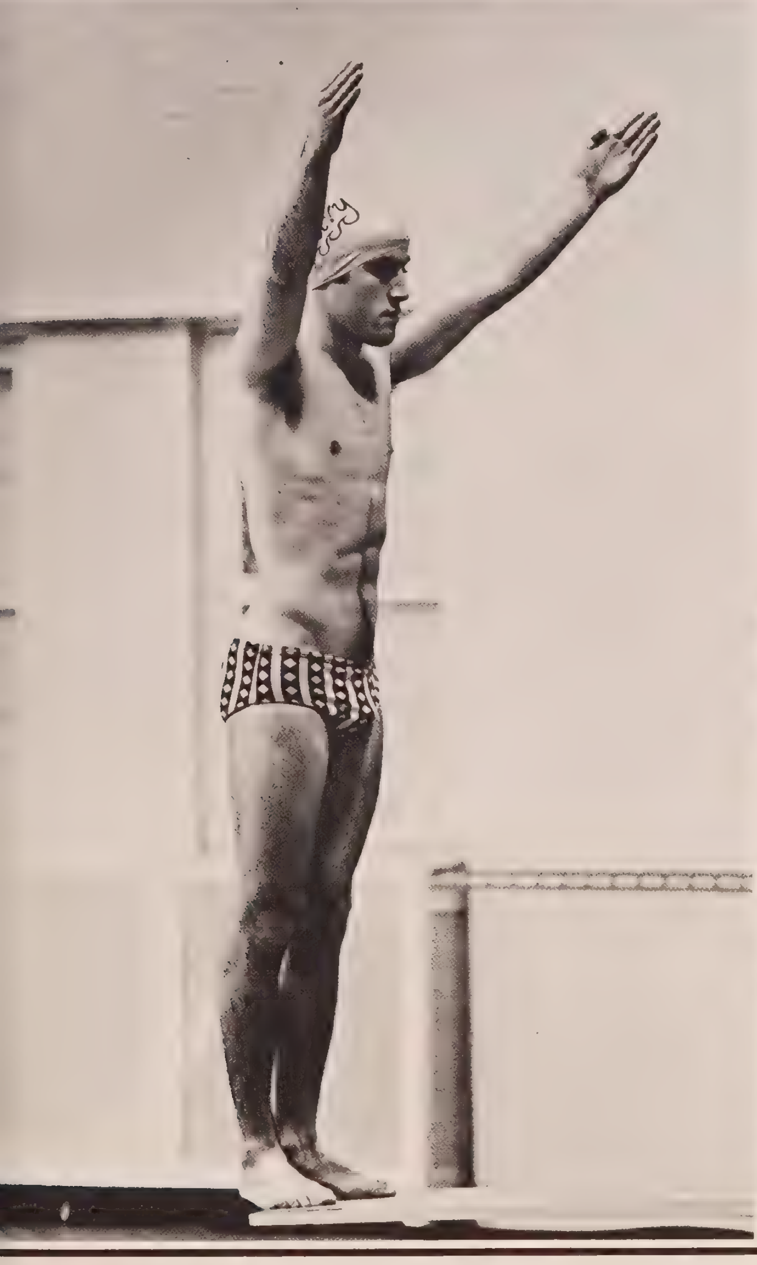
SQUASH

Navy squash had an excellent 1978-79 season, finishing with a 12-3 record. Among these matches was a 5 to 4 victory over Yale and a 7 to 2 win over Army. Navy also swept its 1978 New England tour with victories over six northeastern colleges. The season culminated with the National Intercollegiate Championships in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Playing outstanding matches, Jeff Carlson, Navy's #1 player, and Jon Wall, Navy's #2 player were selected as All-American.

INDOOR TRACK

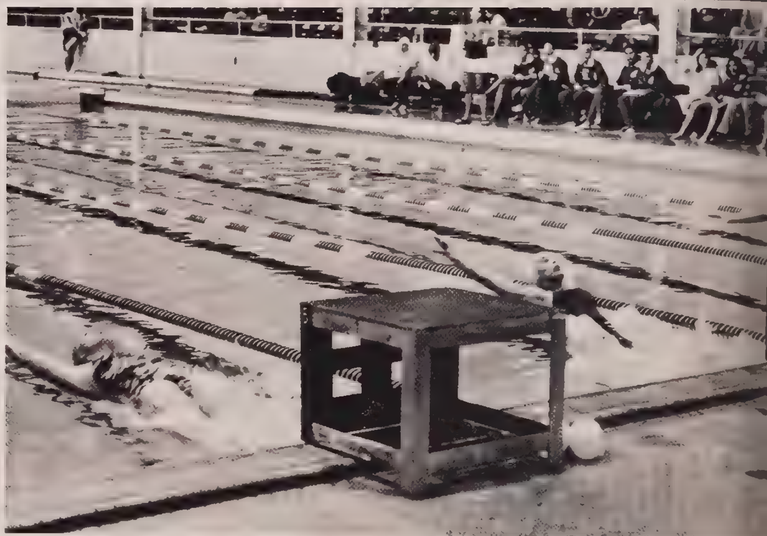
Navy
Navy

SWIMMING

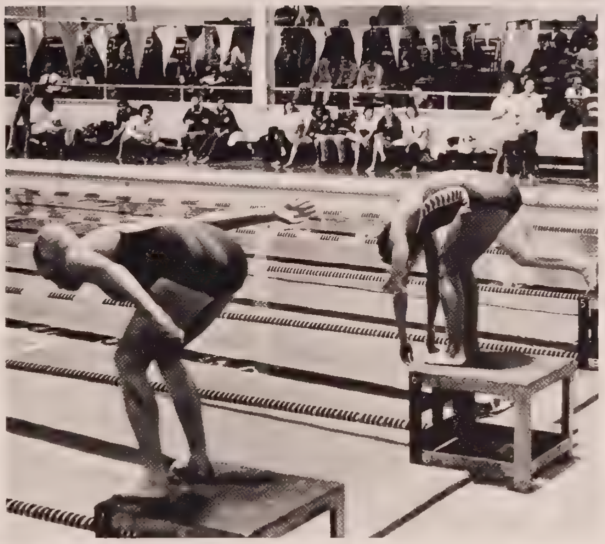


To cap the action at the Eastern Seaboard Competition, Navy placed 7th overall, with many individual acheivers. Mark Heinrich '79 placed first in the 100 yd. backstroke for the second straight year; junior Joe Heil set a Naval Academy record with a time of 16:17.06 by finishing 11th in the 1650 yd. freestyle; and freshman Mike Grimm had another Academy record of 4:09.34 in the 400 yd. individual medley, placing him 10th at the Easterns. In addition, senior Mark Heinrich placed third at the Easterns in the 200 yd. backstroke with a time of 1:53.89. Navy took third in the 400 yd. free relay with a team comprised of T. Facer, M. Heinrich, S. Ross, and M. Fitzgerald with a time of 3:05.19.

Under the instruction of new diving coach Joe Suriano, Navy diver Bob Burns finished in the finals at the Easterns.



NO SMOKING
NAVY
CHARTER MEMBER



RIFLE AND

PISTOL

The Varsity Rifle Team had quite a successful year this past season. Starting the season off in October, the shooters put in many long hours on the firing line, all the way into the month of April. Overall the team did well, with the most notable win being the one over Army 5634 to 5624. The difference between the scores is only one shot in over five hundred!

The standouts on the team included this years team captain John Madden (79), next years captain Keith Snider (80), Al Wencl (81), and Bob Duncan (82). There were many other outstanding performers and everyone on the team contributed throughout the year.

The high point of the season, besides beating Army, was the hosting of the National Intercollegiate Rifle Championships at Navy for the first time. The top forty individual shooters from around the country participated and included many former Olympic and World champion shooters. The team matches included schools from as far away as the University of Alaska. Navy made a good showing with John Madden placing seventh in the individual air rifle match and the team finishing third in the team air rifle match.

RIFLE (7-3)

Navy 2256, Coast Guard 2163
Navy 2250, St. John's 2191
Navy 4440, N. Carolina State 4414
Navy 2237, West Virginia 2309
Navy 4477, Murray State 4542
Navy 2237, E. Tennessee St. 2325
Navy 4483, Penn State 4282
Navy 4504, William & Mary 4339
Navy 4517, MIT 4314
Navy 5634, Army 5624

SQUASH (12-3)

Navy 1, Princeton 8
Navy 6, Williams 3
Navy 8, Amherst 1
Navy 9, Tufts 0
Navy 9, MIT 0
Navy 9, Columbia 0
Navy 8, Fordham 1
Navy 9, Lehigh 0
Navy 6, Stoney Brook 3
Navy 0, Harvard 9
Navy 5, Yale 4
Navy 1, Pennsylvania 8
Navy 6, Trinity 3
Navy 7, Franklin & Marshall 2
Navy 7, Army 2
National Intercollegiate, Navy 5th

SWIMMING (7-5)

Navy 45, Harvard 68
Navy 62, Brown 51
Navy 70, Dartmouth 43
Navy 74, Johns Hopkins 39
Navy 82, Yale 31
Navy 62, Cornell 51
Navy 42, Maryland 71
Navy 79, Penn 34
Navy 42, Princeton 71
Navy 86, Villanova 27
Navy 48, Columbia 65
Navy 46, Army 67
Eastern Seaboards, Navy 7th

WOMEN'S SWIMMING (4-2)

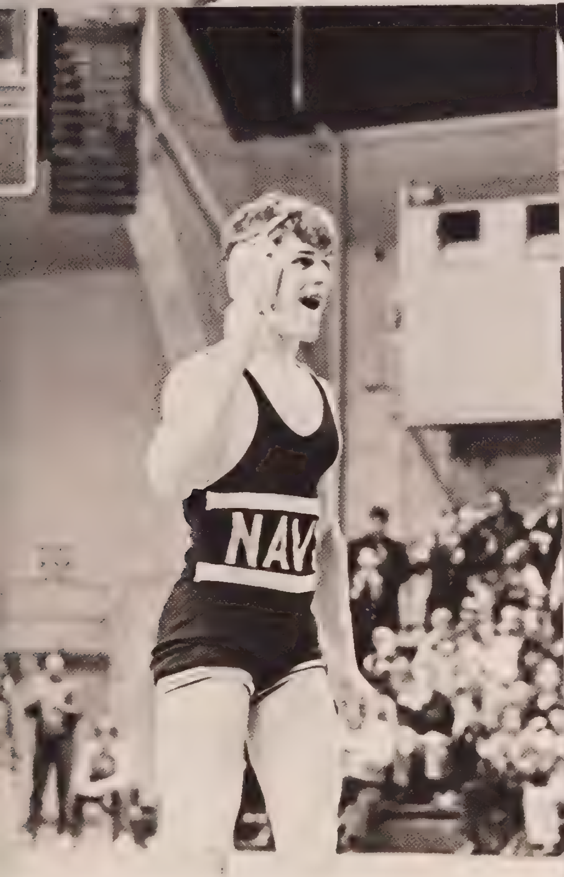
Navy 81, George Washington 49
Navy 69, Towson State 62
Navy 101, Catholic 29
Navy 59, Maryland 70
Navy 52, William & Mary 79
Navy 85, Loyola 40
EAIAW, Navy 8th
AIAW, Navy 11th

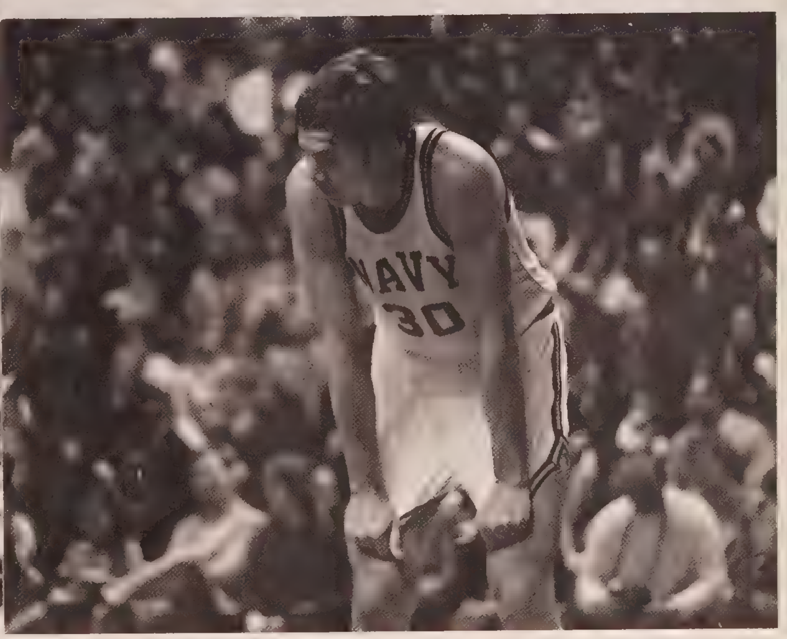
TRACK (3-5)

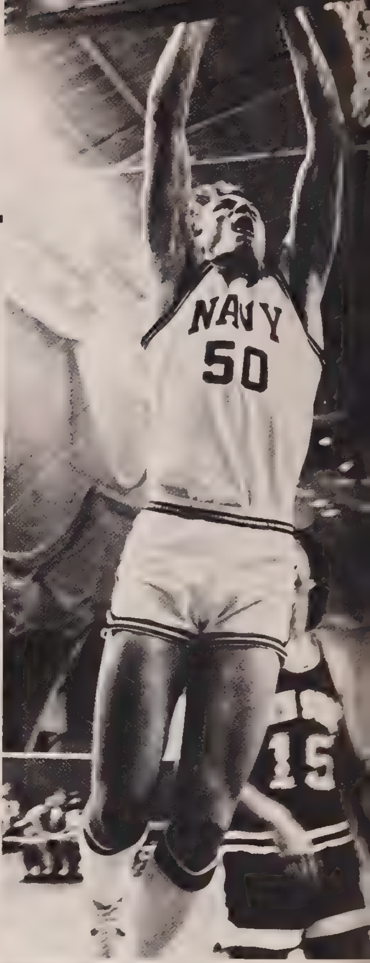
Navy 82, VMI 54
Navy 91, William & Mary 41, N. Carolina St. 38
Navy 34½, Maryland 99, Princeton 36½
Navy 47, Penn 89
Navy 63, Manhatten 73
Navy 48 1/3, Army 87 2/3
Heptagonals, Navy 7th

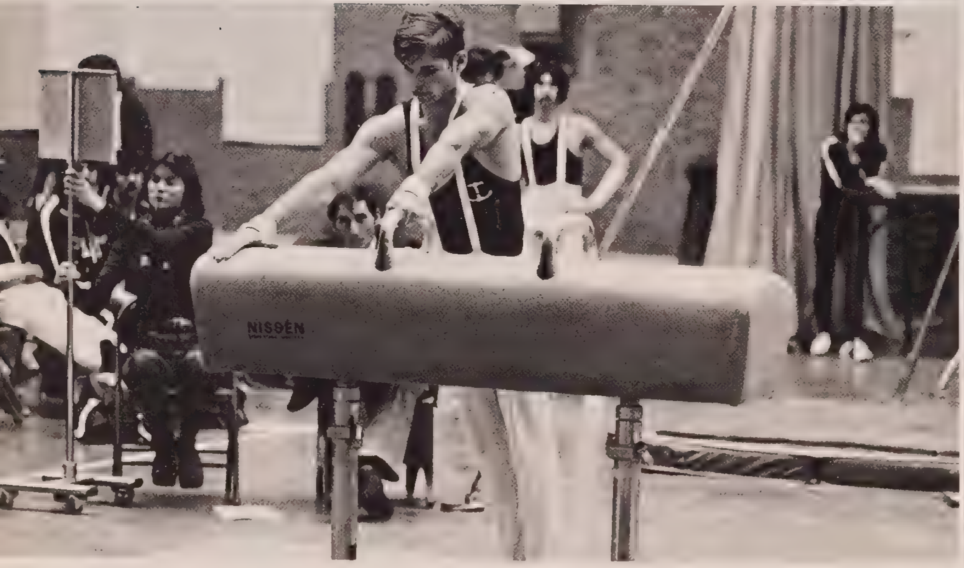
WRESTLING (13-6)

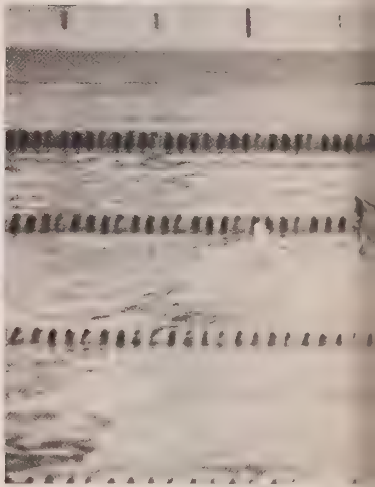
Navy 34, Southern Illinois 6
Navy 27, Yale 9
Navy 18, North Carolina 16
Navy 19, Wilkes 21
Navy 12, Florida 31
Navy 28, Bucknell 11
Navy 17, Syracuse 22
Navy 21, Princeton 17
Navy 15, N. Carolina St. 19
Navy 25, Duke 11
Navy 36, Maryland 9
Navy 31, Columbia 6
Navy 11, Lehigh 33
Navy 35, Layfayette 10
Navy 23, Penn State 11
Navy 21, Pittsburgh 16
Navy 9, Cleveland State 22
Navy 26, William & Mary 8
Navy 35, Army 3
EIWA, Navy 3rd

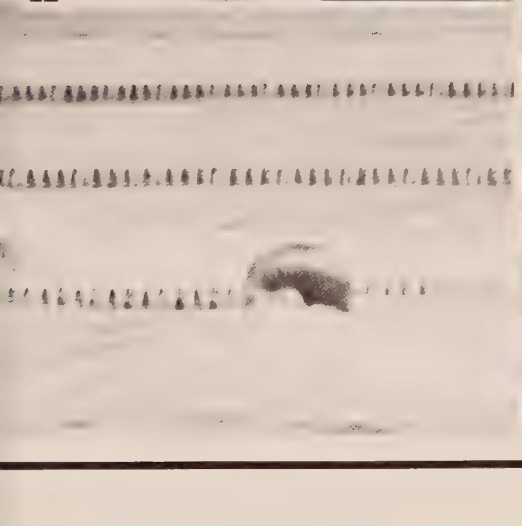

NAVY

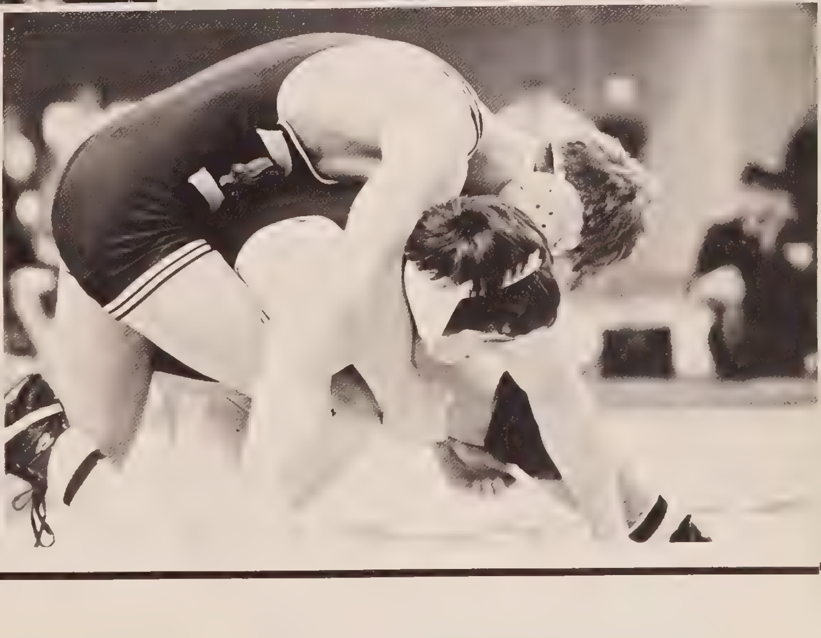

NAVY
30


NAVY
50
15


NISSEN







SPRING

RECORDS

BASEBALL ([illegible])

Navy	4	Gettysburg 2
Navy	[illegible]	Rochester 0
Navy	[illegible]	Rochester 7
Navy	10	Baltimore Univ. 7
Navy	[illegible]	George Washington 2
Navy	[illegible]	Virginia Commonwealth [illegible]
Navy	11	Dartmouth 7
Navy	[illegible]	Harvard 8
Navy	[illegible]	Harvard 3
Navy	[illegible]	[illegible] Univ. 2
Navy	[illegible]	Brown 8
Navy	[illegible]	Villanova 3
Navy	[illegible]	Princeton 1
Navy	[illegible]	Princeton 0
Navy	[illegible]	Catholic Univ. 7
Navy	[illegible]	Penn State 11
Navy	[illegible]	Columbia 7
Navy	[illegible]	Columbia 4
Navy	[illegible]	Pennsylvania 3
Navy	[illegible]	Maryland 8
Navy	[illegible]	Towson State 6
Navy	[illegible]	Army 0
Navy	[illegible]	Cornell 2
Navy	[illegible]	Cornell 3
Navy	[illegible]	Yale 1
Navy	[illegible]	Yale 3
Navy	[illegible]	Delaware 0
Navy	[illegible]	George Mason 3
Navy	[illegible]	George Mason 7
Navy	[illegible]	Connecticut 3 (10 inn.)*
Navy	[illegible]	Dartmouth 1 [illegible]

[illegible] - Rogers

HEAVYWEIGHT CREW

San Diego Classic: "Cal"* 10-3rd*
Navy, Princeton: V-1st, JV-1st, F-1st
Goes Trophy: Navy, Cornell, Syracuse: V-1st, JV-2nd, F-1st
Adams Cup: Navy, Harvard, Penn: V-2nd, JV-2nd, F-2nd
Eastern Sprints: V-3rd**, JV-4th*
[illegible]: V-3rd, JV-3rd, F-3rd

*Grand Finals
**Petite Finals

LIGHTWEIGHT CREW

Navy, Columbia, Princeton, Rutgers: V-2nd, JV-1st, F-2nd
Dodge Cup: Navy, Harvard: V-2nd, JV-2nd, F-2nd
Geiger Cup: Navy, Pennsylvania: V-2nd, JV-1st, F-1st
Eastern Sprints: V-5th**, JV-5th*, F-4th*

*Grand Finals
**Petite Finals

WOMEN'S CREW

Navy, Georgetown, St. Joseph's: V-2nd, Novice-1st
Navy, Georgetown, Drexel: V-2nd, Novice-2nd
Navy, George Washington: V-1st, Novice-1st
Navy, Univ. of Virginia: Varsity-1st, Novice-2nd
Navy, Univ. of Virginia, Washington Col.: V-1st, Novice-2nd
[illegible], Georgetown, Washington Col.: V-2nd, Novice-1st

GOLF

Navy 391, [illegible] Univ. of [illegible] 399, [illegible] 4[illegible], [illegible] 3[illegible]
Navy 393, Maryland 387, [illegible] 3[illegible]
Navy 407, Penn State 411, Villanova [illegible], Johns Hopkins [illegible]
Navy 391, Maryland [illegible], Mount St. Mary's [illegible]
Navy Invitational—Navy 2nd
Navy 383, Pennsylvania [illegible]
Navy 381, Georgetown 387, [illegible] 3[illegible]
Navy 374, Army 38[illegible]
Eastern Intercollegiate: Navy [illegible]

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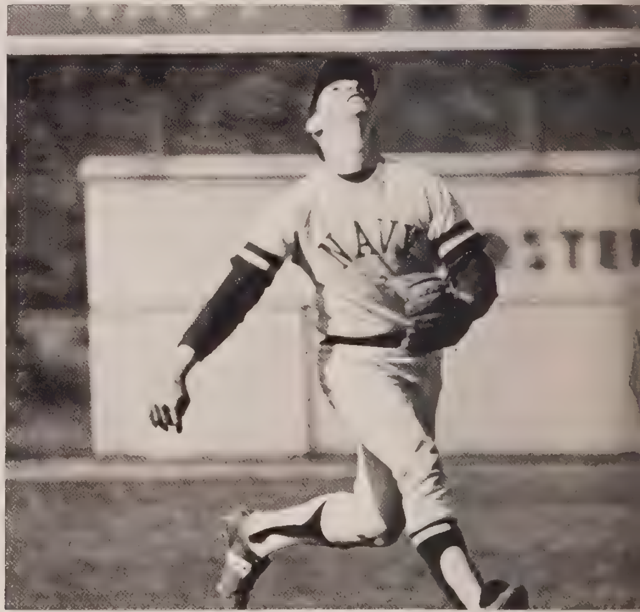
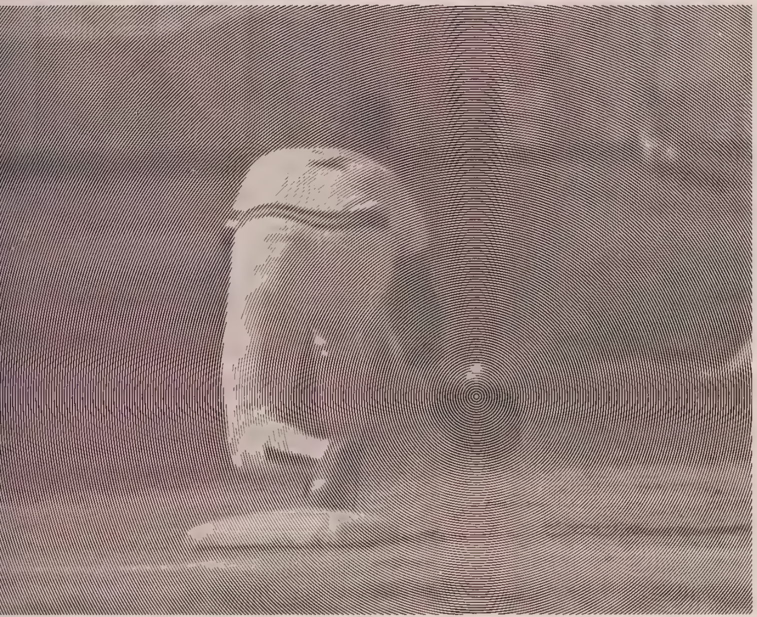
BASEBALL





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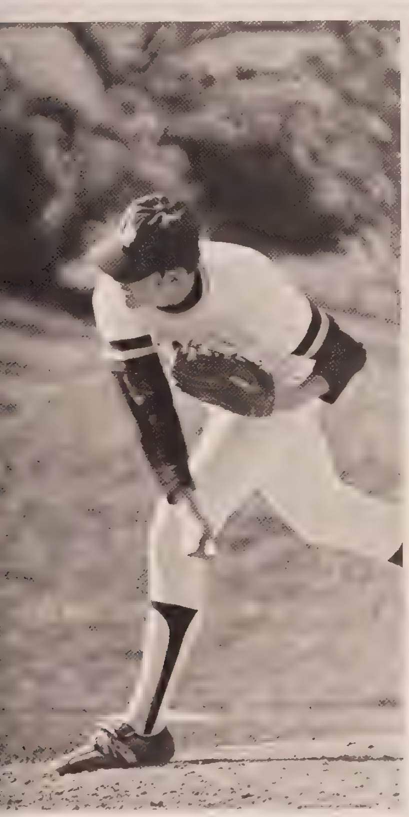

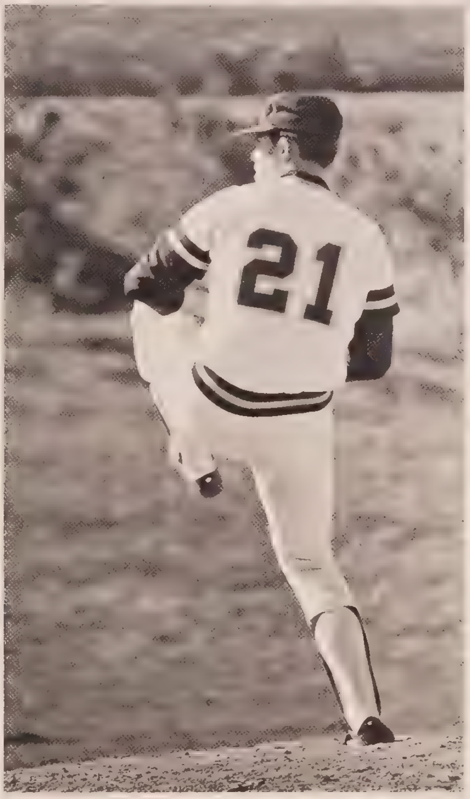
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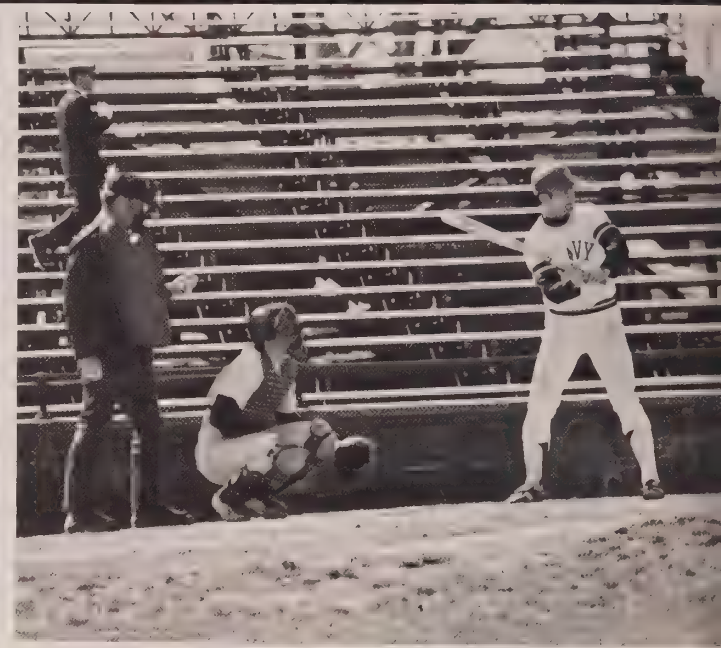
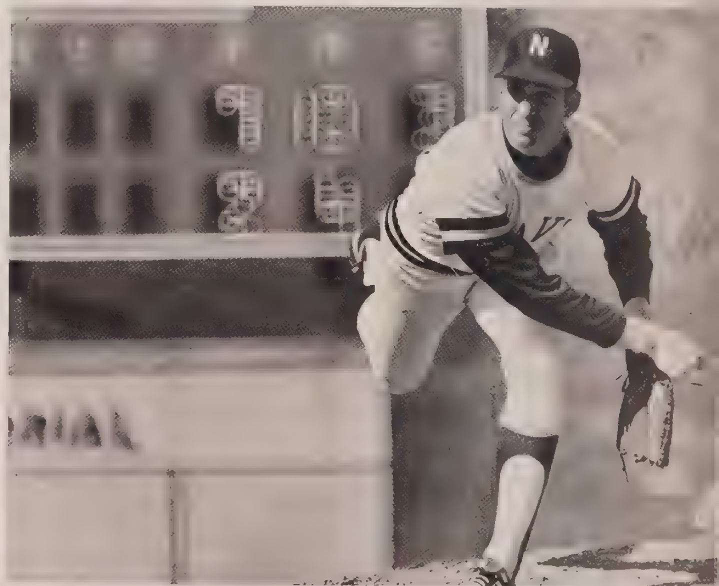
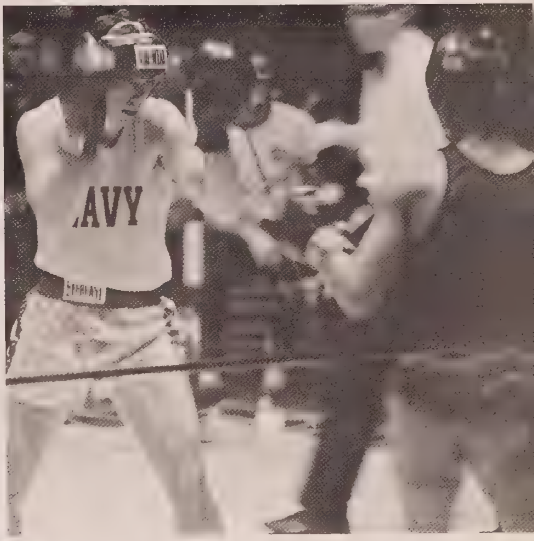
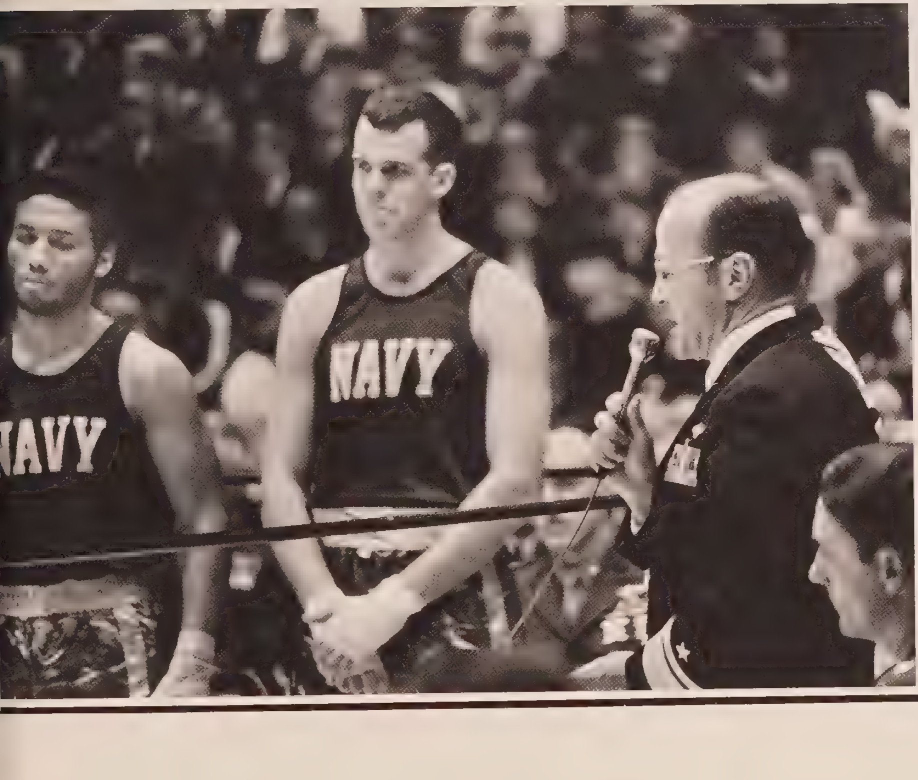


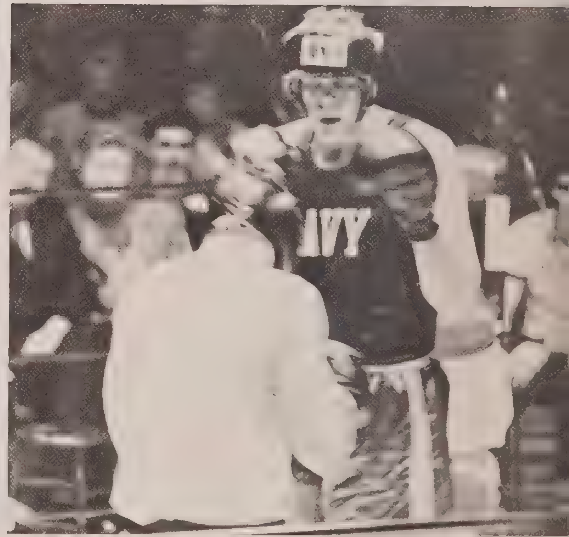

ORIAL

BRIGADE BOXING





NAVY
NAVY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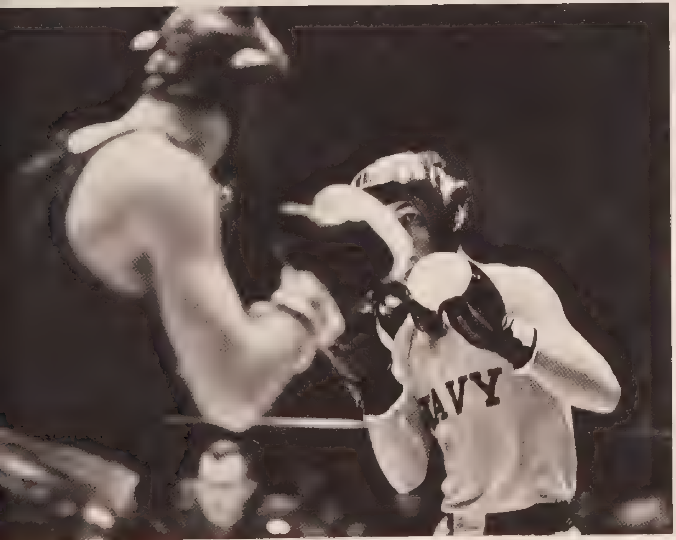
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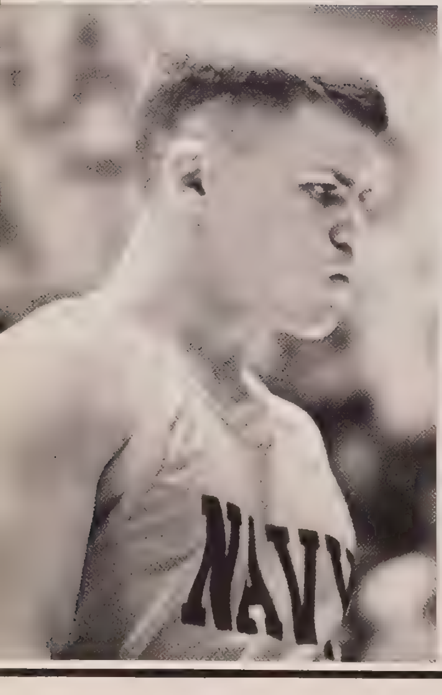
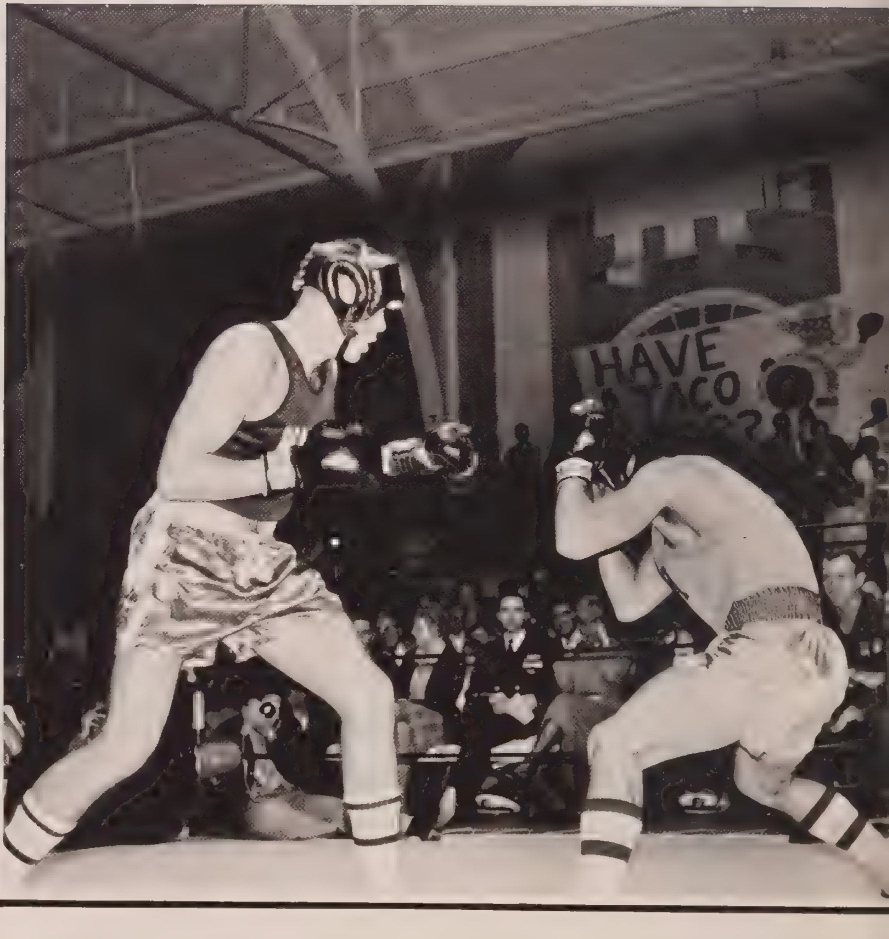
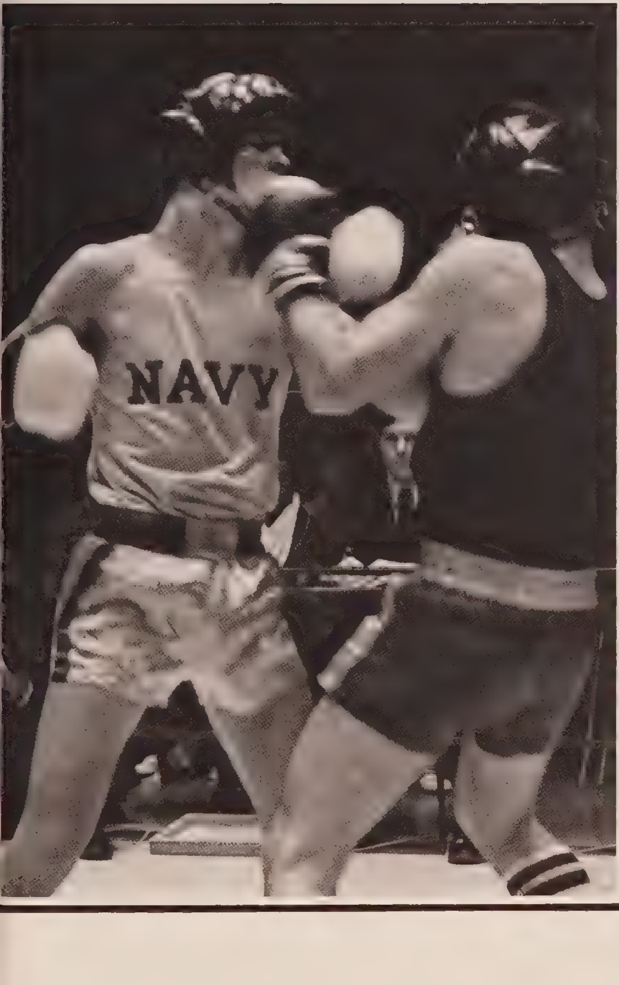

NAV


HAVE
TACO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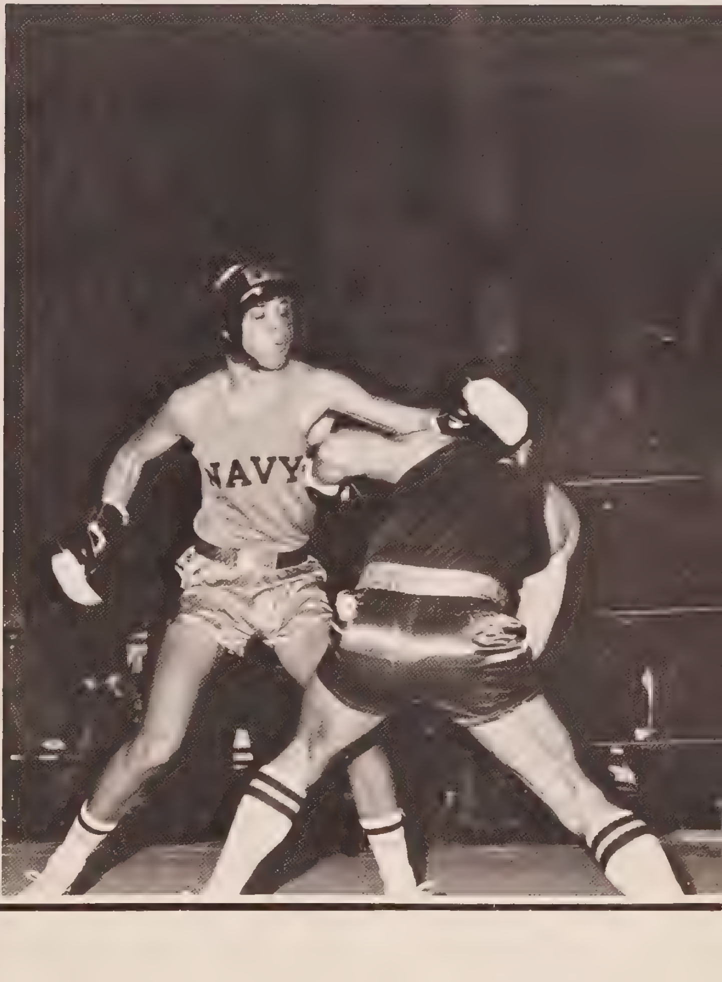
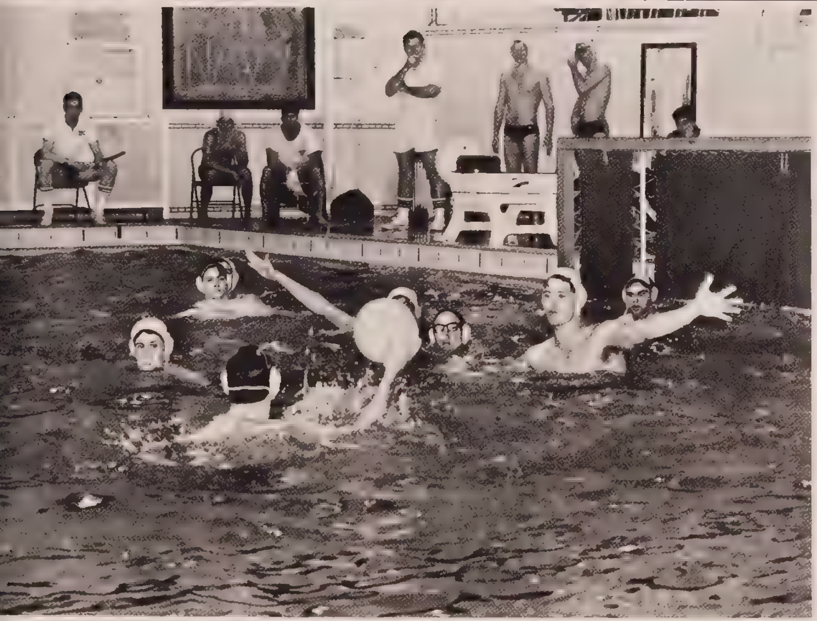

NAVY

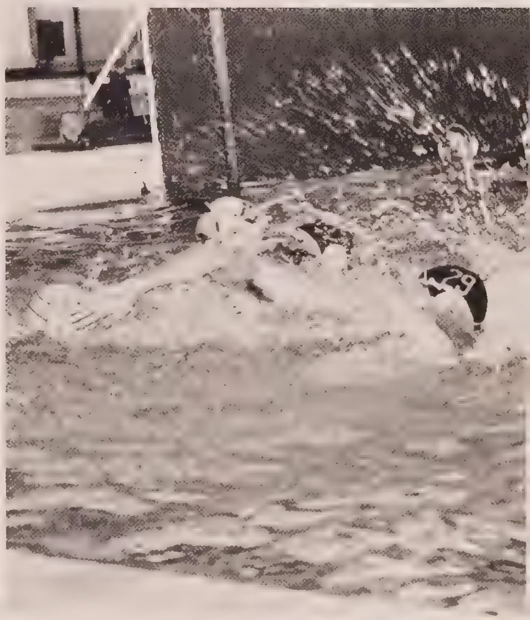
SAILING

NA 8
NA 8
NA 9
NA 9
NA 11
NA 11
23

KA
SS 22
KA
PS 24
PS 24

WATER POLO





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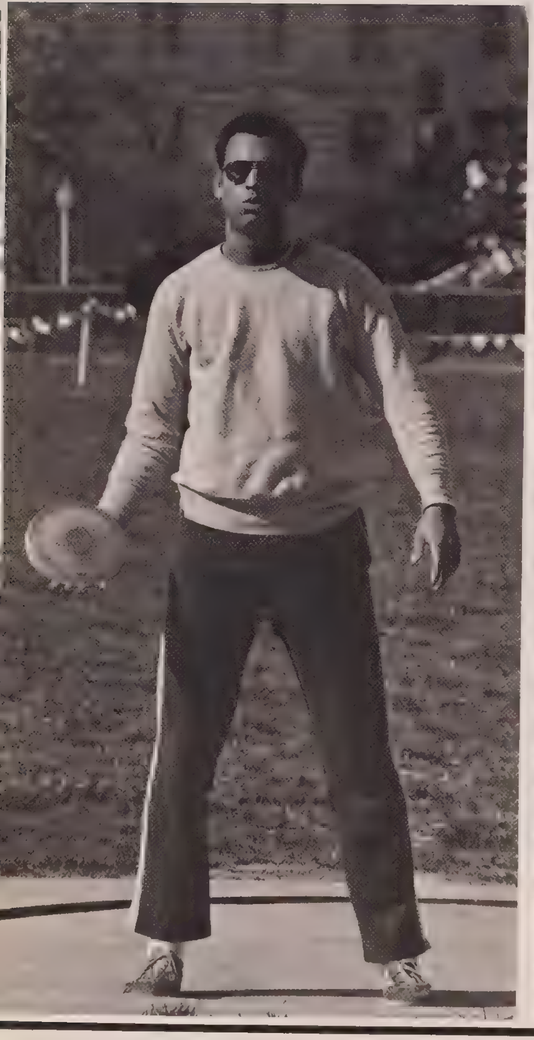

MARYLA
MARYLA
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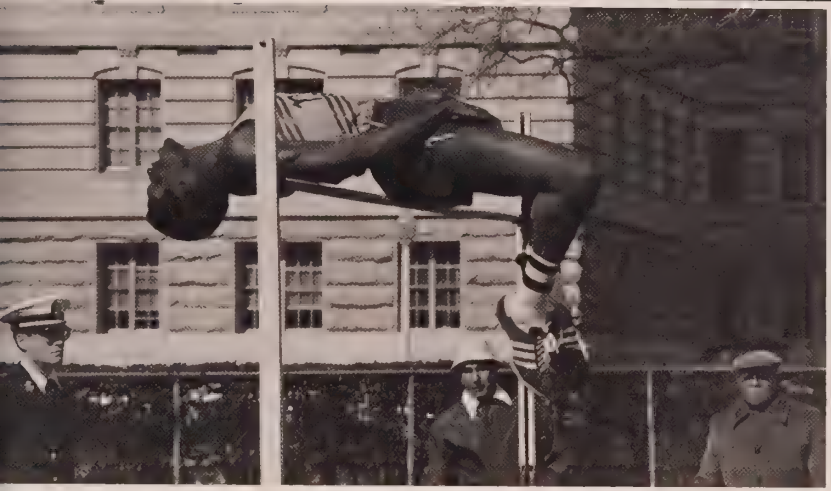


Navy
Navy

ARMY

ARMY

adidas

RUGBY

2

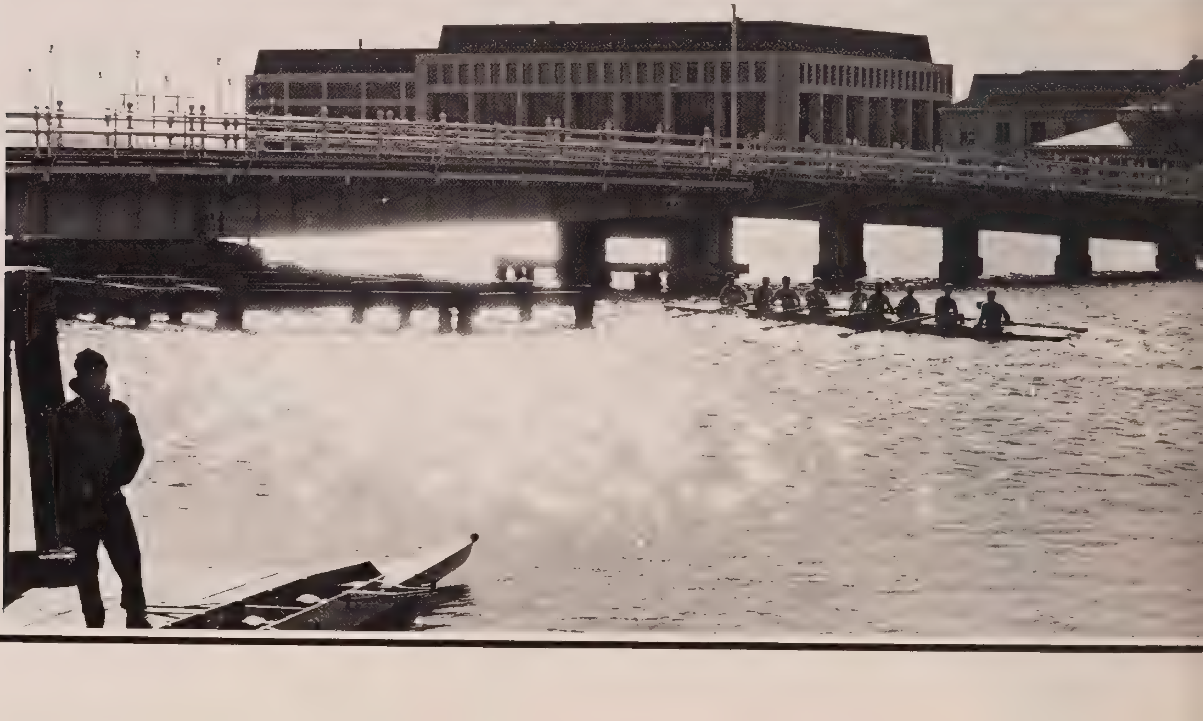
15
2

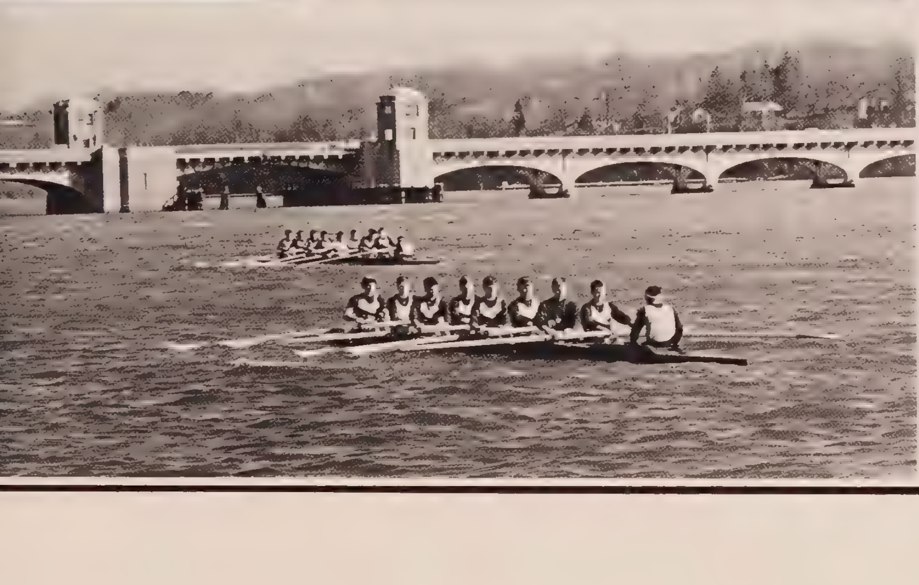
LACROSSE

TOWSON
15
LACROSSE

17

CREW





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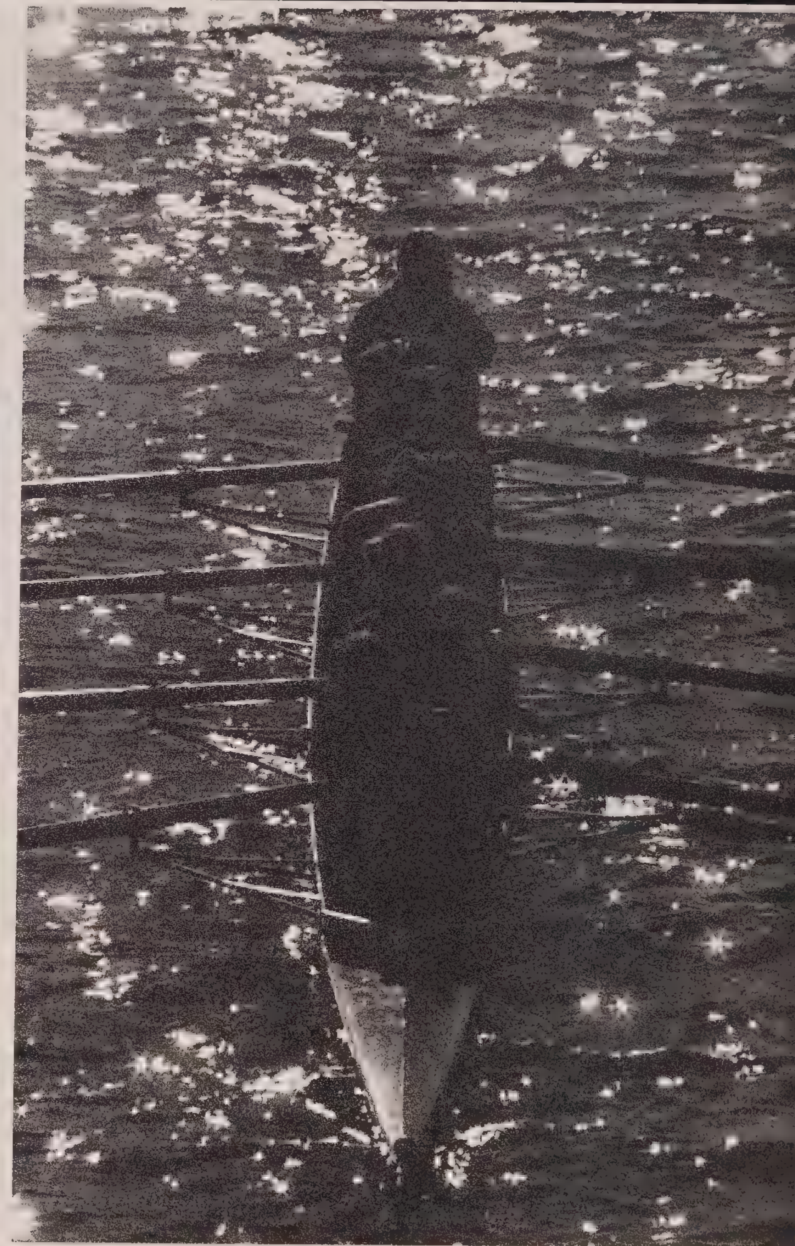
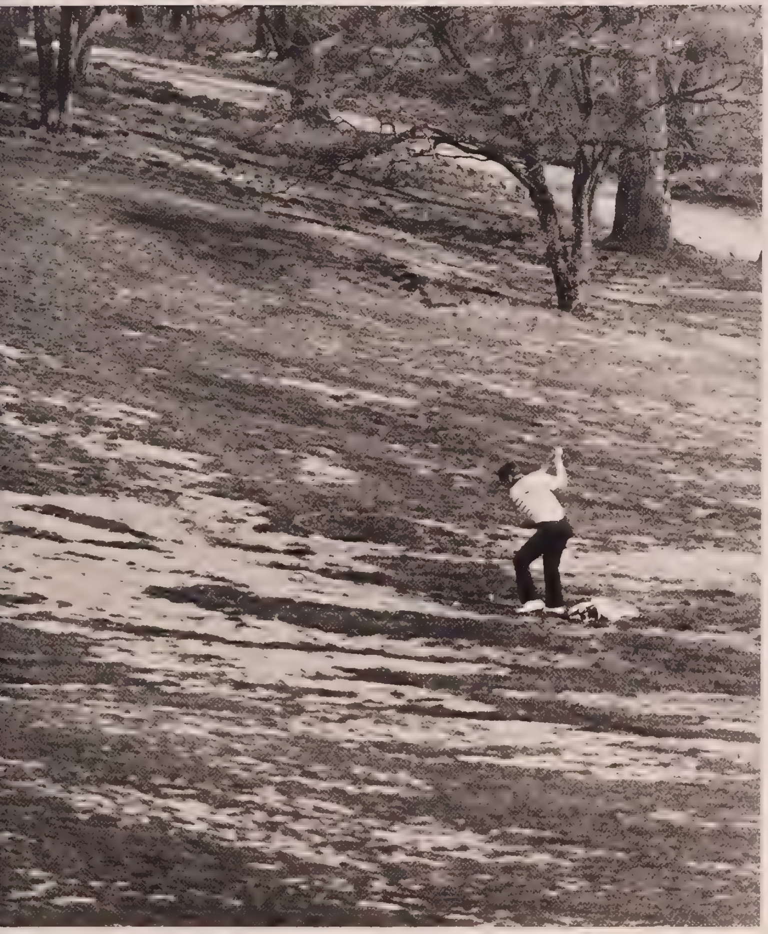
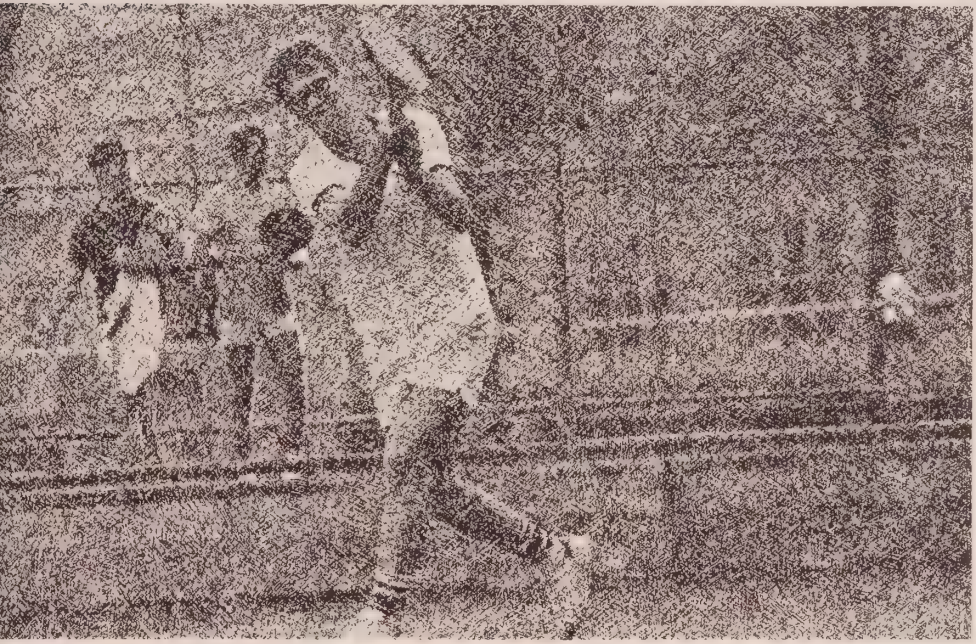


GOLF

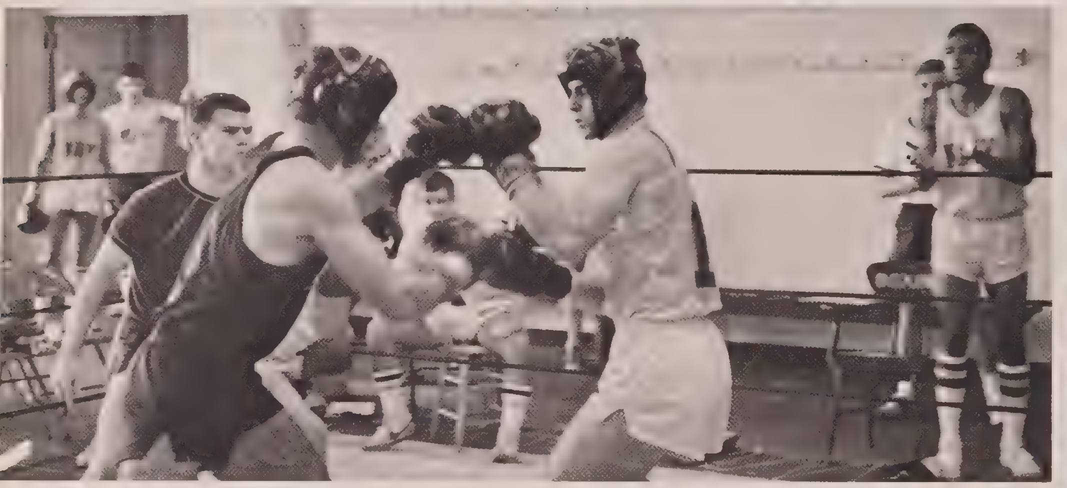


TENNIS



WOMEN'S SOFTBALL

INTRAMURALS



26
37
34

INTRAMURAL RECORDS

FALL CHAMPIONS

Basketball-35th Company
Record: 8-0
Coach: Kerry Shanaghan

Boxing-4th Batt
Record: 5-0
Coach: Esteban Garcia-21

Cross Country-4th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: John Taylor-23

Football-1st Batt
Record: 3-1-1
Coach: Gregory Curtis-6

Squash-4th Batt
Record: 8-2
Coach: Brent Norman-21

Tennis-3rd Batt
Record: 9-1
Coaches: David McCullogh-17
David Soranno-15

Women's Gymnastics Individual
Meet Champion-Lisa Cicchini-4

Soccer-5th Company
Record: 8-0
Coach: John Kaiser

Crew-5th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: Larry Arkley-27

Fencing-3rd Batt
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Michael Hecker-14
Felix Hernandez-15

Handball-3rd Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: Michael Susalla-15

Swimming-3rd Batt
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Ken Church-14
David Pryde-17

Wrestling-6th Batt
Record: 8-1-1
Coaches: Ken Darin-33
Michael Holoubek-36

WINTER CHAMPIONS

Fieldball-11th Company
Record: 8-1
Coach: John Byzewski

Heavyweight Touch Football
1st Company
Record: 7-1
Coach: Michael Szostak

Lightweight Touch Football
14th Company
Record: 7-1
Coaches: Francis Coble
William Meader

Handball-6th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: Jeff Bontrager-32

Soccer-6th Batt
Record: 8-1-1
Coach: Brent Cottingham-32

Team Handball-4th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Mark Gonzales-22
Timothy Ruck-22

Squash-6th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: David Coles-31

SPRING CHAMPIONS

Knockabouts-15th Company
Coach: Ken Coburn

Slow Pitch Softball
14th Company
Record: 7-0-1
Coach: Mike Parrot

Lacrosse-1st Batt
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Carey Butler-5
Mike Szostak-1

Squash-6th Batt
Record: 8-2
Coach: Brian Merritt-35

Track-5th Batt
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Tim Hancock-28
Jan Levin-28

Water Polo-3rd Batt
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Simon Boocock-18
Roy Harkins-18

Women's Tennis
Maria Birnkammer-11
Jeanne Cerasuolo-11

Fast Pitch Softball
15th Company
Record: 7-0-1
Coach: Jim Pendley

Basketball-1st Batt
Record: 9-1
Coaches: Paul Branum-6
Jim Godley-6

Rugby-3rd Batt
Record: 4-0-1
Coaches: Fred Aalbue-14
Steve Herning-14

Tennis-6th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: Pete Johnstone-33

Volleyball-6th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: Bob Walters-35

Weightlifting-3rd Batt
Record: 5-0
Coach: Greg Balestrieri-18

BRIGADE BOXING CHAMPIONS

118 lb-Mori Nixon, 30

127 lb-Gary Fresquez, 1

137 lb-Michael Pedersen, 30

145 lb-Peter Aagaard, 3

155 lb-Drew Meyer, 2

165 lb-Barry Baptiste, 35

175 lb-Shelton Redden, 2

Hvywgt-Ronald Jones, 29

LACROSSE (9-4)

Navy 15, Rutgers 16
Navy 14, Washington College 6
Navy 13, UMBC 12
Navy 14, Pennsylvania 9
Navy 15, Princeton 4
Navy 19, Hofstra 12
Navy 18, Syracuse 11
Navy 12, Maryland 17
Navy 11, Virginia 8
Navy 10, Johns Hopkins 17
Navy 10, Army 9
Navy 16, Massachusetts 14 (1st Round NCAA)
Navy 10, Maryland 15 (Semi-finals NCAA)

TENNIS (18-3)

Navy 9, E. Stroudsburg 0
Navy 8, Bloomsburg State 1
Navy 7, George Washington 2
Navy 5, William & Mary 4
Navy 7, Salisbury State 2
Navy 7, Dartmouth 2
Navy 5, Harvard 4
Navy 4, Penn State 5
Navy 8, Georgetown 1
Navy 9, Brown 0
Navy 3, Yale 6
Navy 6, Swathmore 3
Navy 7, Richmond 2
Navy 4, Princeton 5
Navy 9, Catholic Univ. 0
Navy 8, Univ. of Pennsylvania 1
Navy 6, Columbia 1
Navy 6, Maryland 3
Navy 7, Army 2
Navy 8, Cornell 1
Navy 9, Washington & Lee 0

TRACK (1-1)

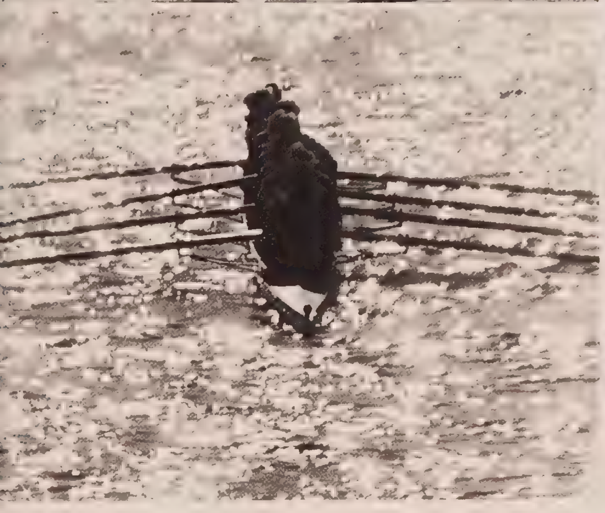
Navy 58, Maryland 105
Navy 82, Army 81
Heptagonals, Navy 4th
ICAAAA, Navy tied 6th

7

38
10

4

17
NAVY
Navy
NAVY
NA 8



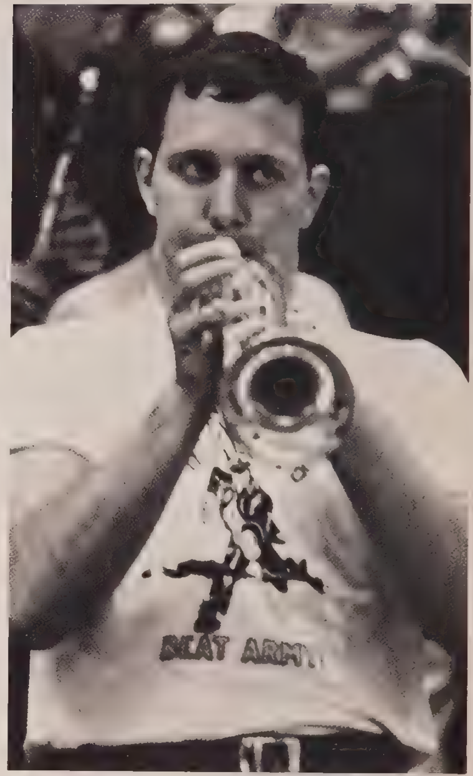
ECA'S

ALBERT A. MICHAELSON '73

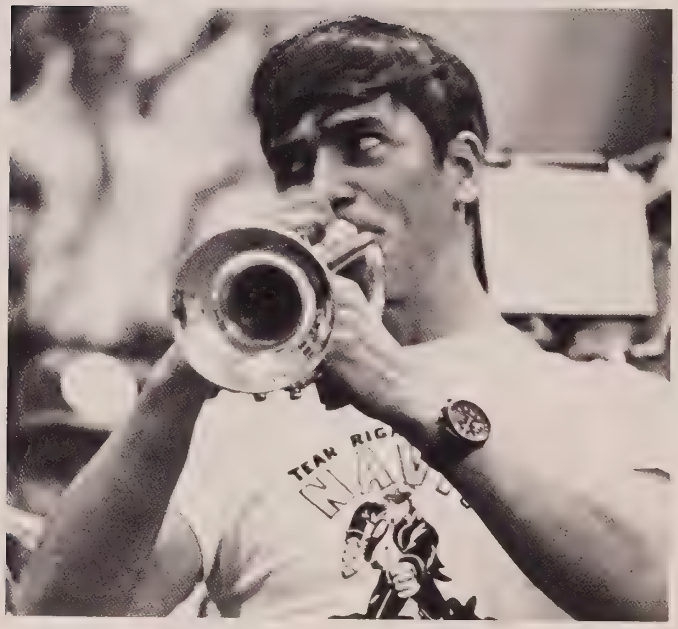
Albert Michaelson ws born in 1852 in Poland and gained entrance to the Naval Academy by a special Presidential Appointment with the Class of 1873. Noted for many acheivements, Michaelson was the first to accurately measure the speed of light, which he did while stationed at the Naval Academy in the summer of 1879. He also invented the Interferometer, a device which measures distances by the analysis of light waves, and used it to measure distances to the stars.

While working with the noted physicist E.W. Morley, together they destroyed the traditional "Ether Theory" on the creation of the universe, thus paving the way for Einstein's work with the Theory of Relativity.

As one of his last great acheivements, Michaelson became the first American to win the Nobel Prize for his work with optical precision instruments and precision measurements.



PEP BAND



The Midshipmen Pep Band exists solely in support of Navy athletics. From football to basketball in the winter to lacrosse in the spring. The band provides musical as well as moral support for the Navy teams. The Pep Band is a volunteer organization which meets once a week in practice. It is directed, coordinated, and managed solely by midshipmen. Spirit, rather than musicianship, is the primary prerequisite for club memmembership, which this year saw an average of 90 active participants throughout the Brigade. In addition to sporting events, the Pep Band also plays at all pep rallies and other spirit related activities.

TRIDENT BRASS

Trident Brass is the name given to the midshipman stage band ensemble. This ECA devotes two nights per week over most of the year, for the expressed purpose of performing concerts for the Brigade and for the public. Unlike the big name bands of Maynard Ferguson and Stan Kenton, Trident Brass is not an all-enveloping activity. Rather, it is an organization of approximately 21 midshipmen who enjoy playing contemporary jazz, blues, and big band arrangements. The band is assisted by an enlisted instructor from the Naval Academy Band who helps in the conducting of rehersals, lending his professional expertise to the midshipmen. Annual Trident Brass concerts occur each winter, spring, and June Week.

N

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

Perhaps one of the most unique organizations within the Brigade of Midshipmen is the USNA Drum and Bugle Corps. This group of about 130 men and women work long hours to perfect their shows and take great pride in representing the Brigade. The Corps tries to embody the standards and traditions of the Academy with their music and precision.

The Drum and Bugle Corps has travelled locally and nation wide to represent the Academy; from local high schools to nationally televised football game half-time shows; from local competitions to Inter-Academy competitions to feature Corps in Senior Corps competitions. In all, the Drum and Bugle Corps in Senior Corps competitions. In all, the Drum and Bugle Corps season begins in plebe summer and goes straight through to the final Commissioning Week performance.

MASQUERADERS

TEAR RIGHT

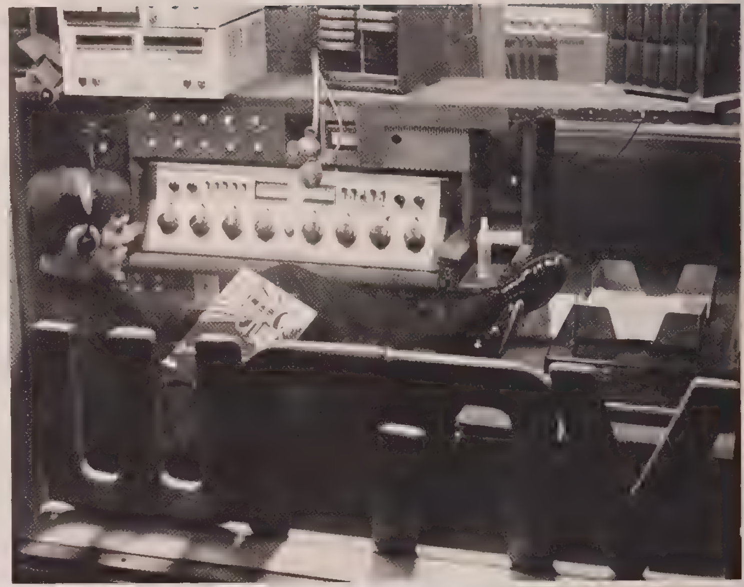
YR 658

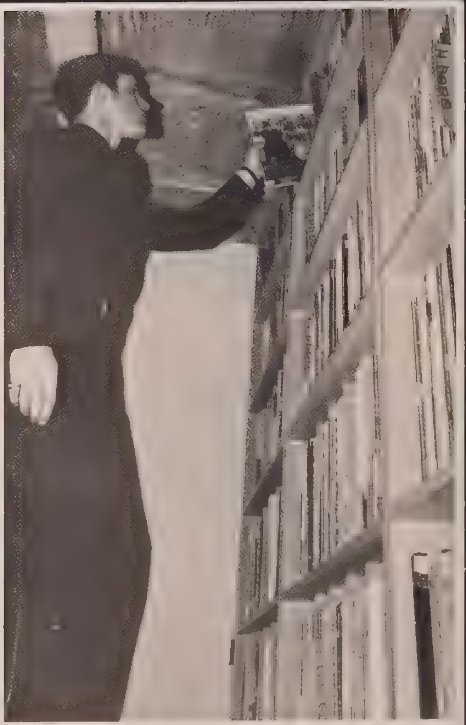
WRNV

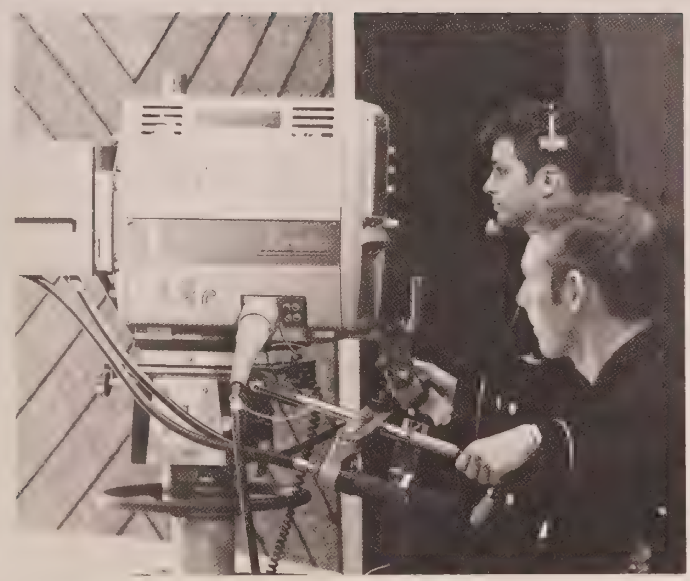
WRNV started off as a pirate station. Its equipment consisted of whatever electrical parts that could be appropriated and assembled from the electrical engineering department. Its base of operation was anyplace where detection by the Officer of the Deck could be avoided.

WRNV has come a long way since then. First as a carrier current station which could only be picked up through the electrical system in Bancroft Hall. Next as a regular AM broadcasting station which could be heard both in and out of the yard. Now it is in the form of a FM Stereo broadcasting station.

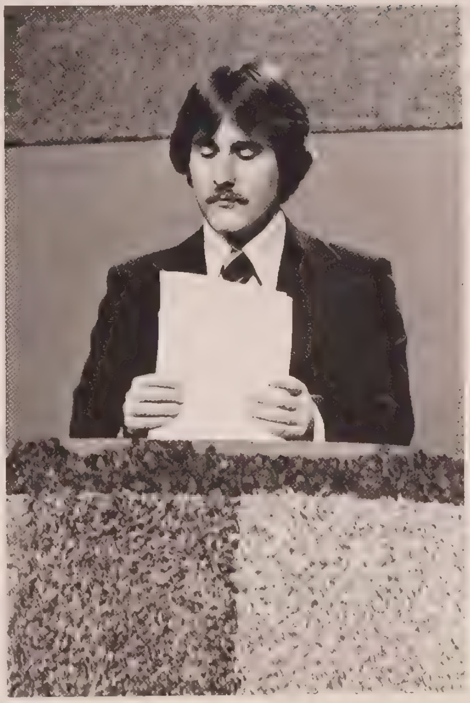
WRNV is located at 89.7 on the FM dial and provides music 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. We no longer need to avoid the O.D. and can thus be found in the 8th wing basement. The station has nearly a hundred active members.

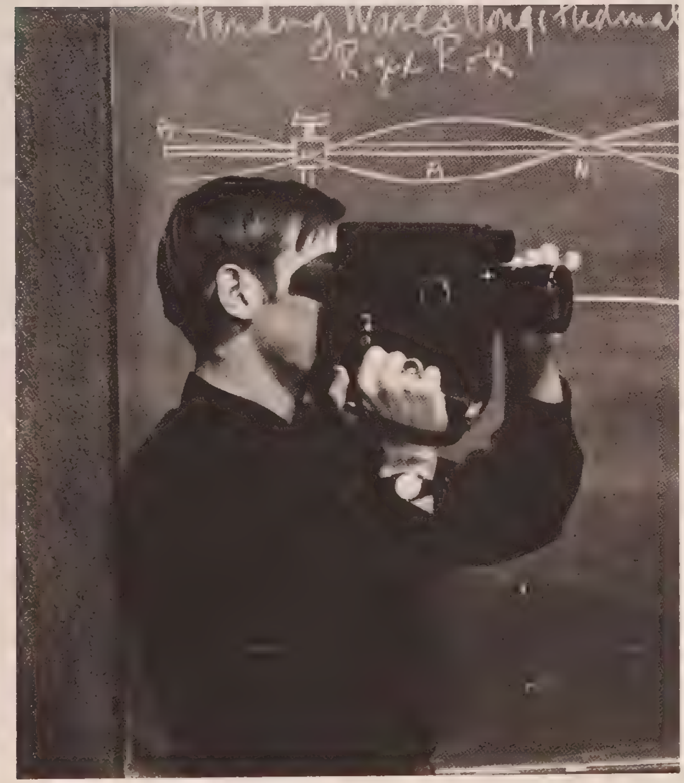






WMID





WMID-TV, the midshipmen's television club, provides the Brigade with a weekly source of internal information packaged in a five minute production called Channel Check. Meeting in the afternoons three to five times a week, WMID members shoot and edit film, write scripts, videotape interviews, and organize material for the production of each show. Additionally, WMID films all Navy football games for viewing by the Brigade and use in the Academy's sports information program. WMID members assisted the Plebe Professional Program this year by showing professional programs twice a week in the early evenings over the Academy's closed circuit television system.

Sunday services at the Academy chapel were made all the more meaningful through the talents of the members of the Protestant and Catholic choirs. Catholic masses at 9 o'clock were led in responses by the mixed male and female voices of the Catholic choir. At 11 o'clock, the Protestant Chapel choir from the alter and the Antiphonal choir from the rear balcony led the congregation in singing hymns. Additional inspiration was provided at each service by anthems.

The annual production of Handel's *Massiah* was a joint effort of the three choirs and women from Hood College. An additional joint effort with the Hood women was the Spring Oratorio. An added feature of Choir Sunday was the combining of the three choirs at both services with the Abbey Brass from Philadelphia.

Numerous trips to churches wthin a 250 mile radius were conducted by the choirs over weekends throughout the semester. New York City, New Orleans, and Virginia Beach were just a few of the cities visited, and time was always found to see the local sights.

The Glee Club proved once again to be one of the best representative groups of the Naval Academy as they toured during the Spring through Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina. The musical production of *How to Succeed in Business* was quite a success through the use of talented members of four groups.

CHOIRS AND GLEE CLUB

THE LUCKY BAG

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND DARKROOM PERSONNEL

P.L. Darring '79
J.R. Grabe '79
R.E. Spaulding '79
D.E. Swenson '79
K.P. Temple '79
W.J. Westwater '79

S. Perez '80
D. McVicker '80
E.P. DiMarco '80

R.W. Filler '81

G.J. Giddings '82
P.A. Krug '82
J.J. Sprys '82
M. Stammer '82
R.K. Vogel '82

Well, this is the spot where I get to take my parting shots at everyone, so let me start by saying that this Lucky Bag was a creation of all the staff members listed in the introduction to the book, and the photographers mentioned here. We have all worked hard, some not as much as others, and there were a few who did almost nothing at all. So please enjoy the yearbook.

This Lucky Bag was created as well by everyone whose picture appears somewhere on its pages, especially the Class of 1979. As a committee of the class we represented all its members in the production of this book, and I hope we did a job that our classmates will be proud of for all our future years.

For those of you who skipped the introduction to the book, please go back and look at the pictures and read the copy. The subject of women at the Naval Academy is a tricky one these days, and where I have dealt with it I have tried to show that when you get down to brass tacks, it is not the problem that the media is trying to make of it. Society changes, and so must we. The copy may be opinionated, but it is fair to all concerned. So with that, you can either accept the introduction, or start your reading on page 10.

In saying thanks, there are so many folks to which we owe gratuties, that I just don't know where to start. First there are the distinguished graduates who have responded with many photos and answers to our different questions. You have truly helped to make our book what we wanted it to be. Thanks go out as well to Jack Moore and his staff in the Nimitz Photo Lab for their support since youngster year, and especially during the months of June, July, and August of 1979. Approximately one hundred of the Black and White photographs appearing in the '79 LUCKY BAG were shot by their photographers, to include the pictures of Plebe Summers 1975 and 1978. Additional Photo Credits and acknowledgements appear on page 752.

At the same time, I apologize for those pictures that we may have missed, or listings which may be incorrect, especially in the Chain of Command section. We tried our best, but certainly any organization has its faults, and I thought we had eliminated all of ours, but obviously we hadn't.

For myself, doing the Lucky Bag has been an enjoyable, and learning experience with many many headaches. I have learned alot about personnel management (without a double major); and have learned that unless you can actually see the paperwork, the assigned task probably hasn't been done! But most of all it has been fun. Thanks '79 for the opportunity to work for you.

Grant B. Thornton

Grant B. Thornton
Editor-in-Chief, 1979 LUCKY BAG

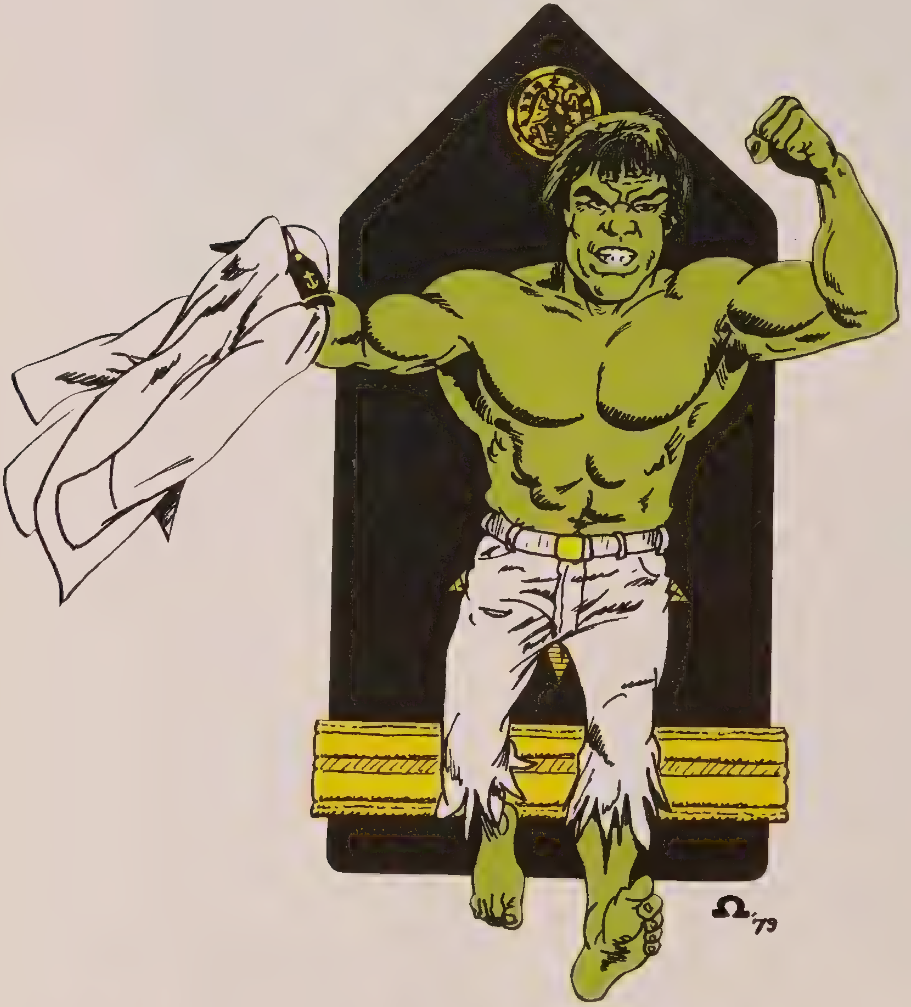
THE LOG

U.S. Naval Academy
Vol. 68, No. 10 • 23 May 1979 • 65¢, As Usual

COMMISSIONING WEEK ISSUE!

The log Magazine had another one of those years. Hopefully it will not have another one like it again. Led and misguided primarily by the demented trio of Sebastian, Stephenson, and Hernandez, the magazine reflected the worst of their more bizarre characteristics. However, thanks to dedicated contributors like Kit Carson, Eric Stagliano, Frank Zucco, Jota Montero, Jon Buttram, Jon Murpht, Jon Haugen, Bob Womer, and Steve Hooper, the Log maintained a degree of respectability. Ted Carter deserves your sympathy because he is editor next year. Quite a few toes were stepped on by many a daring exposé, from the lowliest plebe right up the chain of command and into the far reaches of Crystal City, not to mention the Kremlin. (Until we get censored here and there by Lcdr. Gordon Holder, the Officer Rep. He wasn't bad, 'cause we paid him off.) We did not care, though, because the Brigade subscribes to it whether they want to or not! HA, HA, HA!

'79



HULK'S OUT!

TRIDENT 1979

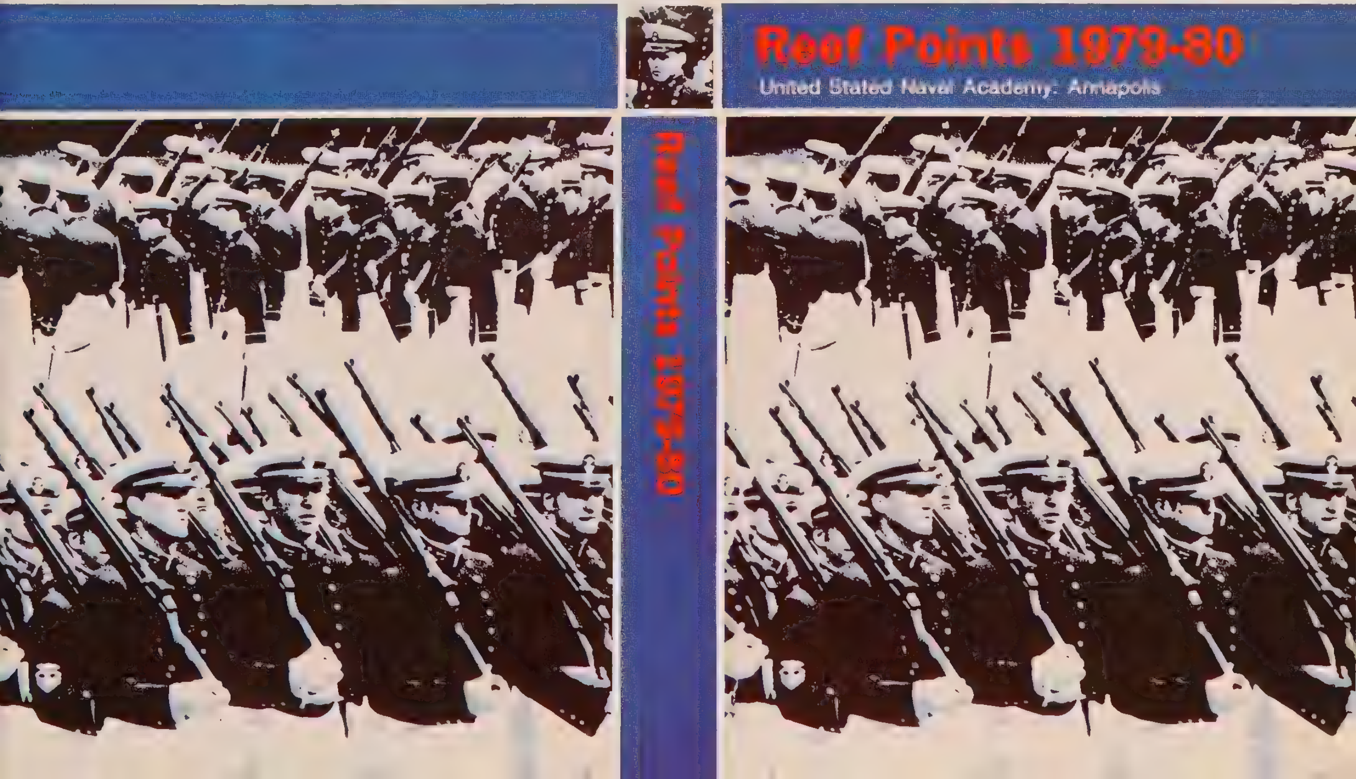
TRIDENT CALENDER

Editor-Brian Decker '79

Trident Calender is an organization which designs, publishes and distributes the Naval Academy Trident Calender for the Brigade of Midshipmen as well as other interested personnel. Although a lot of time is spent by the staff in the efforts to make available an attractive and functional desk calender, their efforts lead to a sense of personal satisfaction and accomplishment.

REEF POINTS

Editor-Steve Struble '80


Reef Points 1979-80
United States Naval Academy: Annapolis
Reef Points 1979-80

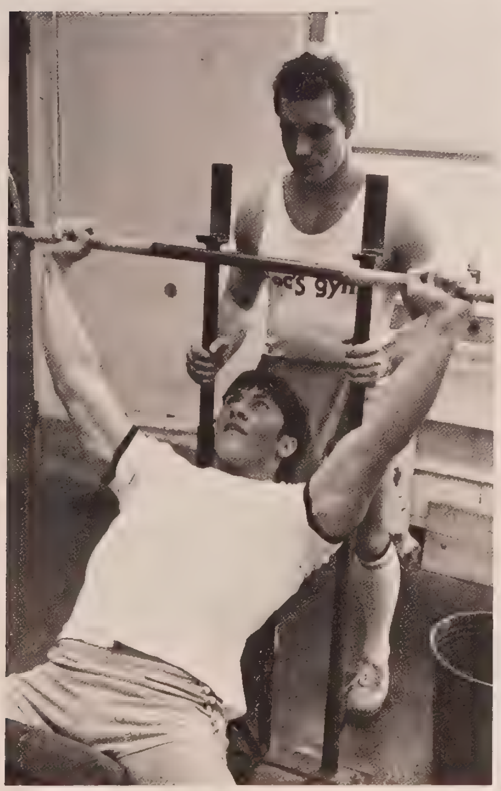
BOWLING CLUB

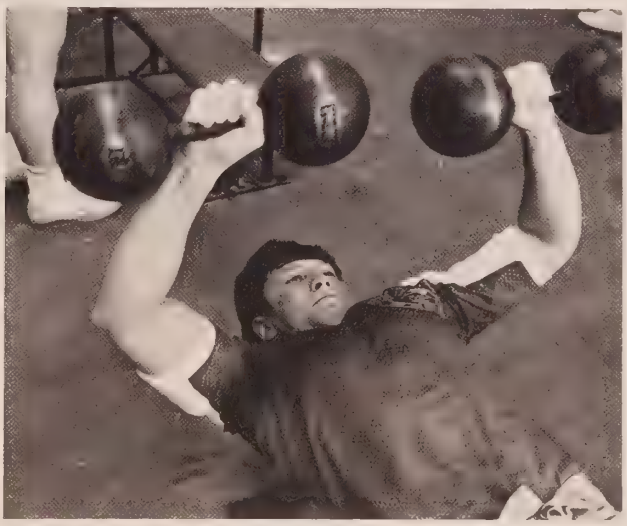
Below Bancroft Hall, lies a facility unknown and unused by many midshipmen. This facility is the Bowling Alley and is the scene of activity among members of the Bowling Club. The club is composed of afternoon leagues and the Bowling Team. In the past few years, the club has grown immensely. Jeff Sherman, the president of the club, with the help of Dave Knab, has enlarged the league from 24 to 36 teams, now competing on three days. Playoffs in the spring, to determine the top 3-man team, caps the year long interleague competition. The 15-man team competes with schools of the D.C. Inercollegiate League. Unbeatable both at home and on the road, the team is comprised of many talented midshipmen bowlers. Enthusiasm and leadership have been the determining factors of both the league and team's success.

POWERLIFTING CLUB

As a division of the Sportsman's Club, the Powerlifting Club began two years ago. Since that time, the club has grown and it is now considered an atletic ECA. The club offers midshipmen the opportunity to compete on International, National, Collegiate and A.A.U. levels in powerlifting and bodybuilding.

Although the club is primarily involved in tournaments, various dual meets with other colleges from across the nation are held. Additionally, the club has sponsored a few intra-Brigade weightlifting meets. The Officer Representative is Lt. Mike DeRusso. Under his guidance, the Powerlifting Club has become a team, not just a club.





CHEERLEADERS

Naval Academy cheerleading takes up alot of time due to our participation at many sporting activities. In the fall we're on weekend trips to such places as the Air Force Academy, Boston College, Notre Dame, and Florida State.

The Army-Navy game is an emotional high for the entire Brigade and we practiced with only "THE" game in mind for the second half of November.

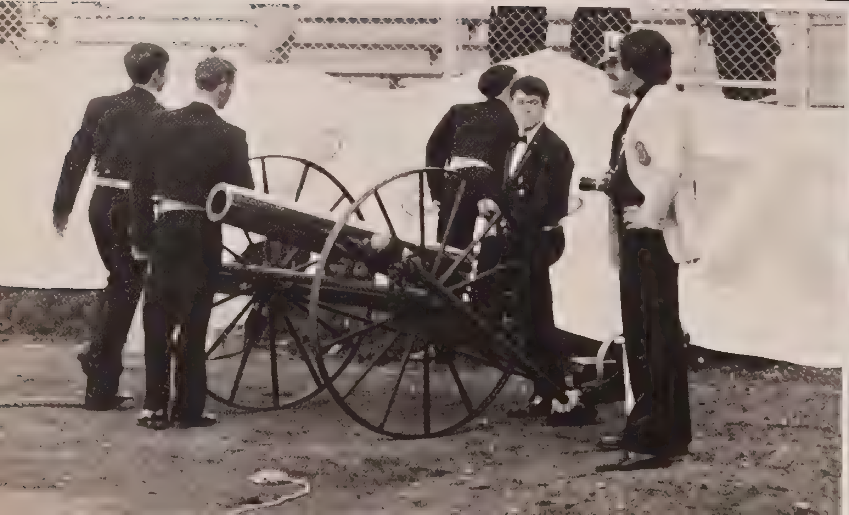
The 1978-78 Navy Basketball season was a thriller! Cheering for a second half team made for many exciting games.

Our goals for next season center around the development of more difficult lifts, tricks and routines. The Naval Academy will be hosting a cheerleading camp for area schools and colleges this summer.

CANNONEERS

The Cannoneers consist of eight midshipmen who through the use of their 1863 Dalghren Boat Howitzer, lend spirit to the Brigade at the home and some away football games.

Each year the two first class members choose two fourth class midshipmen to join the cannoneers to fill in for the recently graduated members.



SPORT PARACHUTE CLUB

Under the leadership of the club president Bob Melcher, and the enthusiasm of a new Officer Rep., Lt. W. Boniface, the Sport Parachute Club stepped from its hiding place into the publics view. The air-antics of the skyflyers brought the visitors of the Maryland Seafood Festival to their feet with screams of excitement and joy. The citizens of Annapolis also had a chance to watch the flying midshipmen. During Annapolis Week, they fell towards the Capitol with multi-colored smoke trails following them and ended their decent with tip-tow landings in front of the crowd.

Along with exhibitions, the Club competed with the Army and Air Force Academies in the first Tri-Academy Parachute meet. Several midshipmen went on to compete in the Collegiate National Championsips where the Club won three championship titles in the names of Doug Bartlett (intermediate accuracy) and Mitch Shipley (novice style and accuracy). It was a super year for the club.

SCUBA CLUB

The objectives of the Scuba Club are three-fold: to offer basic scuba instruction for interested midshipmen, to arrange recreational dives for certified divers, and to provide advanced training opportunities for experienced divers.

In pursuit of the first objective, the Scuba Club runs instruction classes and pool sessions. Each course is culminated with a series of qualification dives either in Pennsylvania or the warm waters of Florida. Over 200 midshipmen take advantage of this program each year.

The diving program for certified divers includes: oyster dives in the Chesapeake Bay, fresh water diving in local quarries, semi-annual trips to the Florida Keys, and an occasional wreck dive off the coast of Deleware. By offering a continuing diving program, the Scuba Club hopes to promote interest in sport diving and provide the basis for a carry-over sport after graduation.

In order to satisfy the third objective, one Assistant Instructor program has been started and arrangements are being made for another one as well as a CPR course and an Instructor Training Course.

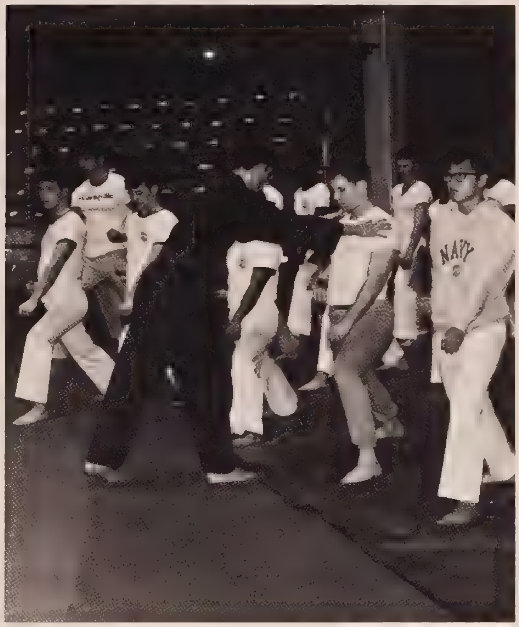
HANDBALL CLUB

The Handball Club is an athletically oriented activity which utilizes the McDonough Hall handball courts from 1800 until 1945 four nights weekly. The game by nature is a strenuous activity which requires the utilization of great amounts of energy, coordination, and peak conditioning. Under the direction of Officer Rep. Lcdr. Robert E. Lee, the team competes with several civic organizations and the Academy's faculty members. Particular highlights of the season include a match with the Marine Handball Team. On occasions, the club is invited to use the YMCA facilities and the handball courts at the Pentagon. Club members range from plebe to first class, and beginning to professional. No matter what degree of skill or experience the member possesses, the Handball Club is out for sport, competition, and fun.

BICYCLE CLUB

JUDO CLUB

KARATE CLUB



The USNA Karate Club is more than one hundred midshipmen and officers practicing the Korean martial art of Tang Soo Do. To develop self confidence and to increase physical fitness and mental alertness, the club practices the traditional Katas as well as free fighting and self defense techniques. Instruction is given on all levels of the art, from beginner to black belt, by the senior members of the club. Highlights of the year activities include two promotions for belt rank, a tournament against Army and several successful demonstrations.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club meets every Friday in Michelson Hall for meetings which include speed chess, analysis sessions, rated and nonrated club tournaments, instruction, and lectures on strategy and modern chess theory. Officer Rep. Capt. Robert J. Kimble, Jr. USMC and club president Tom Belke, and the rest of the staff promote one of the most increasingly active ECA's that the Brigade has to offer.

Midshipmen can compete individually and intercollegiately in nationally rated chess competition. The club has become highly active since attaining the status of a U.S. Chess Federation Affiliate, and currently has over 20 rated members in addition to those midshipmen who simply enjoy to compete on a club level.

The Chess Team, consisting of the top rated players, play on the collegiate level. Navy has beaten Army for the last four years in its annual blood match, and travels to West Point this year with a team that won top Class honors in the Pan American Intercollegiate Chess Championship.

Y.P. SQUADRON

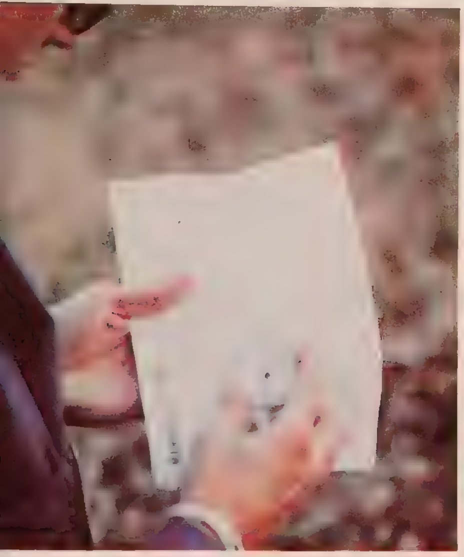
The YP Squadron operates during the fall and spring sets. Its objective is to provide midshipmen with operational, administrative, and tactical experience utilizing the Academy's Yard Patrol Craft.

The Squadron provides leadership, and ultimately, command opportunities. Each Battalion is assigned a Yard Patrol Craft which is under the command of the Battalion YP Commanding Officer. The year culminates with the annual color competition and June Week Naval Review.

DAVID W.
YP 658

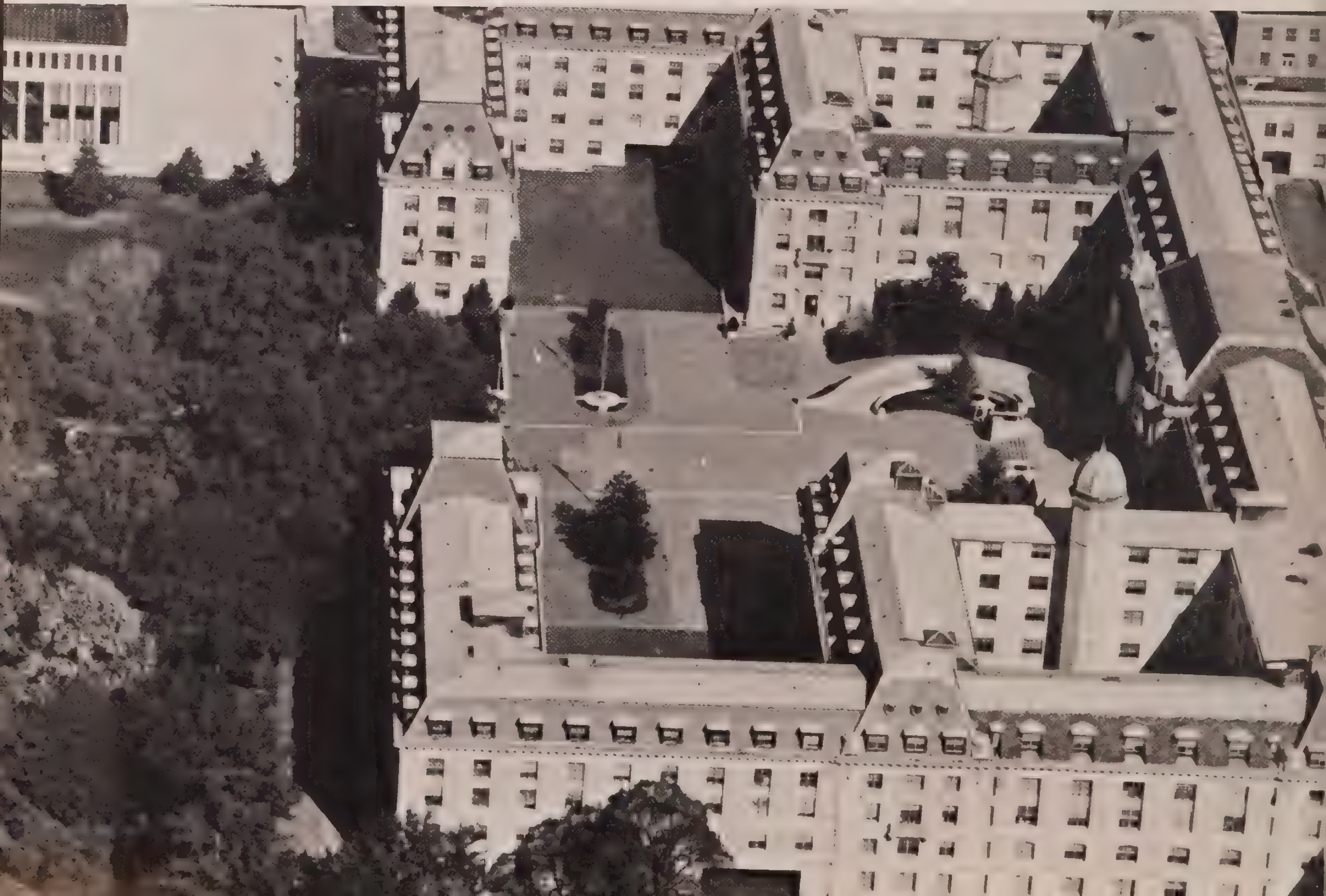
BIG BROTHERS AND SISTERS

ORIENTEERING



Orienteering is the art of trail blazing, using a map and compass to find the fastest path through the woods. Meets are run in the State Parks in the D.C. Area in conjunction with the Quantico Orienteering Club. Meets are run in the spring and fall, several are also held during the winter. The highlight of this year, is the meet at West Point. It is a national level meet and presents quite a challenge.

FLYING SQUADRON



DISTANCE RUNNING

NAVY
NAVY
USNA

DRILL TEAM

The USNA Drill Team has come a long way since its inception two years ago. Although it has seen limited exposure to date, its reputation is steadily growing. Having established itself as an exceptional marching unit in Winchester, Virginia last spring, it now looks forward to proving itself in major competition. If the present trend is any indication, it should do that and more in the coming years.

MILITARY PARACHUTE CLUB

ECA CLUB PRESIDENTS
ACADEMIC YEAR 78-79

American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics	M.A. Hecker '79
Amateur Radio Club	D.H. Hinz '80
American Nuclear Society	R.J. Engel '79
ASME	T.M. Rychlik '79
ASNE	D.A. Houseman '79
Antiphonal Choir	H.T. Walsh '79
Art & Printing Club	H.A. Murphy '79
Astronomy Club	A. Hale '80
Bicycle Club	R.G. Thompson '80
Big Brothers & Sisters	P.J. Reese '79
Black Studies	W.D. Lewis '79
Bowling Club	J.W. Sherman '79
Bridge Club	J.E. Leible '79
BAC	M.A. Coleman '79
	J. McFadden '79
Brigade Social Affairs Committee	R.A. Chapa '79
Cannoneers	S. Van Buskirk '79
Car Club	T.L. McDonald '79
Catholic Chapel Choir	S.R. Krause '79
Cheerleaders	C.O. Geving '80
Chemistry Club	J.R. Grabe '79
Chess Club	T.J. Belke '80
Christmas Card Committee	W. Granger '79
Churchill Society	L.R. McGuire '79
Class of 1979	R.C. Reynolds '79
Class of 1980	R.A. Nemeck '80
Class of 1981	T. Coker '81
Class of 1982	T.G. Thompson '82
Distance Running Club	C.R. Wright '79
Drill Team	W.H. Borger '79
Drum & Bugle Corps	A.O. Heimer '79
	J.A. Bruno '79
Fellowship of Christian Athletes	S. Squires '79
Forensic Society	D.A. Houseman '79
Flying Squadron	K.L. Jackson '79
Glee Club	C.W. Dahmer '79
Handball Club	J.L. Bontrager '79
History Club	J.R. Ballard '79
Hockey Club	P. Shepard '79
Institute of Electrical & Electronics Engineers	R.S. Weis '79
International Club	R.D. Potter '79
Judo Club	T. Summerour '79
Karate Club	D.E. Barber '79
Log Magazine	J. Sebastian '79
1979 LUCKY BAG	G.B. Thornton '79

1980 LUCKY BAG	C.E. Chapman '80
1981 LUCKY BAG	C.R. Perry '81
Marine Technology Society	R.A. Lakis '79
Masqueraders	W. Stanley '80
Military Studies Association	R.K. Phares '79
Naval Academy Christian Association	D.L. Spain '79
Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference	L.A. Kihlstadius '79
Newman Club	G.T. Hutto '79
Officers Christian Fellowship	H.M. Green '79
Omicron Delta Epsilon	C.L. Rucker '80
Orienteering Club	P.R. Rasmussen '79
Parachute Club, Military	D.L. Krueger '79
Parachute Club, Sport	D.S. Bartlett '79
Pep Band	R.C. Keller '79
Photography Club	D.H. Kaye '79
Political Awareness Forum	T.A. Kwiatkowski '79
Pop Music Concert Committee	R.V. Walters '79
Powerlifting Club	D.T. Evans '79
Protestant Chapel Choir	B.N. Harris '79
Public Relations Committee	M.A. Lange '79
Reef Points	S.I. Struble '80
Ring and Crest Committee	D. Richards '79
Ring Dance Committee	L. DiRita '80
Rugby Club	W.E. Hogan '79
Scuba Club	M.D. Shell '79
Semper Fidelis Society	T.M. Rychlik '79
Sigma Iota Epsilon	A.L. Urrutia '79
Sigma Pi Sigma	P.H. Cullom '79
Society for Professional Careers	K. Shanebrook '80
Sportsman Club	F. Aalbue '79
Trident Brass	R.C. Keller '79
Trident Calander	B.N. Decker '79
Undersea Science Club	R.D. Lanning '79
Varsity "N" Club	R.M. Tata '79
Volleyball Club	W.H. Ballard '79
Water Polo Club	W.H. Resser '79
WMID-TV	B.D. Ward '79
WRNV-FM	R.D. Lanning '79
L' Chaim	J.B. Jerome '79

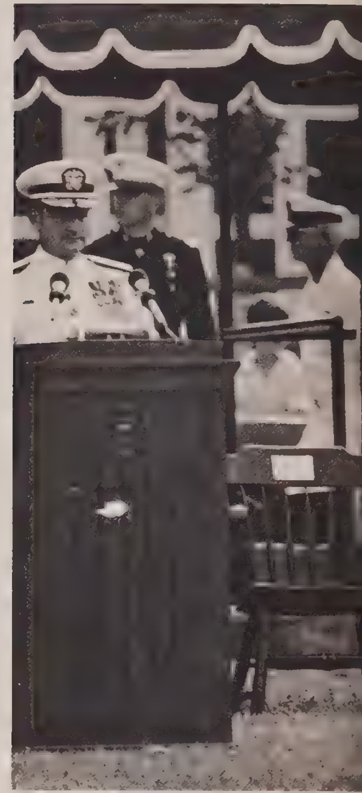
CHRONOLOGY

ALAN B. SHEPARD '45

Alan Shepard is noted by perhaps everyone as one of the pioneers in space exploration in this country by the fact that he was the first man to travel into space. Shepard was also the only Navy astronaut to be promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral.

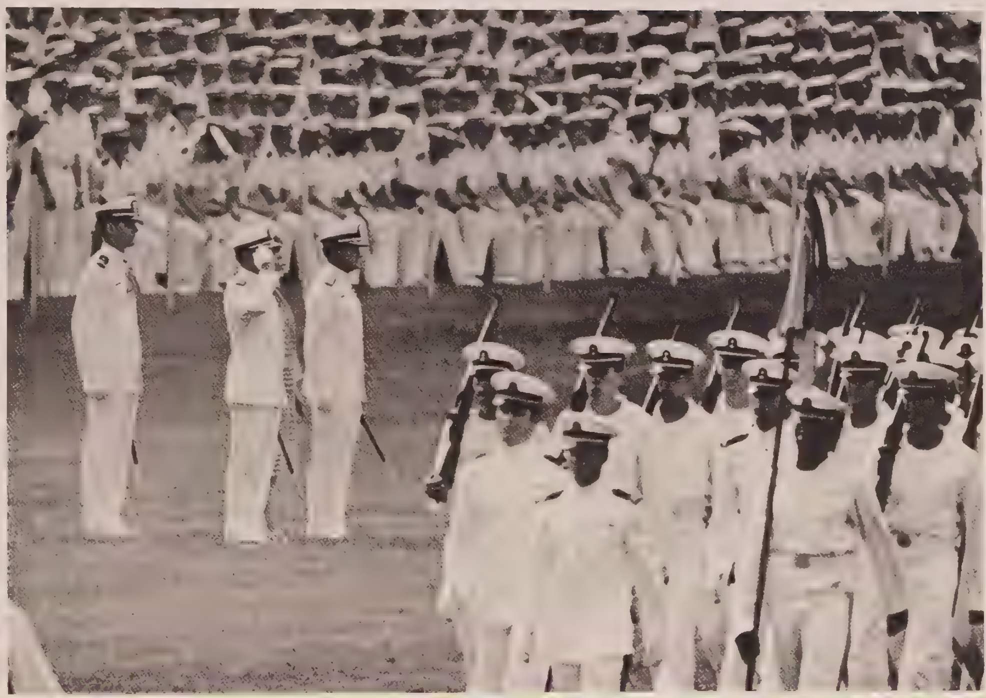
Now retired from the space program and pursuing a career as a businessman in Texas, Shepard is extremely proud of his Annapolis heritage and considers it to be a very valuable background. He considers the most important knowledge he took away from the Naval Academy was a sense of "loyalty and discipline," which he developed during his years as a midshipman.

On the technological aspects of the Naval Academy, Shepard feels the changes in the curriculum since his days have been helpful in maintaining the Academy as a "viable institute of learning." He also feels the improved curriculum has helped the midshipmen keep pace with the technical changes in the Navy. "We must take advantage of the rapid changes in technology today, it is the keystone of our country's strengths."



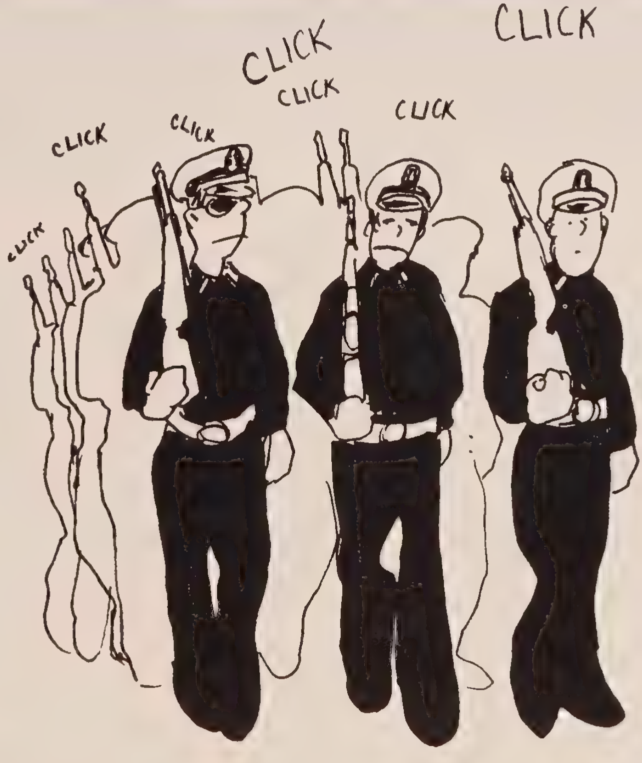
It all began in August, no, not September, but August. The summer went by fast, but not for '82. Upon our return we lost our old Supe and gained another, and when they changed the Command, it would be the plebes who would pass in review . . . . . or out.

AUGUST



SEPTEMBER

September brought a chance to get back in step with the Academic routine. As a Brigade however, we still found time to visit with Worden Field and the streets leading to the Navy-Marine Corps stadium. The year brought a new outlook on Navy Football, and a chance to really cheer the team on ....


CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
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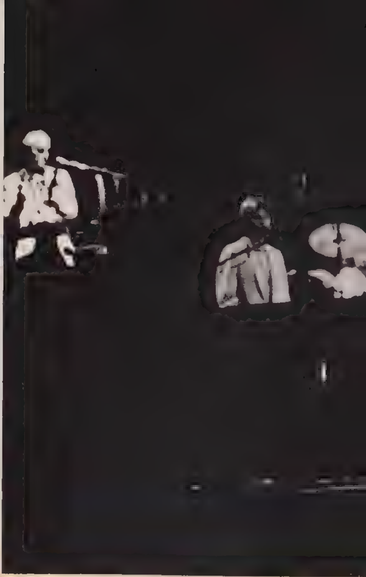
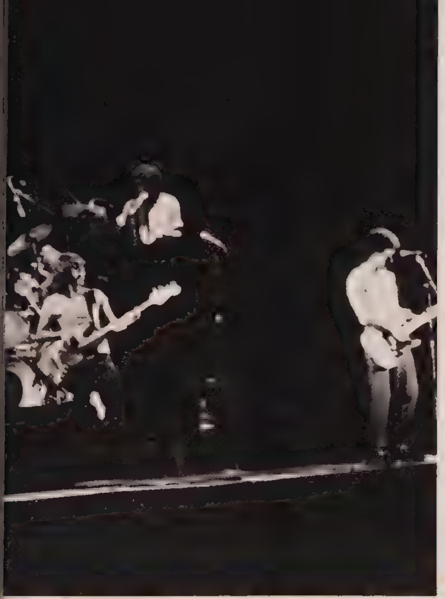
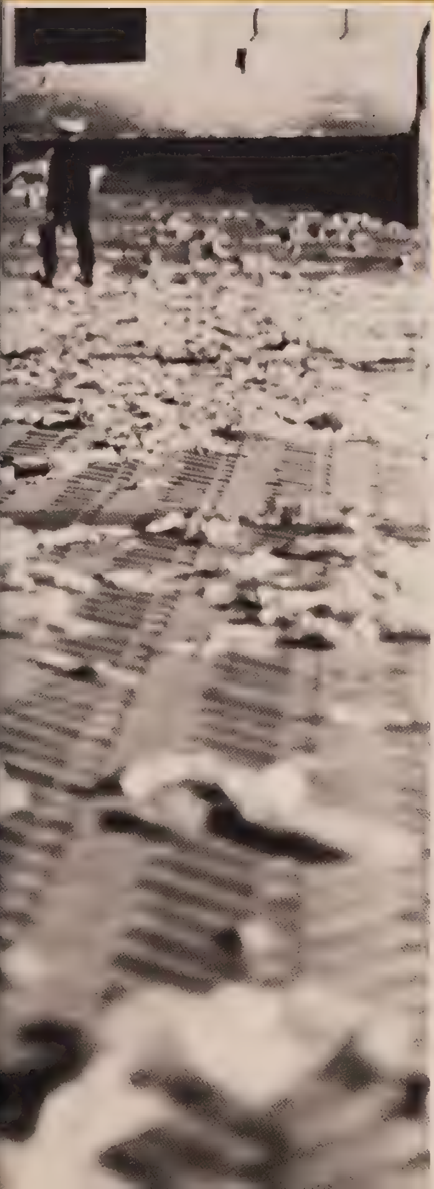
. . . . . Pep rallies are really fond memories (unless you had to clean the mess up.) We also found a new and improved obstacle course, now complete with trap doors and a machine gun nest or two.







The Doobie
Brothers

In Concert

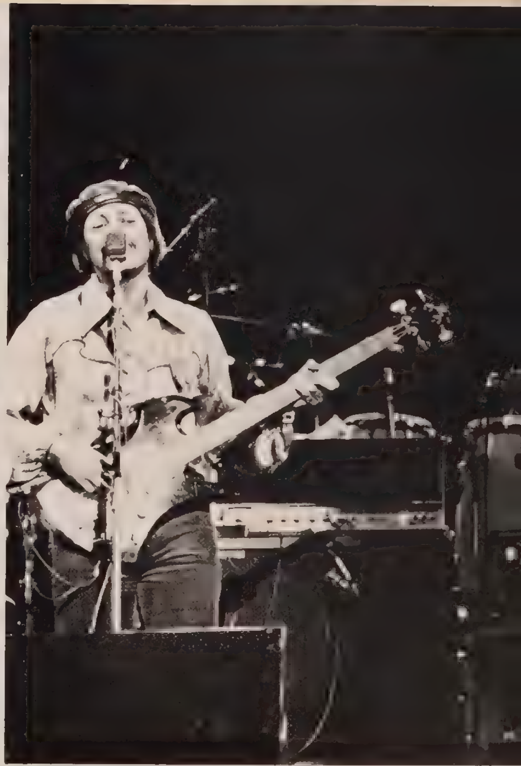
The year is really flying now as each Saturday brings another Navy victory. 4-0, 5-0, 6-0, we can't be stopped! They tried to dampen our spirit by dropping hot air baloons amidst our ranks, but we stood fast. And what '79er could forget those last forty minutes of Navy swimming. If we ever swim in khakis again, it will be much too soon!

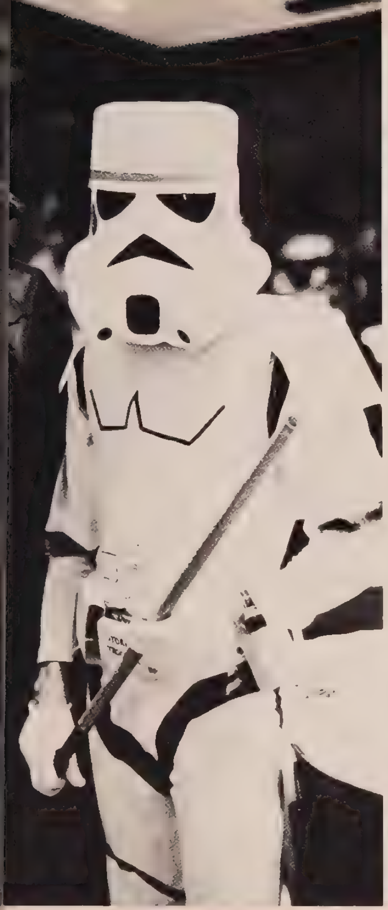
OCTOBER

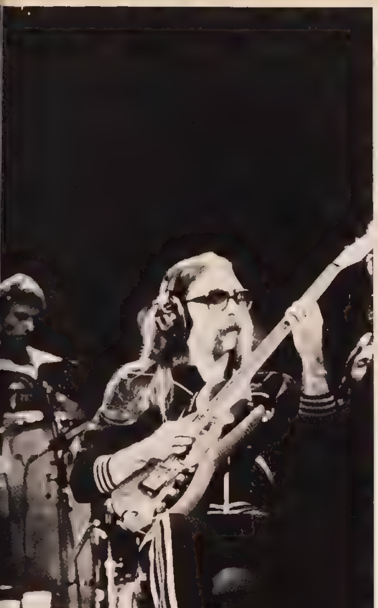
BLOOP?

LVE

As the leaves began to fall and it became bleak outside, it soon became time for us to move inside for entertainment. It looks like someone forgot to shut the door however as the mids were not the only ones trying to get in out of the cold.

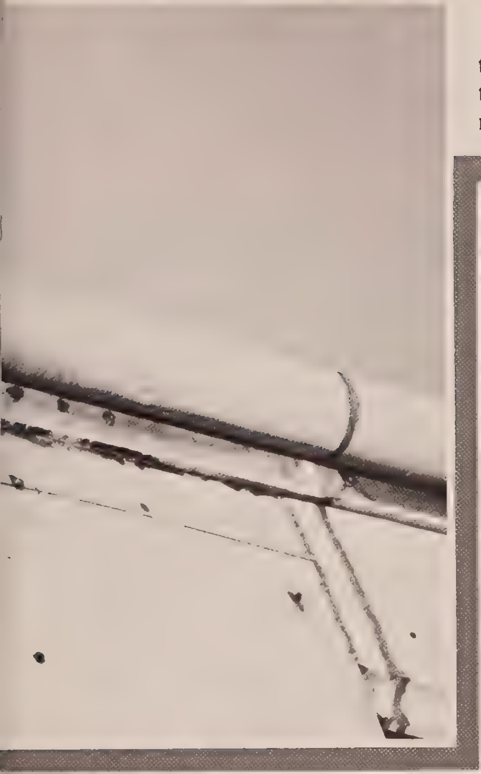


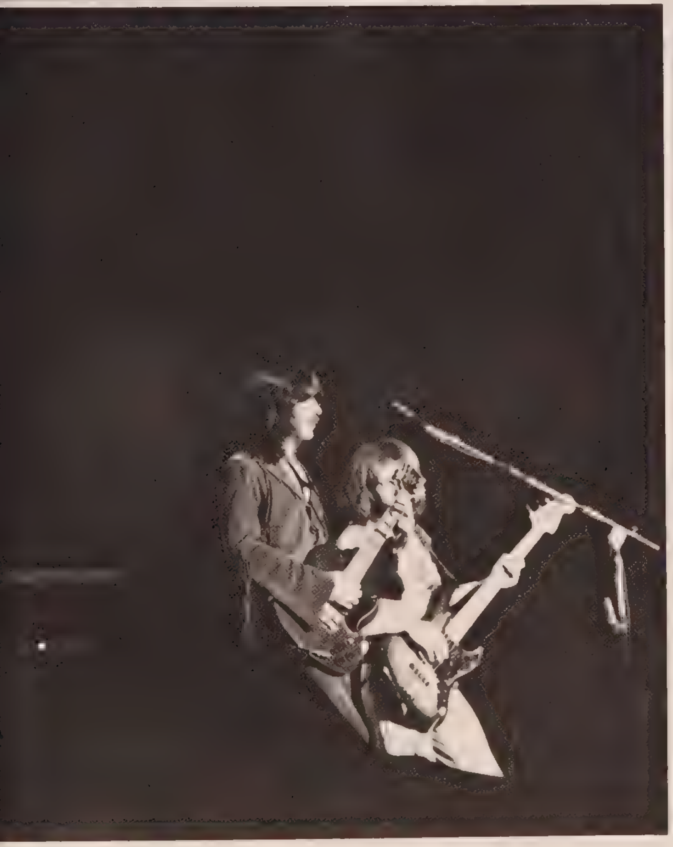


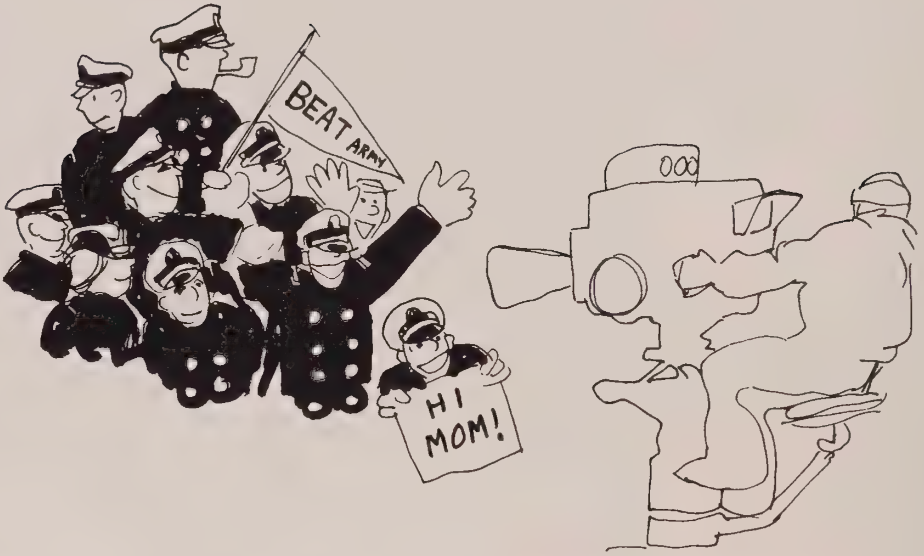


NOVEMBER

The Brigade spirit wanes a bit as we suffer our first losses of the football season, and the gray Annapolis weather sets in with the trees completely barren of leaves. Classes went on as we neared the end of the first semester.






BEAT ARMY
HI MOM!
000

BEAT ARMY
PERIOD
83

As those last days in November approach, the Brigade gains its enthusiasm anew, with anticipation of the up-coming events. A spirited bunch, the underclass get a little *too enthusiastic* while the firsties await pizza and beer, as they redecorate the wardroom. '79 learns well the analogy, "the Captain may not have run the ship aground, but he is the one to be relieved."

Through it all however, one cry continues to ring about them all . . . . .

BEAT ARMY
INTAKE
USNA

BEAT ARMY

DECEMBER

With another win (ho-hum) over Army, we again set our sights on the academics, with finals only a few days away. Many amid did sweat the midnight oil, searching for those facts which would bring it all together. At the same time we knew that Christmas leave was just around the corner.

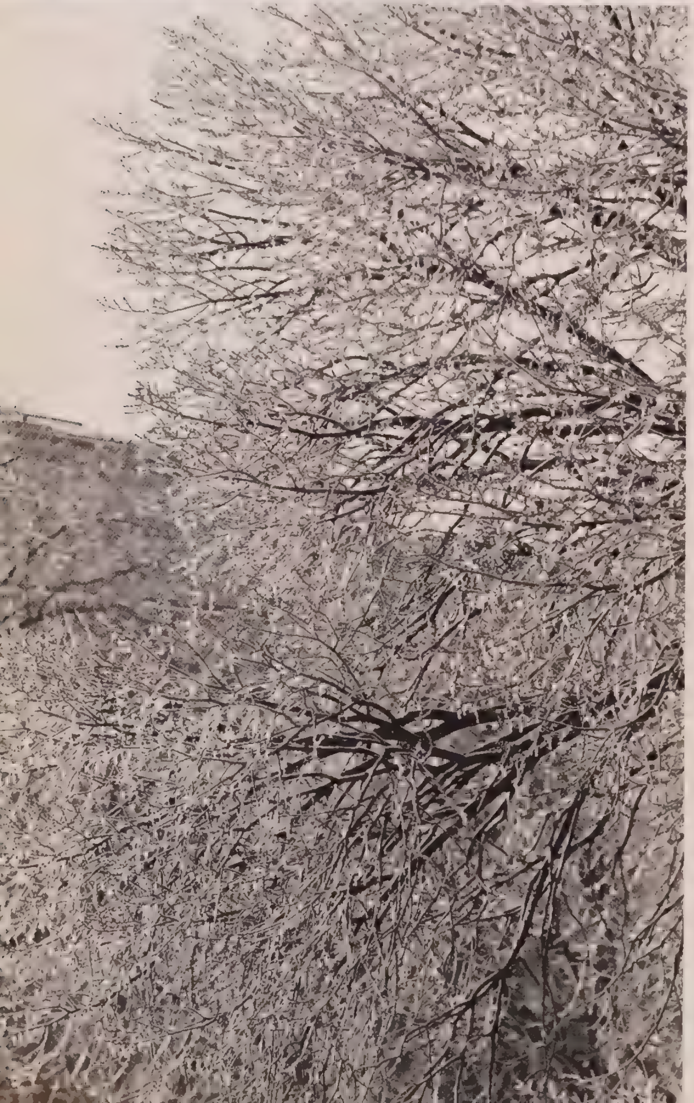
Now let's see . . . . if all P's are Q's, and all Q's are Z's, but not Y's, then it clearly follows that F=ma.

. . . . I don't understand!

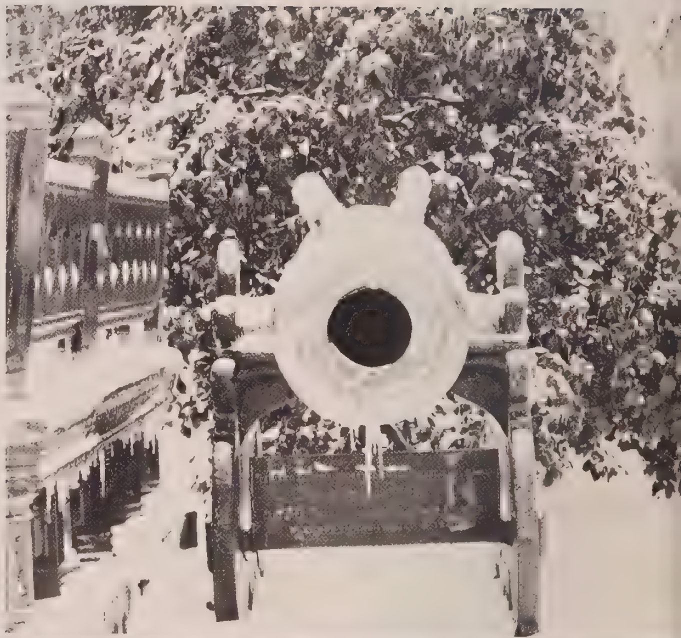
RIO de JANERIO

Exams are done . . . . the Christmas formal has come and gone . . . . and the Brigade breaks for Christmas. For the first time we are spared the wait for finals upon our return from leave.

Doesn't the Naval Academy take on a more pleasing appearance when not viewed from behind a book?



OH NO! I HATE DECEMBER.
ZZZ

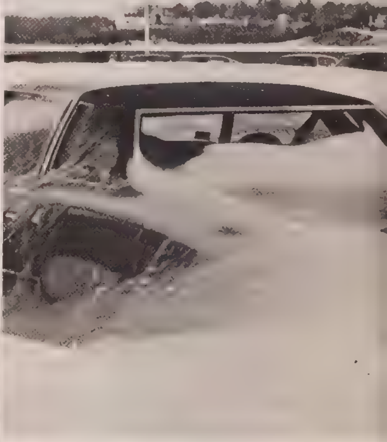


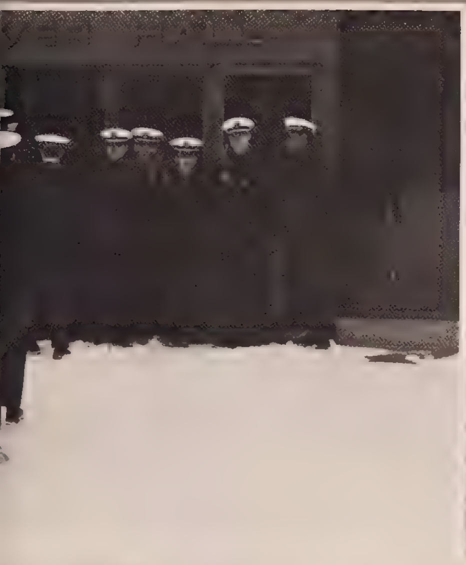
JANUARY

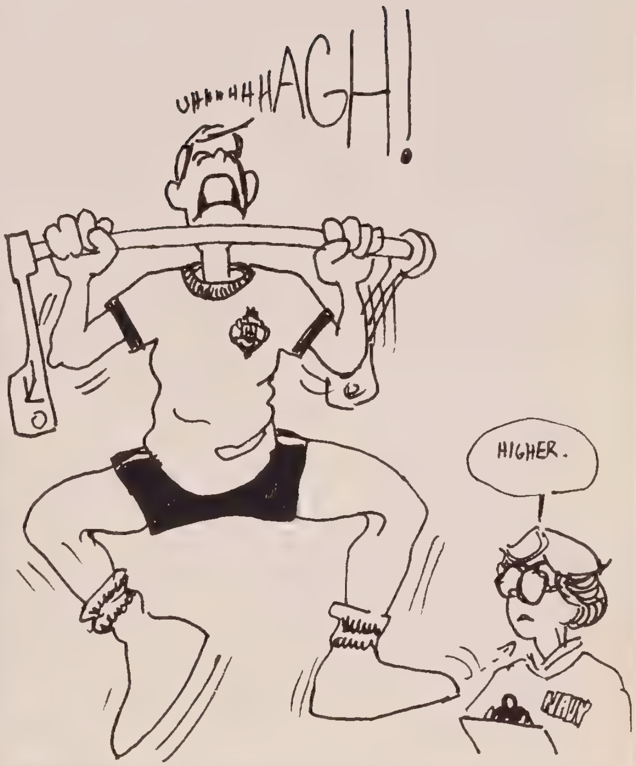
The Brigade has returned, and '79 starts up that last hill which finds graduation on the other side. It has been a long three and a half years, but these next five months almost seem as long.

. . . . . . just another snowey day in Annapolis.

FEBRUARY






UHHHHHHAGH!
HIGHER.
NAVY

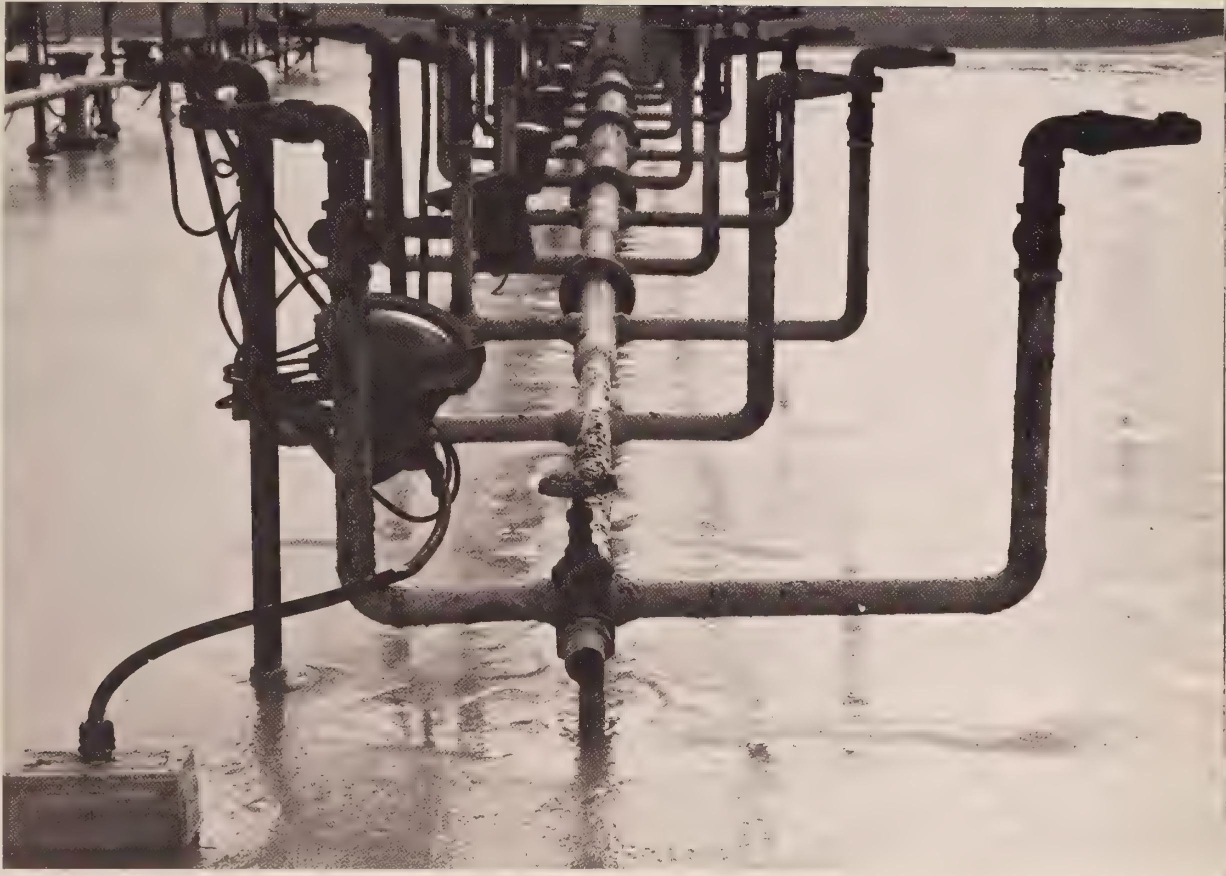
PRINCE GEORGE ST.
LVIN&CO.INC.

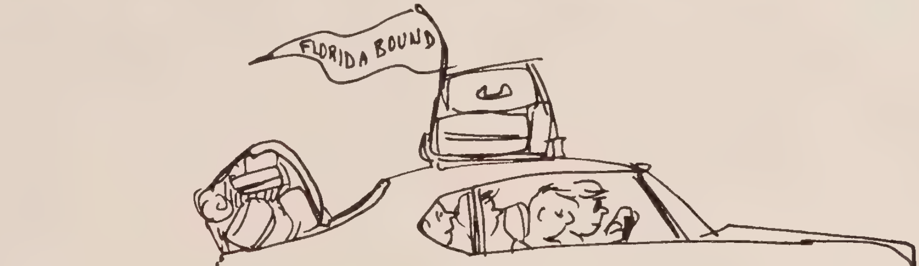
Then came February, truly a month to be remembered with the PCR, '79 starting their last P.E. tests at Navy, and Washington's Birthday with all that snow. Never before had so many mids been so close and yet so far! Comments such as "What do you mean you're snowed in over in Eastport," or "I can't find my car . . . . but I know its in the Midstore lot" were the order of the day.

February also brought snowball fights. Surprised? What else could have evolved from the deadly combination of midshipmen, two feet of snow, and cancelled classes!

MARCH

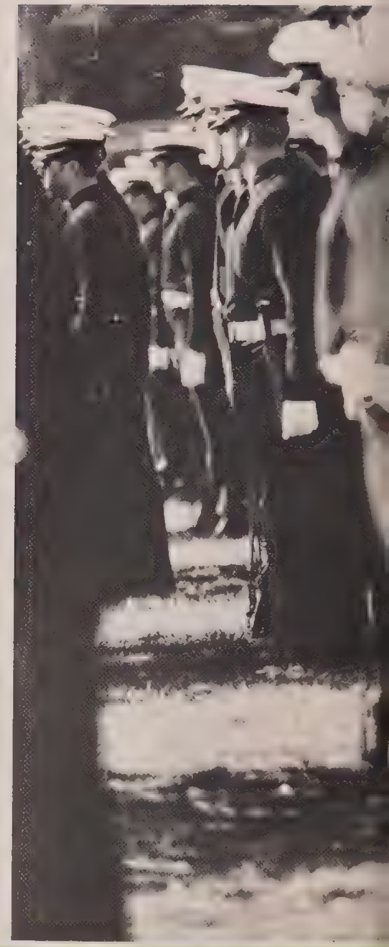
March brought the thaw of the winter snow, and boy was there alot to melt. One might think that USNA was the slush capital of the world. And as the trees and flora prepared to bloom, our midshipmen prepare for spring by getting a last minute trim (it is thought that longer hair in the winter is warmer). Other preparations are made for the good weather by getting an early start on collecting a few rays . . . . .

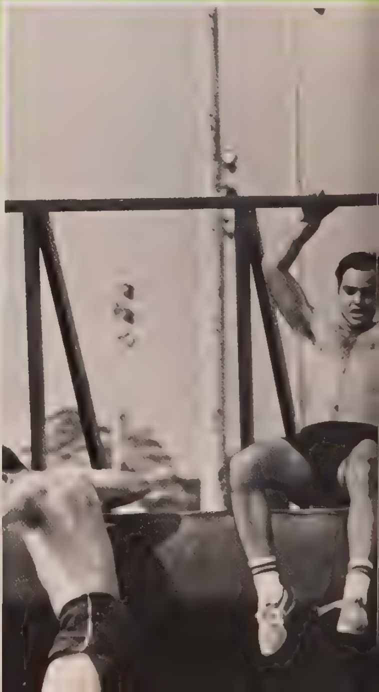


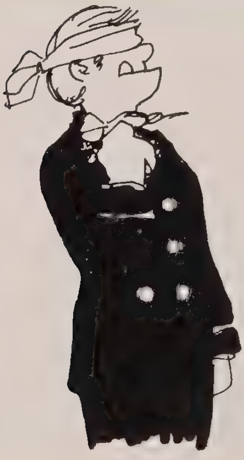

FLORIDA BOUND

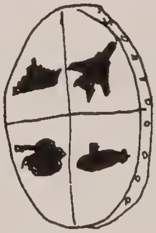
IT'S SPRING!

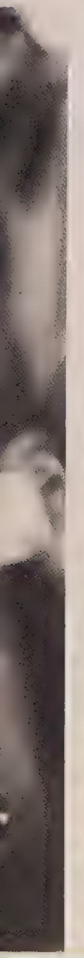
APRIL



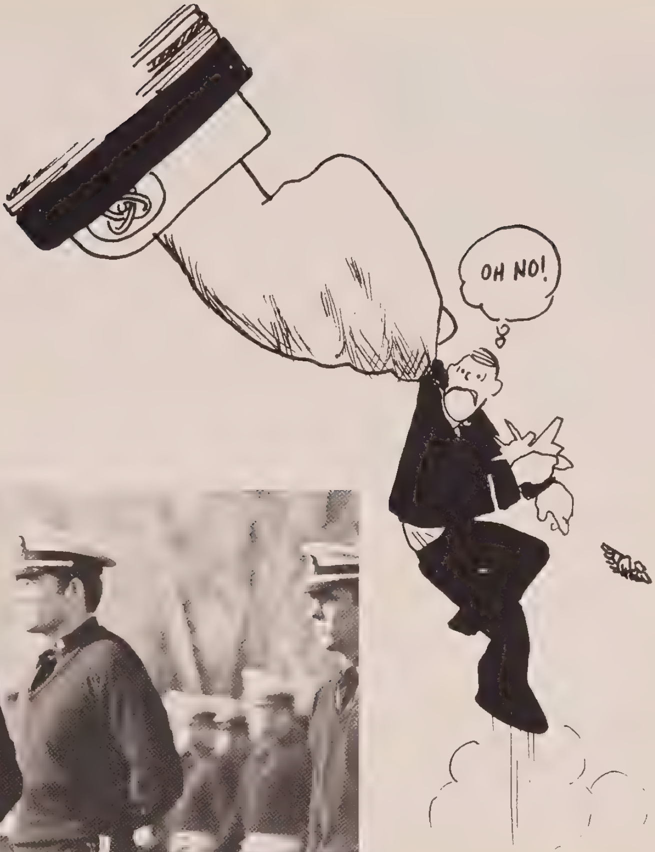








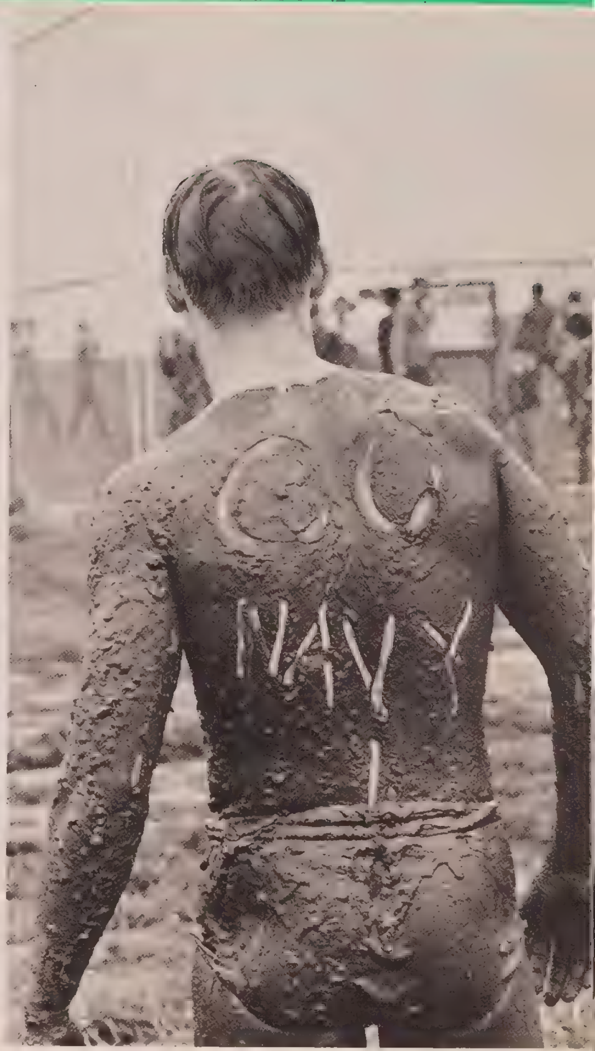
The fairer weather brought new hopes and a new spirit. Only two months now to graduation and our start of a "five-year" career. For many the choice wasn't easy, and for some they let "fate" make the choice. With another p-rade behind us, and the last obstacle crossed, we moved on to bigger and better things like . . . .

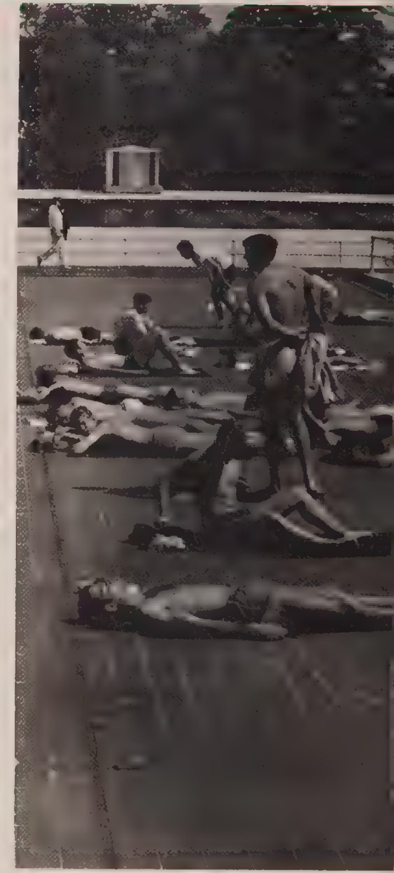


MORE P-RADES.

Then came Vice Admiral Stockdale and yet another Forrestal Lecture. We were relieved to hear, among the many valuable points that he made, that '83 should be able to do that many push-ups!

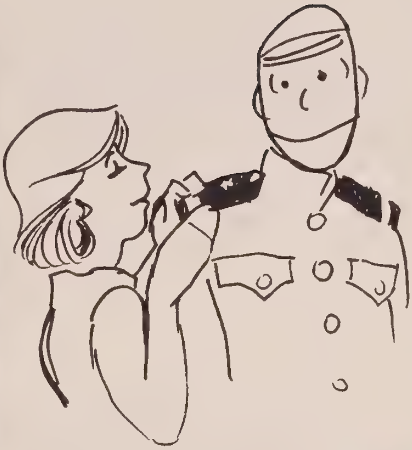
Look at those zany mids . . . . . what they won't do for fun. But for this young man the fun ended on the pad of a poison-pen mate. "Name and alpha code please, you're down."


GO
NAVY



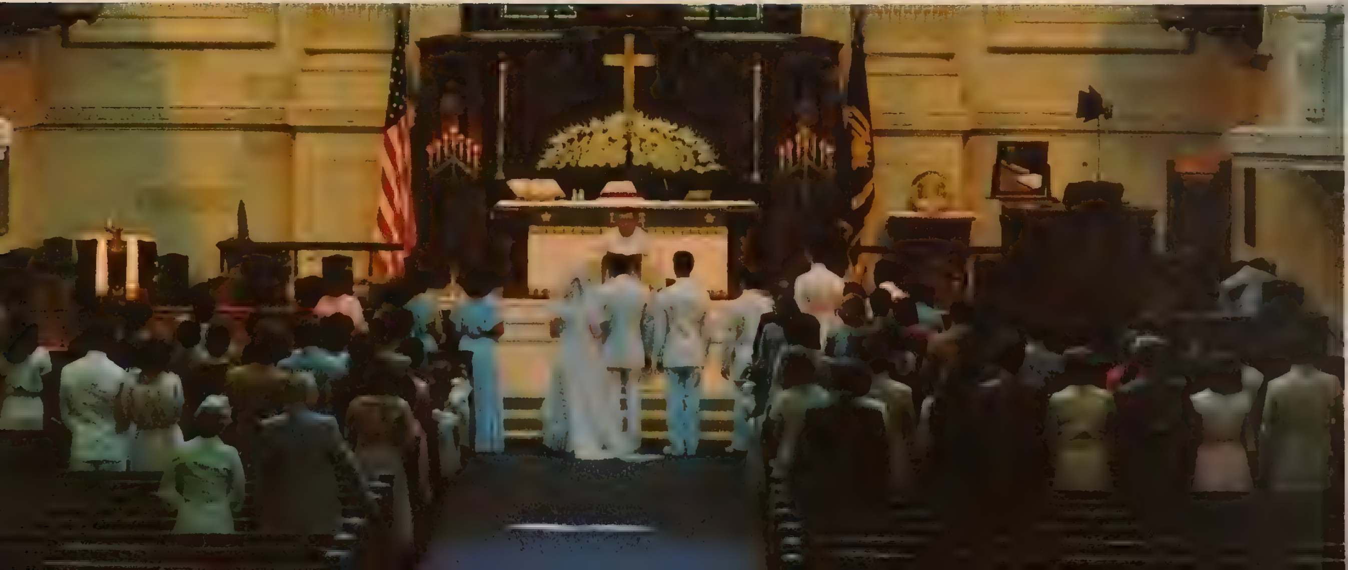
MAY

May brought the best weather of the entire spring season. Too bad that all of it occured during finals! But for many veterns of the Red Beach landings, not even wires or thermo could keep them from capturing the objective. Many did sweat the load, (when their thoughts weren't turned elsewhere) for they knew that the end was just around the corner and that soon it would be . . . . .



COMMISSIONIN

~~JUNE~~
WEEK



G

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Finest
79
OMNI VIRI

Admist the many changes of the past few years, not even June Week was able to withstand the wheels of progress, as it was appropiately renamed Commissioning Week. Admittedly it might seem funny to call those seven days June Week, even if it didn't fall during that month, but there were many who disagreed with the change. Even when the decision to change the name was made it took awhile to decide on a new name, as many choices were tossed about.

But whatever the name, the parades and dances, the ceremonies and awards with all their traditions, remain intact. Each new class of plebes still anxiously await their turn to approach the platform to receive the Commision they have earned. It is still a time to share with family and friends, to launch new careers, and to begin new lives. Certainly these are among our most memorable days at the Naval Academy.

EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS

ITALLBEGANWITHHERNDONCLASSOF82GREASE

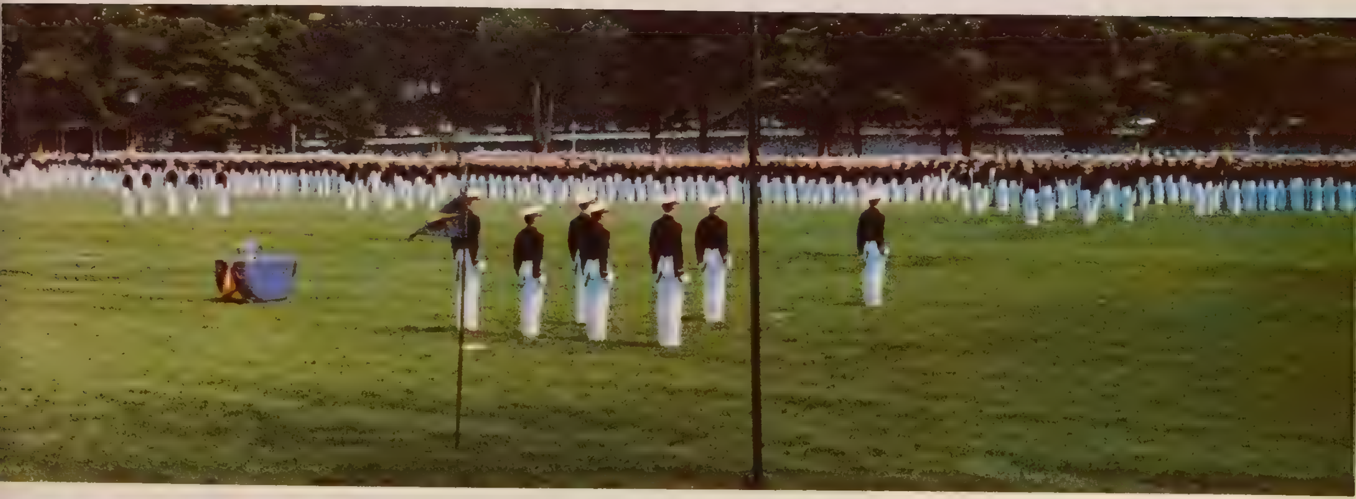
FINALLYVICTORYNOMOREPLEBESGARDENPARTY

THERECEPTIONLINESBUTDOIHAVETOGRADUATE

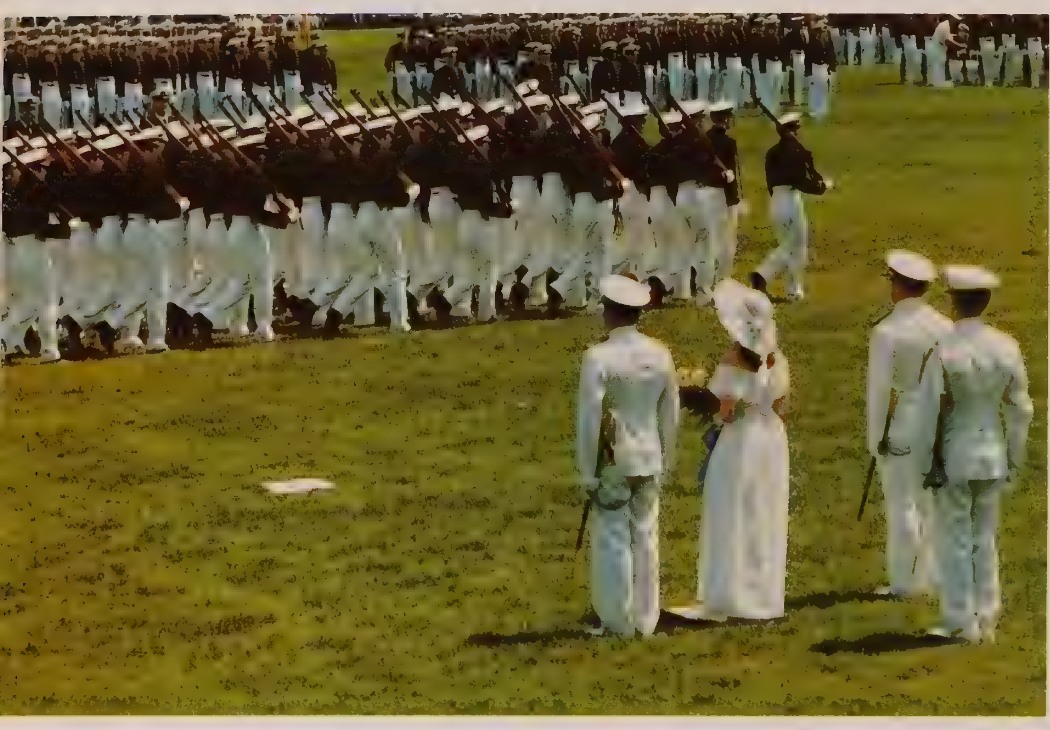
MEMORIALDAYBLUEANGELSDRUMSANDBUGLES

YETANOTHERKINDOFPRACTICETHEBESTOF79

18THTHEBESTCOMPANYCOLORPARADECOLORGIRL



PASSINREVIEWONTHROUGHT-COURTANDDROWN



WHOARETHESEWETANDCRAZYGUYSCLASSOF79

SAYSOLONGTOTHEBRIGADE80YOUHAVETHEHELM

FARWELLBALL
1979-80

MAY30THATTHETOPALDRAKEANDITSMINEYEAH!

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RECEIVINGBOARDS,KISSESWHYNOTSHEEPSKIN

GRADANDDADWEDDINGBELLSRINGGOODLUCK79

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Quite a successful businessman, Perot has found that both the formal and practical leadership training/experience he received at the Academy and in the fleet has been invaluable to his career. This feeling is also reflected in a comment he made concerning the future role of the Navy with regard to computer technology. "Computer technology will play a major role in the Navy's future," but we "must not become preoccupied with technology. Leaders, not gadgets, will be the decisive factor in future conflicts."

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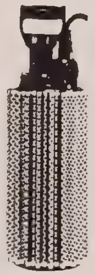

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We love you! Mom and Dad and All

Congratulations Criston E. Koltz
may God continue to watch over you
and protect you in whatever you do
with all our Love Mother and Dad
Clayton; Louise, Mickey and Mike

TO Michael W. Reedy
Best of everything in your career
with our congratulations Mother
Dad and all your other supporters

Congratulations to John Byzewski
from Dad and all the family

Congratulations to John Pedigo
from Mom, Dad, Barbara and Scott

Well Done! Thou good and faithful
son Tom! From Dad and Mom McDonald

Congratulations to Michael P. Doyle
from Mom, Dad, Rick, and Frank

Congratulations to Michael P. Dolye
from Nan and Pop

Congratulations Willie. We are
very proud of you. Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Steven C. Miller
from Mr. & Mrs. L.L. Miller and sons

It is with much pride, Love and
Happiness we congratulate our son,
Michael Hecker. Mom and Dad

You make our eyes light up, Ray!
Love, Mom, Dad, John, Cathy, Bry, Jan
Vin, Bob, Cook, Phil, Larry - Paul

To: Howell Center Hollis
Congratulations, Blessings for the
future, and our love always. From
Mom, Dad, Jeff, Cleary, John, Drew
Hamp and Tiffany

Congratulations to Luke Rogers,
From Mr. and Mrs. Buell Rogers

Congratulations to Neil Larimer
May the road rise up to meet you—may
the wind be always at your back
Colonel & Mrs. Neil Larimer

Congratulations to Michael Knapp
from Mom and Dad Richie Tom Mary
Ann Anna Doug Chris Pam and Becky.

We are proud of you Steve Walsh
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Walsh

Congratulations to Richard Duell
Lanning Jr. from his proud father

Congratulations to Jim Gay we're
very proud - Mom and Dad

Great job George! We're all proud
of you. Mom, Dad, Har, and San.

Congratulations to Lucky Pierre
Parsons. You trinally sic made it.
Smooth Sailing to Melinda and you!
Much Love Mom and Dad.

Thank God for such a wonderful son
John D. Withers I am very proud of
him and the academy. May the
Blessed Mother always watch over
him and guide him forever- Dad.
P.S. I Love You

Congratulations to Tony Heimer,
from Barbara

We are so proud of you, Keith
Mr. and Mrs. Luker and Usa

Congratulations to Gary Labuda,
from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Labuda
and Lt. and Mrs. Joel L. Labuda

Congratulations, Best of Luck to
Jack Stumborg, from the family

Congratulations to Skip Larsen
from Mom and Dad Rosemary and Jack
Pete and Pam Reis and Max and Jen

Congratulations to David McLarney
We are very proud of you and wish
you the very best in all your
future endeavors.
Cms. & Mrs. McLarney

Best to Luck to Ted Griffith from
The Griffith Family.

Congratulations to Pat McGrath
from all the McGrath's Mom and Dad
Eileen, Dennis, Mary and Kerry

We salute you Ensign Sean Cate
Dad Mother 4Brothers 3Sisters

Congratulations Scott Griffith
from Mom, Dad, Mark, Toni and Stacia

Congratulations to Jack Eggleston,
from Lcdr. and Mrs. John Eggleston

Congratulations to Don Barber from
Mom Dad Jerry Jane and Jim Barber

Happy Sailing to Jim Weckerly, Jack
Eggleston and the Thirty Third
company graudates Mr. and Mrs.
Bill Weckerly

Congratulations to Chester W. Wong
from Mom, Dad and Family

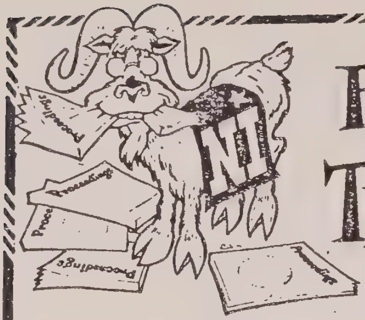
Congratulations to 2nd Lt. Peter
Robert Rasmussen with Love Mom Dad

Bon-Voyage to future Admiral Ohlen
M. Hunt. Watch out John Paul Jones
here comes "Clutch" Hunt.
from Dad Mom Wendy Dave and Gang

Well Done Ken Bitter, Mom and Dad

Happy days ahead-Bruce Reichert!
Love from Mom and Dad
Judy, Steve & Sharon Reichert

Congratulations to Robert Ehrhardt
from Mom and Dad



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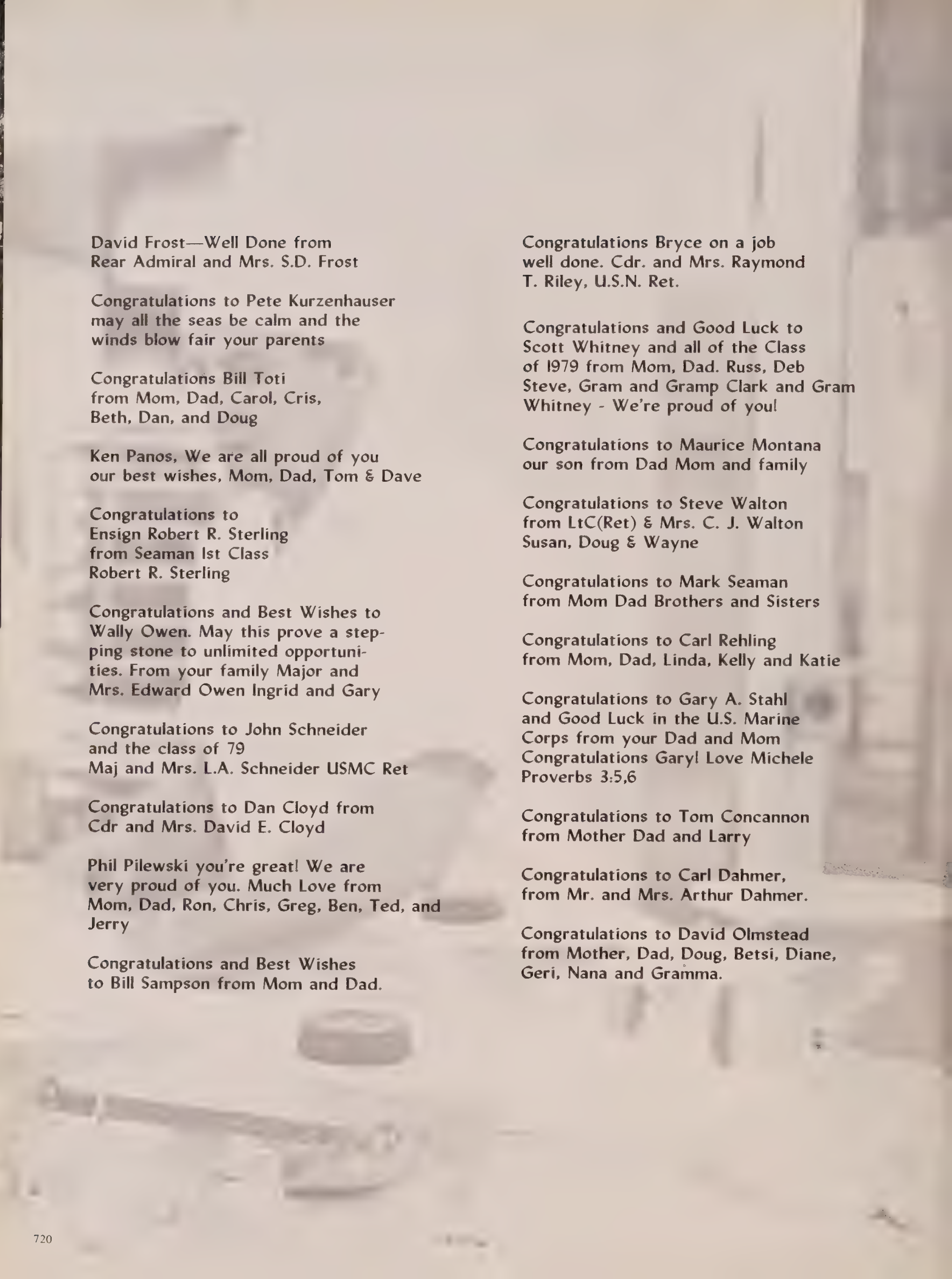

David Frost—Well Done from
Rear Admiral and Mrs. S.D. Frost

Congratulations to Pete Kurzenhauser
may all the seas be calm and the
winds blow fair your parents

Congratulations Bill Toti
from Mom, Dad, Carol, Cris,
Beth, Dan, and Doug

Ken Panos, We are all proud of you
our best wishes, Mom, Dad, Tom & Dave

Congratulations to
Ensign Robert R. Sterling
from Seaman Ist Class
Robert R. Sterling

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Wally Owen. May this prove a stepping stone to unlimited opportunities. From your family Major and Mrs. Edward Owen Ingrid and Gary

Congratulations to John Schneider
and the class of 79
Maj and Mrs. L.A. Schneider USMC Ret

Congratulations to Dan Cloyd from
Cdr and Mrs. David E. Cloyd

Phil Pilewski you're great! We are very proud of you. Much Love from Mom, Dad, Ron, Chris, Greg, Ben, Ted, and Jerry

Congratulations and Best Wishes
to Bill Sampson from Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Bryce on a job well done. Cdr. and Mrs. Raymond T. Riley, U.S.N. Ret.

Congratulations and Good Luck to Scott Whitney and all of the Class of 1979 from Mom, Dad. Russ, Deb Steve, Gram and Gramp Clark and Gram Whitney - We're proud of you!

Congratulations to Maurice Montana
our son from Dad Mom and family

Congratulations to Steve Walton
from LtC(Ret) & Mrs. C. J. Walton
Susan, Doug & Wayne

Congratulations to Mark Seaman
from Mom Dad Brothers and Sisters

Congratulations to Carl Rehling
from Mom, Dad, Linda, Kelly and Katie

Congratulations to Gary A. Stahl
and Good Luck in the U.S. Marine
Corps from your Dad and Mom
Congratulations Gary! Love Michele
Proverbs 3:5,6

Congratulations to Tom Concannon
from Mother Dad and Larry

Congratulations to Carl Dahmer,
from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dahmer.

Congratulations to David Olmstead
from Mother, Dad, Doug, Betsi, Diane,
Geri, Nana and Gramma.

BRUCE BRITTAIN - Your family sends harty congratulations on your outstanding performance at the USNA. We are all very proud of you. Mom, Dad, Tom, Bill and Bryan.

BRUCE BRITTAIN - Congratulations on your excellent performance during four years at the Academy. I am very proud of you. Your grand—father. Admiral Stuart S. Murray.

WELL DONE! Happy sailing always, Paul Troy Wright. From Mom and Dad

CONGRATULATIONS to Alan Womble for all your endeavors. Love Mom n' Dad

From Alabama and Illinois
From California, Texas, Germany,
Congratulations to David L. Spain
on a job very well done.
All the Spains are proud of you.

CONGRATULATIONS Kevin Boyo We are proud of you from your family

CONGRATULATIONS to Ensign Ray Aguilar from Mr. and Mrs. Ray Aguilar Angel P. Aguilar; Congratulations to our nephew Ensign Ray Anguilar from Mr. and Mrs. Hector Aguilar; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Aguilar; Mr. and Mrs. Sal Arzonla and fami—lies; and great grandmother Juana Franco; and grandmother Guadalude Lopez.

To Ensign David R. Pryde II may your life continue to hold the successes and sincerity it has to now. May God guide you in all your endeavors. From your proud family.

To Dino Remember all the good times. Luv-Blonde Md. girl, Jim, Bob

Brian Hawley MacKay "Ya DONE GOOD".

Congratulations to Tommy Thompson From Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Thompson.

Congratulations to 2nd LT Gregory L. Stoutenburg from your Proud Parents, MSGT and Mrs. Linn Stoutenburg.

Edward M. Berko, Jr. - WELL DONE! Your family is proud of you. LOVE, Mom, Dad, Susan, David, Andrew, Elizabeth.

Bravo Ensign Pat M. Mclarney. May next 20 be as broadening as last 4. Love, Mr. and Mrs. Pat G. Larney.

Good Luck in Nuke School to Tim Giardina from THE GODFATHER.

Congratulations Tim! Love Mom, Mate, Grandma and the Subias.

Congratulation Herbie, from Greg.

Congratulations Paul Di Rito We've Only Just Begun - Mother and Dad!

Congratulations to Barry Dykes, we are very proud of you - Mom and Dad.

Well Done!

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we're proud of you! Love Mom & Dad

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Wherever you go
Whatever you do
God's greatest blessings
be always with you!
Love, Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Ed O'Brien. We
are all very proud of you. God
Bless and keep you safe always.
Love Mom, Dad and Gang

Congratulations Orlando Analotta
from CW4 and Mrs. O. Anzalotta

Well Done! Joe Hellner! Love from
Dad, Mom, Mark.

Congratulations to Phillip Sumner
Graduate of the Naval Academy May
30, 1979. Thank you for being "our
son". Your proud parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Roy C. Sumner. We Love you.

To Ensign Mark Edwards our Love
and prayers go with you. Your
proud Mom & Dad, Dave & Grandmother

Congratulations Francis Sablan Jr.
your Mom, Dad, Brothers & Sisters

Steve: Well Done. Congratulations-
the Heida gang.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to
Rick Marrs from Mom and Dad

Richard We wish you blue skies,
fair winds and God speed. Our Love
Colonel and Mrs. Norman R. Phares

Congratulations to George Argerake
from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Argerake
and Niki, Mark and Little Eddie

All good things to Sam Hicks from
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hicks and Ross
You can do anything with God

Congratulations to Kennon P. Temple
BM2C Jim and SKD2C Corrinne Temple

Congratulations to Glenn L. Zitka
from Mom Dad Maureen and Babi

Congratulations Jeffery Rocker may
the spirit and pride that you have
schown these past four years be
part of a promising future in the
US Navy Cdr. & Mrs. Frank Rocker USN
Capt. Frank Rocker USMC
Lt. Fredrick Rocker USN

Congratulations!
Be proud and happy, Joey!
God watch over you always!
Love, Dad & Mom

Ensign Robert A. Wiesenberg from
your Mom & Dad
Our cup runneth over!

Congratulations to David Yip '79
Good Luck from Mom and Dad

Congratulations Terry Ruddy, we
knew you could do it. Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Richard Gause
from Mom, Dad, Bob, Libby, Larry

Congratulations to the men of the
22nd Company from Katie Herbold

Snoitalutargnoc to Ensil Barry
Brocato from family and fans

Congratulations to Thomas More
McPhillips from his family-May
you never sail in harms way

Smooth Sailing and safe harbors to
our future V.A., Bob Engel, from
all the gang at home!

Congratulations David K. McCullough
from your mother and father Cdr.
Ret. and Mrs. R.K. McCullough

To George H. Baker Jr. a Great Job
Well Done from Mom and Dad and all
the family Smooth Sailing Love

Congratulations to Doug and the
Losers from Mr. and Mrs.
William Cochran

Congratulations to Craig and Abe
God Bless You. The Majkowski's

Congratulations to George McMullan
from his family much happiness and
success as you take your place in
the wild blue yonder

Congratulations to John Rendine on
this very special day. We wish you
success in everything you do and
happiness throughout your life.
with Love-Mom,Dad and Tom

Congratulations to Artie Johnson,
from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson and
Major and Mrs. Jessie Dansby and
Major and Mrs. Robert Jimerson and
Reverend and Mrs. Ernest Roberts

Congratulations to Charles Mark
from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mark
Keep E'm flying
from Betty Lynn Scott Bill Wayne

Congratulations W.D. Lewis
"A" job well done. Love Mom & Dad

Remember this Class of 79-
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you get it from your
children
Congratulations
Mr. & Mrs. R.S. Harward

Our congratulations to Patrick
Henry Nettles from your friends,
relatives and especially your Mom,
Dad, Mike, Chip, Joe, Brooks, Grandma
God Bless

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Love and Congratulations to Tom Gibson from Mom and Dad

Semper Fidelis Class of 79
MgnSgt and Mrs. J.A. Meader

Congratulations to the Class of 1979 and to John Daniel from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Daniel

Congratulations to Peter Whitney from
Dr. & Mrs. Eugene P. Whitney

Congratulations Bob E. Gagne on attaining your goal. With Love and pride from Mom, Dad, and Nikki.

Congratulations Lt. Bousa (hotshot) from Mom, Dad, Karen, Lynn and John.

Congratulations to our son Phil McConkey, "Thank you for giving us the best four years of our lives"
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McConkey

Congratulations to our / possum chile!!! from the proud parents of a Louisiana Pogo!

Congratulations Jim Pinkston from Mom, Dad, Jeff, Judy, Joy

Congratulations to John M. Boyle, from Mom, Nora, Mary and family, The Kennans, Buddy, and all your Relatives.

Congratulations to Michael Stewart from his proud parents Major and Mrs. Hollis Stewart

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Tom Smith and the rest of seventh company. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith

Best Wishes for continued success to Sean G. J. Stackly from Mom Dad Joe Eleanor Terry Eileen Luci Sandy Maureen Laurie and Terry Mullen.

Congratulations to Cory Lane for a job Well Done and Best Wishes for the future from Mom, Dad, Tom, Ken, Toni, Jerry, Lisa, Roger, and Mikki.

Congratulations to Ray Kutch from Mom, Dad, Marylou, Donna, Ed, Kathy and Dennis, Kim, Kutch Petrina family

To Ensign Gregory Reinhardt
Congratulations Proud of You
Love Mom and Sunshine

Congratulations and Love to Walter W. Ballard, III it has been a job well done. from Mom and Dad.

Vesowy dzian do David Kolk od ociez i Iva Kolk

Well Done Sher Khan Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Mark Browning from Dad, Mom, & Anne

With Loving Pride We Congratulate you David McDonald and we share your joy and accomplishments. May you find happiness and success in all you do. You are terriffic.
With Love, Mom and Jimmy

Good Luck Tim, You did it on your own- Mom Dad Joan Mike Pat Peg and Kathy and the rest of the gang

Best Wishes to Tim Cummins, Dave Stehlin, Chuck Kuzma---Joan Martin

Congratulations and Smooth Sailing to Peter and his 1979 classmates We are proud of you all. The Hostas

Congratulations to Tony Konecny from Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Konecny

May the Lord Bless and keep you Grant. Ding, Whaterface, Pops & etc.

Congratulations Doug Housman from Dad, Mother, Dave and friends in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan

Congratulations to Bill and the Firsties of Co 27 from Mr. and Mrs. Budman!

Good Luck and Best Wishes to James Godley from Mom and Dad, Andrew and Gail

Apsveicam Ivaru Ikstrumu ar akademijassnobeigsanu! Vecaki un bralis

Congratulations to Clif Jacobs on your great achievements, from Mom, Dad, and the Texas Navy

You're proof persistence pays, Tom proudly, your parents and family Dr. and Mrs. Teynor

Congratulations Bo we are super proud Jack and Mom.

Congratulations to our son Alan Weigel. Hope all your wishes and dreams come true. May you serve your country with honor and pride. Love, Mom and Dad

"The shades of night were falling fast- asthrough an alpine village passed- ayouth who bore, mid snow and ice- a banner with the strange device, excelsior!" - Longfellow
Congratulations Wm. "Doug" Mitchell from Jill, Mom, Dad, and Ellen

Congratulations to Brent Norman; from Mom and Dad. Keep them flying

Congratulations Kenneth A. Holder from Dad, Mother and Beverly

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for good health, happiness and
prosperity to Michael E. Kennedy
from Mom and Dad and the Albatross
Shipping Company crew.

Go Air Force-Our Best to Greg
Hutto from Dad and Mom

Well Done! To Geff McFather from
Dad, Mom, Beth, Moira and Jonny

Congratulations to John Kelley,
From Snoopy and Linus.

Congratulations to Jeff Newmaster
from Mrs. Andrew J. Newmaster, Sr.

Congratulations to Chris Price for
a job well done! Best Wishes for
the future wherever God directs.
Love goes with you. Mom and Dad.

Larry Rice - May your road ahead
be rich with personal satisfaction
and filled with accomplishments.
Love, Dad and Mom

Congratulations to Jon Erickson
from Larry and Norma Erickson

Congratulations! to Bob Voigt from
Kathy Meg Sue Marybeth Mom and Dad

Congratulations Mike your only as
good as you think you are Love Muz

Well Done Rob Ketter Luv Mom and Dad

To Ensign Tony Grenci: It's a
long road from "the center of
the universe" to May 30, 1979.
Smooth Sailing from Mom, Dad,
Kathy & Jan

Congratulations to Carl Patrick
Dennis from Mom and Dad
Congratulations to R.E. Lee Bond-79
from Mother, Dad and Mel

Congratulations Greg and may God
Bless You! Mr. and Mrs. Geza Baka

Congratulations and Blessings
Jonathan Brazee Love Mom and Dad
Zola and Virge Pace Minnie Brazee
Howard Dave Loralee Linda and Dan

"Smooth Sailing" and Aloha
Mom, Dad, Eileen, Matt, Tiger & Sukie

Congratulations to Steven Brooks
Love Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Mike Muldoon
and the 22nd. company seniors
The Muldoon Family, Newington, Conn.

Congratulations to the Big Buffalo
from Dave, Rick, Mom, Dad

Congratulations Mike you've come a
long way from shooting arrows into
billboards. Love Shatynski Family

Anchor's Aweigh for John Gregory
Messerschmidt from his family.

Congratulations to Ken and Jim Gigliotto. Your Family, Relatives, and Friends are proud of your many accomplishments. Love, Mom and Dad. Captain & Mrs. F.P. Gigliotti, USN.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Ensign Christopher Brehany, from his very proud family, Dad Mom Jim Diane John Dennis also from relatives and friends.

Glad you made it John Doswell, Mother Daddy Joseph John Bob Aline Anne Bill David.

Congratulations to Larry P. Keller From Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Keller.

Congratulations Bob, Well Done! From Mom Dad and all the Klocek's.

Our Best Wishes to the class of 79. For fair winds and following seas. Rear Admiral and Mrs. Harvey E. Lyon.

Congratulations to Peter T. Callas from Mr. & Mrs. Ted Callas, Steve, Betsy, Marie, We wish you the Best of Luck and God bless you in everything.

Well Done, Roy Harkins. Don't forget the ratio of dives to surfaces! From Mom, Dad and Todd.

Congratulations to Dennis Uthe! Ad Astra Per Asprera! We never doubted David Darrell Mom Dad.

Many times you must of thought Will I make it to this day? By the time I get to wear blue my hair will turn to gray. We knew that you would kmake it we're proud of what you've done. Our love and prayers go with you. Bravo Zulu Steven Kenyon. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Pedro Leon-Guerrero, Jr. from the Whitney Family.

GREGORY, I'm very proud of you! Know I will be next to you through all future challenges. Love Always Luly.

Congratulations to Kevin L. Jackson Love Kelly, Momma & Daddy.

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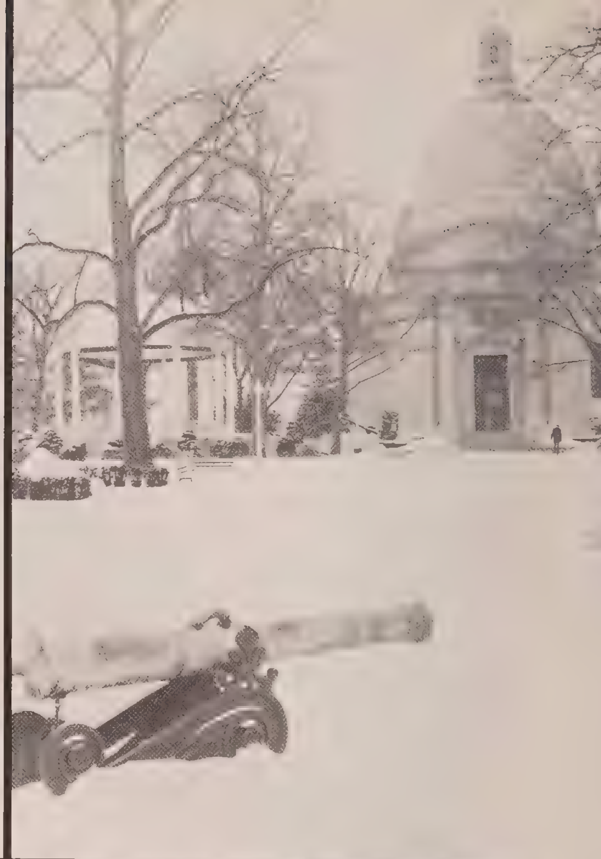

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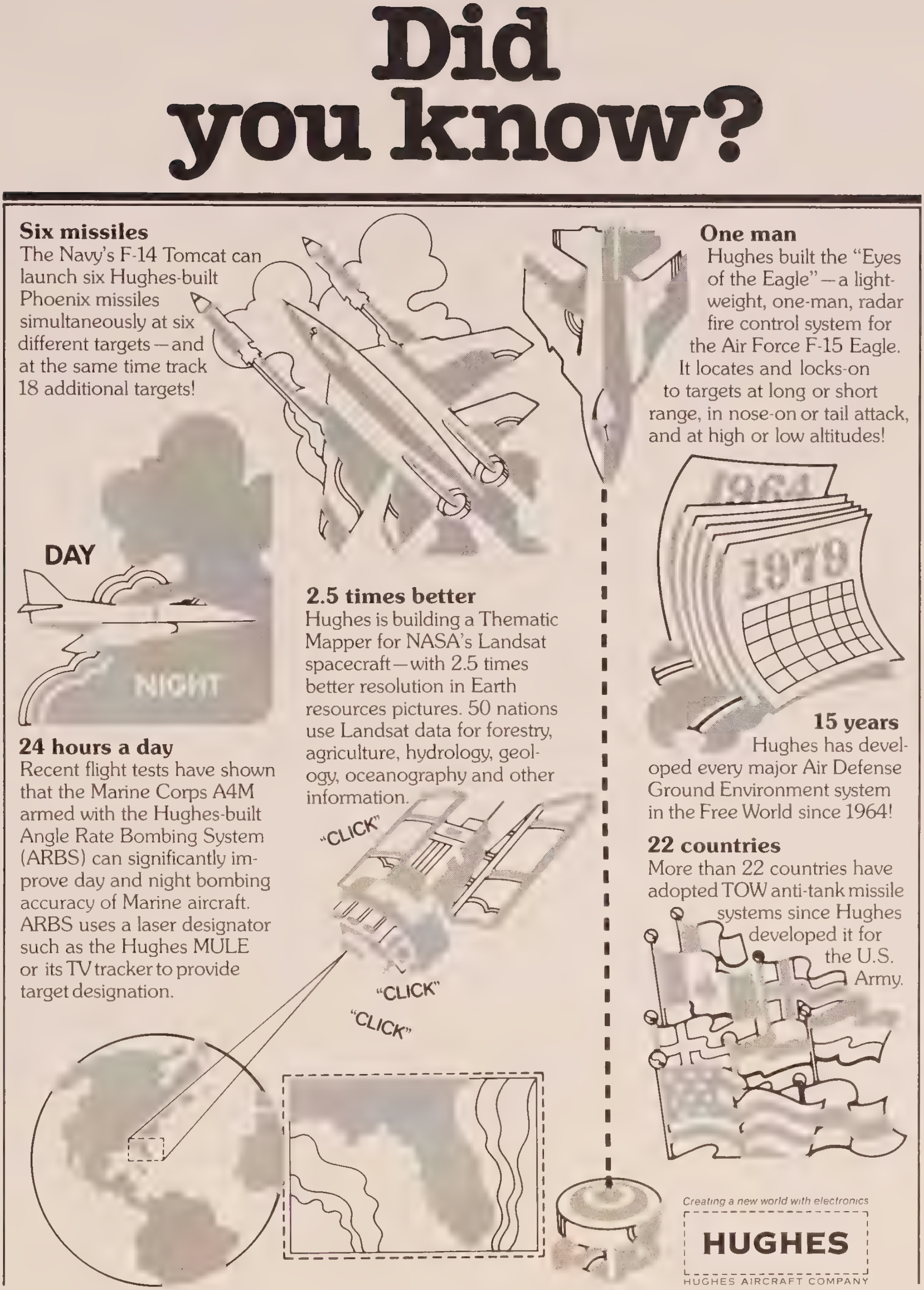

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